WESTERN RESERVE AND EARLY OHIO

CHERRY—FOUSE

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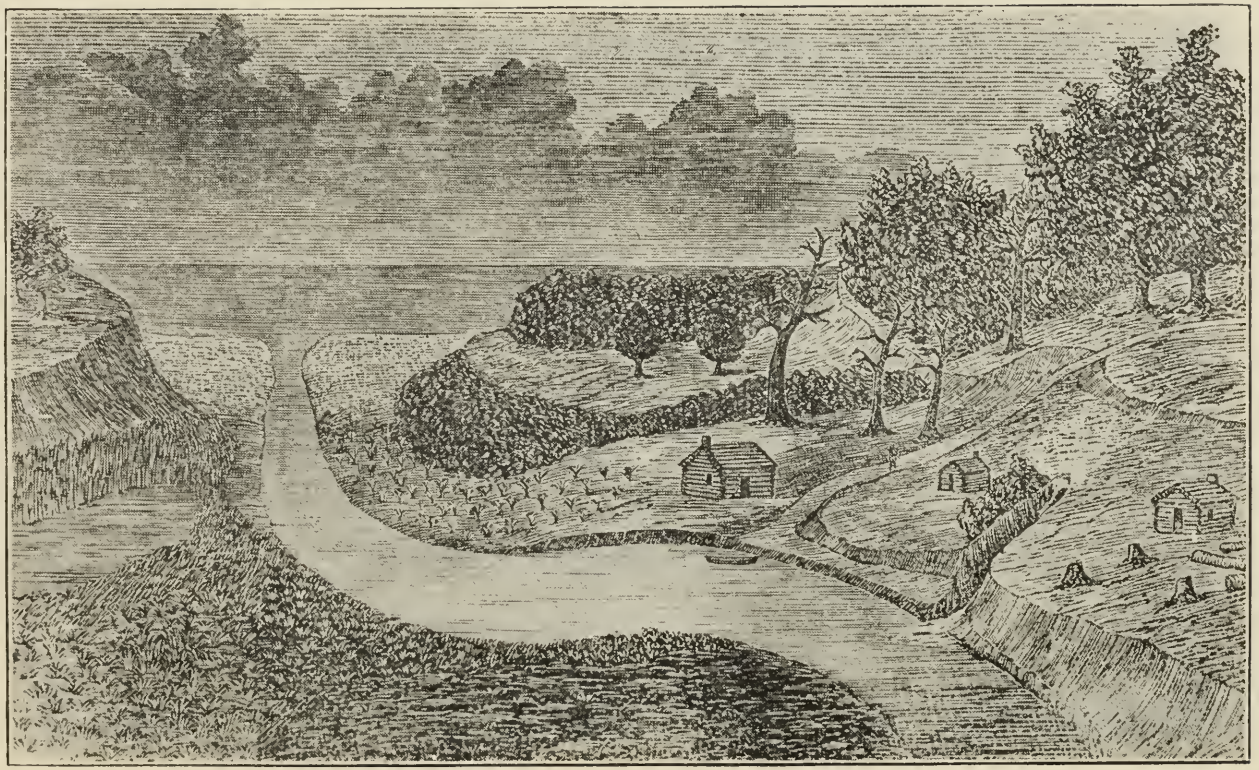

CLEVELAND 1796

THE WESTERN RESERVE

AND

EARLY OHIO

By P. P. CHERRY

Author of The Grave Creek Mound, Portage Path, Pioneer Hunting Stories, *and* Mingo The Scout

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RUSSELL L. FOUSE

This book is due solely to the ambition, enthusiasm and persistence of Russell L. Fouse, superintendent of the Kenmore schools. He, knowing of the Cherry manuscripts and of the sixty long years of patient, painstaking investigation and study which gave them birth, induced the author to publish them.

It was Supt. Fouse's money and force which brought this volume into existence by generously financing the proposition, thereby making it possible for the author to lay before the students of tomorrow the strenuous but golden days of the past. The author's gratitude to the gentleman can not be expressed in words.

—The Author.

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DEDICATION

This volume is dedicated to the boys and girls of today, that they may ever keep the traditions and brave deeds of our forefathers as sacred memories.

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THE PRIMITIVE CUYAHOGA VALLEY

There are very many vallies, vallies of renown.
But the Cuyahoga valley was fairer than these.
And greener its grasses and taller its trees
'Ere the sound of the ax in the forest had rung,
Or the mower his scythe in the meadows had swung.
In their sheltered repose looking out from the wood,
The bark-builded wigwams of the Ottawas stood;
There glided the corn dance, the council-fire shone,
And against the red war-post the hatchet was thrown.
There the old smoked in silence, their pipe, and the young
To the pike and the white perch their baited lines flung!
There the boy shaped his arrows, and there the shy maid
Wove her many-hued baskets and bright wampum braid.
'O stream of Hopocan! if answer of thine
Could raise from thy waters to question of mine,
Methinks through the din of thy thronged banks a moan
Of sorrow would swell for the days that are gone.
Not for thee, dull jar of the loom and the wheel,
The gliding of shuttles, the ringing of steel;
But that old voice of water, of bird and of breeze,
The dip of the wild fowl, the rustling of trees.

Whittier.

INTRODUCTORY

Like the strains of some long forgotten music the memory of the days of olden time come knocking at our door.

There is no life so bleak or drear, but what fancy can call back from out the shadowy past memories that make us forget the care and the worries of our present while reveling among the brighter joys of the past.

I have no excuse to offer in inflicting upon the world another book. It has been to me a labor of love, and if it shall prove as much comfort to any who reads as it has been a joy to the author in the labor of compiling this work, he will feel amply paid.

The true history of the world is but the history of individuals and communities. The historian of today, and of communities, has but degenerated into a mere compiler of facts and statements from lips that have long since crumbled into dust; echoes from that mystic shore from whence none ever return.

The writer has tried to present a true picture of the Pioneer days of the Reserve. The matter given is truth, not fiction, and whatever may have been his failings, he has endeavored to do his best. He is well aware that there were many men far more capable of performing this task, but they did not, and the spirit of the past came upon him and he did his best—what more can a man do?

It is the story of the struggles, privations and triumphs, not of a race, but of a class as distinctive as a race. No other people cast in the same mould could have brought about the same results, or brought forth a people who would in such a near future direct the policy of the whole American Nation.

Where is there a section containing but 3,500,000 acres that could in a period of time covering but little

more than fifty years, from a dense and frowning wilderness produce such men as Benjamin F. Wade, Joshua R. Giddings, Rufus P. Spalding, David Todd, James R. Garfield, and William McKinley; sounding from high places solemn words of warning and advice or directing the ship of State in troublous waters with breakers looming just ahead?

The fires of the Indians have long since gone out upon the shores of our lakes, and upon the banks of rushing streams.

As a race they have withered from our land. The war-whoop no longer sounds in the forest; the tomahawk and scalping are seen no more. The midnight conflagration, massacre, outrage and torture no longer cries to high heaven for its bloody vengeance. The forest itself has disappeared and in its place stand lovely homesteads, pleasant villages and teeming cities; the rush and roar of thousands of engines and pulleys and belts; the whirring of countless wheels and spindles and looms; the rattle and clatter of hurrying multitudes, who if not happier are not in danger of midnight attack, burning homes and the shrieks of the tortured.

The Athens of America still stands, but her pioneers, the cubal cains, who have broken her solitudes and fashioned her destinies and made the beginnings of a class of people, the like of which the world has never seen equaled; they have passed away, their names are being forgotten, and their deeds have but become traditions, dim, far away and misty. Let us then do honor to our noble forefathers, so brave, so patient, so trustworthy, so true to their conceptions of God and Home and Country.

OHIO

"The sun never shone on a country more fair
Than beautiful, peerless Ohio.
There's life in a kiss of her rarefied air,
Ohio, prolific Ohio.
Her sons are all valiant and noble and bright,
Her beautiful daughters are just about right,
And her babies, God bless them, are clear out of sight;
That crop never fails in Ohio.

"Our homes are alight with a halo of love,
Ohio, contented Ohio;
We bask in the light of the heavens above,
No cloud ever darkens Ohio.
Our grain waves as billows of gold in the sun;
The fruits of our orchards are equaled by none;
And our pumpkins, some of them weigh most a ton!
We challenge the world in Ohio!

"Our girls are sweet models of maidenly grace,
In this modern Eden Ohio.
They're perfect in figure and lovely in face,
That's what they are in Ohio.
Their smiles are bewitching and winning and sweet;
Their dresses are modest, stylish and neat;
A Trilby would envy their cute little feet
In beautiful peerless Ohio.

"When the burdens of life I am called to lay down
I hope I may die in Ohio.
I never could ask a more glorious crown
Than one of the sod of Ohio;
And when the last trump wakes the land and the sea,
And the tombs of the earth set their prisoners free,
You may all go aloft, if you choose, but as for me,
I think I'll just stay in Ohio."

—Auld.

OHIO

"The hills of Ohio, how sweetly they rise,
In beauty of nature, to blend with the skies,
With fair azure outline, and tall ancient trees,
Ohio, my country, I love thee for these."
—Mary E. Kail.

In his address delivered on "Ohio Day", at the Centennial, in Philadelphia, Edward P. Mansfield said:

"Ohio is, in reference to the square miles of its surface the first State in agriculture of the American Union. Ohio has raised more grain per square mile than either France, Austria, or Great Britain. They raised 1450 bushels per sqaure mile and ten bushels to each person. Ohio raised 3750 bushels per square mile, or 50 bushels to each person. Ohio was the first state in the Union in the production of domestic animals.

The coal fields of Ohio are vastly greater than that of Great Britain. The 10,000 square miles of coal, and 4,000 square miles of iron in Ohio are enough to supply the whole American Continent for ages to come.

From the ports of Cleveland and Cincinnati the vessels of Ohio touch 42,000 miles of coast, and her 5,000 miles of railroad carry her products to every part of the country.

Ohio has more than kept pace with New York and New England in the progress of manufactures during the last twenty years.

Ohio is the first state in the Union, as to the pro-

portion of her youth attending school. Ohio has taxed itself tens of millions of dollars beyond its land grants of 640 acres to every township, to found and maintain a system of education which the world has not surpassed.

With this knowledge, it is not difficult to say that the future will produce more, and in far greater ratio, than the past. The pictured scenes of the prophets have already been more than fulfilled, and the visions of beauty and glory, which their imagination failed fully to describe, will be more than realized in the bloom of that garden which republican America will present to the eyes of astonished mankind. Long before another century shall have passed by the single State of Ohio will present four fold the population with which the thirteen States began their independence, more wealth than the entire Union now has; greater universities than any now in the country, and a development of arts and manufactures which the world knows nothing of.

A state that began long after the Declaration of Independence, in the then unknown wilderness of North America, presents the fairest example of what a republican government, with Christian civilization can do. Where is the civilization on Earth can equal this?

During the Civil War, Ohio furnished 327 regiments of her citizen soldiery or nearly one-eighth of the entire Union force in the field. Whitlaw Reid says: "The patriotic dead of Ohio lie upon every battle field in the Southland. They lie where they fell, forming a vidette line half across the continent, a chain of prostrate sentinels 2,000 miles long, still guarding with

their clay the glory and integrity of the great republic".

Seven years after Ohio had been admitted as a State she had doubled her population five times; ten years later she had doubled it fourteen times. Twenty-seven years after her admission her population had doubled twenty-two times. From nothing, from the Seventeenth place, Ohio won the third place and has held it for over 60 years. The enormous growth of the State is best shown by the annexed table of population:

1803	42,150
1810	230,760
1820	581,295
1830	937,903
1840	1,519,467
1850	1,980,329
1860	2,339,511
1870	2,665,260
1880	3,198,062
1890	3,372,376
1900	4,157,549

Ohio was the first state settled by people of our own country. Other states had been settled by people from other countries, but Ohio was the first state to be populated by people of that great democratic power that had wrested the colonies of America from the hands of Great Britain, and had erected the greatest republic on the face of the earth. Ohio was settled by the best blood of the Revolutionary struggle, hers was the first territory to be representative of the entire people. The amalgamation of the flower of the best blood in the original thirteen colonies was to be blended by the process of time and evolution into a great distinctive people. Of all the States, Ohio stood alone for a generation and a quarter for what was best in Nation-

al life, character and conscience. Whenever National life demanded a victim, a leader, a way, or a plan, Ohio was always the first to throw herself into the breach, and it is to the skill of her generals, the wisdom of her statesmen, and to the directness and conservatism of her conscience, that the National life is what it is to-day.

From the seventeenth place in the rank of States in 1803 she advanced by quick and sturdy strides to the thirteenth place in 1810; to the fifth place in the next ten years, and to the third place in the next succeeding twenty years.

Very gracious are the words coming from a sister state when Alfred Mathews says: "But Ohio had parents. It had progenitors. It was the child of purpose. Its career was most kindly conserved and promoted by destiny and fortuitous circumstance, but it owed much to good birth. The ordinance of 1787 clothed the soil with law before the foot of authorized settlement fell upon it. Ohio by her vast growth in population, by the multiform character as well as the magnitude of her national development, by the effectiveness of the exertion of her enormous strength for the Union, and by the exercise and outcome of her influence upon the Nation, long ago arrived at that dignity of position which is claimed in the matter of her State seal, of being literally an empire within an empire—IMPERIUM IN IMPERIO.

And thus located in the middle country, looking westward to the homes of her sons, and eastward to those of her sires, the horizon of her interest and her influence is broadened to the bounds of the union itself;

and while contemplating her own achievements, and feeling her own strength—of which she first became fully conscious in the period of the Civil War—she turns reverently the page of history, to be reminded that she is the creature of the Nation; that her foundations were lain by the people of ALL the States, that her existence was decreed and directed by the legal enactments of the Nation and that she was in fact the first product of Nationalism."

The wondrous growth of the state can be seen at a glance when we realize that at the time of her birth with less than 43,000 population, she in less than sixty years, offered for the preservation of National honor, more than 340,000 of her choicest sons, leaving as a tribute to the sacredness and imperishability of the Federal Union 24,564 of her loved ones on the sandy plains and sunny hillsides of the Southland; more than half her population when she sought Statehood, and sixteen per cent greater loss than that incurred by the British and American soldiery during the entire progress of the Revolutionary War. France asserted ownership of the territory now constituting Ohio from the treaty of Utrecht in 1713 until the treaty of Paris in 1763. When the treaty of peace was concluded in Paris in 1783 and ratified by the U. S. congress in 1784 the paper right was vested in the United States.

In 1750 George Washington passed over Portage Path and descended the Tuscarawas River to the Walhonding. In 1774 the British Parliament passed an act making the Ohio river the south-western boundary of Canada and the Mississippi river its western boundary.

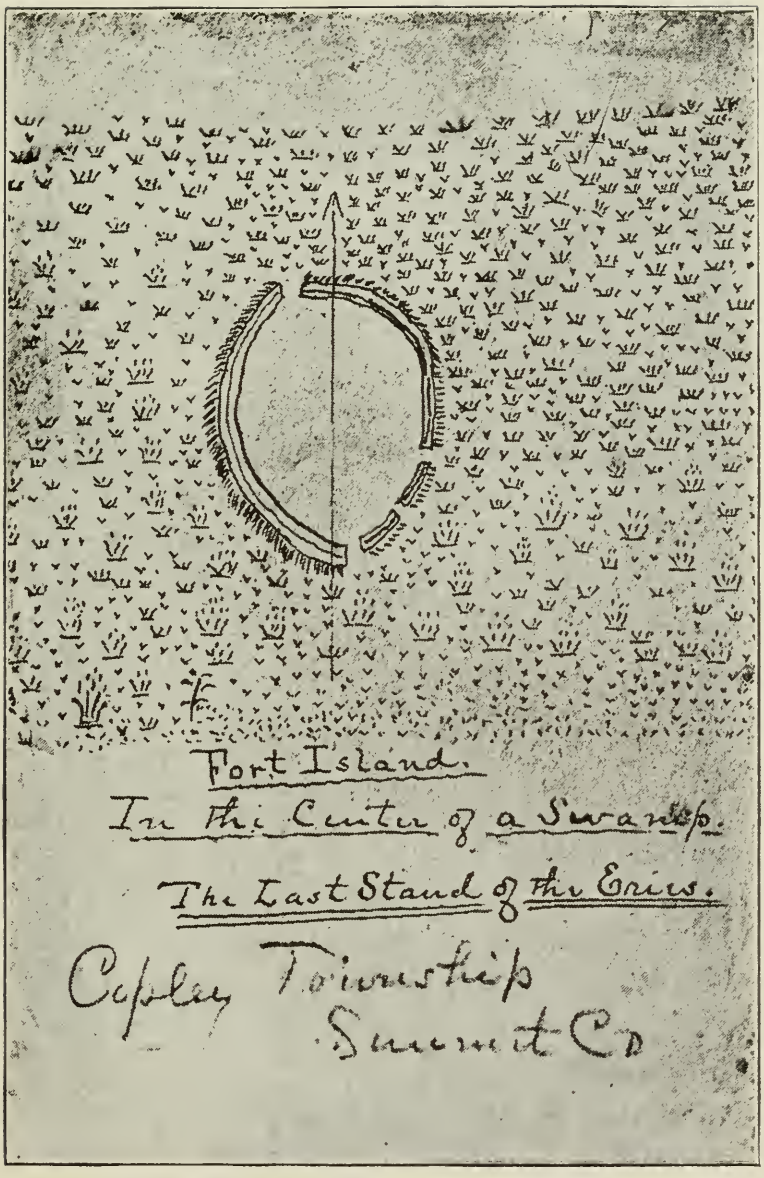
Fort Laurens, the first parapeted and stockaded

fort in the present Ohio, was erected on the Tuscarawas river in 1776. Virginia acquired a title to the northwestern territory from which six great states have been formed, notably Ohio, by virtue of several charters granted by James I of England, bearing dates respectively April 10, 1606, May 23, 1609, and March 12, 1611. In 1769 Virginia created the county of Botetourt, consisting of all of Ohio and adjoining territory. In 1783 this territory was conveyed to the United States by the legislature of Virginia, and signed by Thomas Jefferson and James Monroe.

Congress on July 13, 1787, created the North-Western Territory and also the ordinance of 1787, known as the Ordinance of Freedom. Ohio for all time was to be free. The first settlement in Ohio was at Marietta, in 1786, under the auspices of Major Generals Putnam and Parsons and Col. Return Jonathan Meigs. The second grade of territorial government, although passed in 1778, did not actually take place until September, 1799. The first act of the territorial government was to establish a militia. Two days thereafter Gov. St. Clair established the county of Washington including all the territory east of the Scioto river to Lake Erie and south to the Ohio river, Marietta the county seat. Trumbull county was established July 10, 1800 including all of the Western Reserve with its county seat at Warren. Ohio became the 17th state in the Union on Mar. 3, 1803. David Abbot and Samuel Huntington being the representatives of Trumbull county.

Ohio with her 88 counties stands today as an example of what democracy can do for a nation; a bul-

work of freedom, a hope and an inspiration to the oppressed of every clime, and always a saving grace to the nation to which she owes her birth.


Fort Island.
In the Center of a Swamp.
The Last Stand of the Erie.
Copley Township
Summit Co

THE PRE-HISTORIC RACES OF OHIO

Forty-five years ago it was thought that the Ohio and Mississippi Valleys were inhabited by one race—the Mound Builders—but recent investigations have disproved that fact. There were Mound builders and mound builders. While the same generic name covered all, yet they were separate and distinctive races, no matter how closely related.

The Mound Builders of Central and Southern Ohio were a distinctive race from the Mound Builders of Northern Ohio, of Wisconsin and of the southern states.

It is not necessary to go far back to prove their existence as a race, or their dispersal as a factor of good or evil in the Ohio Valley.

Was the white race that was destroyed on the Ohio river at the first coming of the eastern six nations, a remnant of the Mound Builders? The question must remain unanswered for the present. Time may possibly solve the problem.

It will not be necessary to go back much beyond four hundred years to prove the cause of the dispersal of these races. The evidence when found, will not be found in the heavens, nor on the face of the earth, nor under it, BUT IN IT.

Limitations of space compel us to pass over this subject lightly. In 1875 there were some 10,000 of these works yet to be seen in the state, the most important were Grave Greek mound, just across the river from Dille's Bottom. It is 900 feet in circumference

and 75 feet high. The Serpent Mound in Adams county, about 1300 feet long, twenty wide and five high, lies with open jaws 100 feet above Brush Creek. The works at Circleville, Newark and Marietta, Fort Ancient in Warren county, are nearly a mile long and 236 feet above the river. The mound at Marietta is 115 feet in diameter and 30 feet high. The wall or embankment of Fort Hill in Highland county is 8,582 feet long, base 25 feet wide with an outer ditch of 50 feet inclosing 35 acres, and lies 500 feet above Brush Creek. The Great Mound, near Miamisburg, Montgomery county, on an elevation over a hundred feet above the Miami river, is 67 feet high and 800 feet in circumference. The Alligator Mound is near Granville, Licking county. In 1875 the banks of the Newark works in places were yet 75 feet in height. These works covered five square miles of territory and were said to connect with those thirty miles distant.

THE ERIES

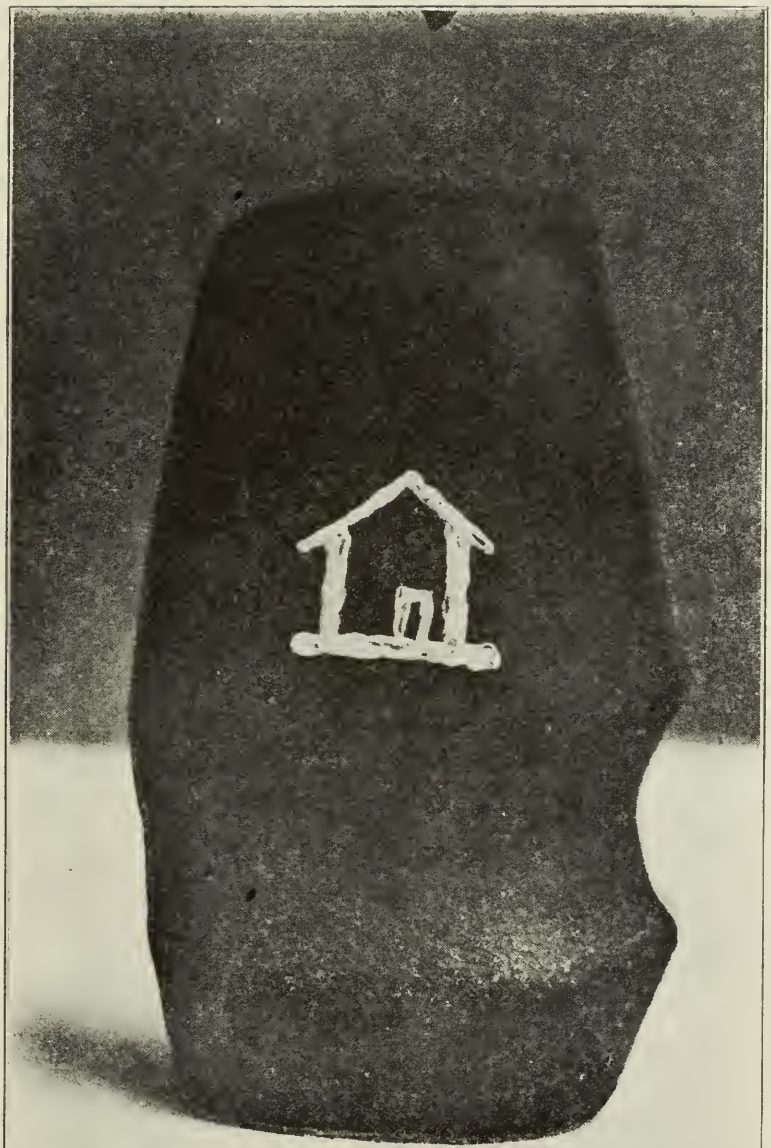
At the time of their discovery by the French Jesuit Fathers and as near as can be determined, the Eries occupied a narrow strip of country abutting on the southern shores of Lake Erie—and eastward.

Beginning at "Redstone Old Fort," in Pennsylvania, they passed northwesternly up the "Riverie Aux Boeuf" of the French to Presque Isle thence westwardly, following the conformation of the lake shore to the present site of Sandusky occupying the lake islands and having their chief town at Conneaut.

The Cuyahoga seemed to have been their favorite river and the rich alluvial deposits of its bottom lands, as well as those of Rocky River, were laid under contribution for the purpose of such limited cultivation as they practiced.

Just below the Portage Path, hugging close to the 41st meridian, lay 64 fresh water lakes stocked with savory fish and frequented by many varieties of wild fowl, while the surrounding forests were filled with game of many kinds, including bear, deer, elk, bison, and even that lordly creature of a dead age—the Mammoth, whose bones are yet quite frequently found in swampy grounds.

The steep banks enclosing the Cuyahoga Valley from the highlands were seamed and lined with their fortifications, signal stations and watch towers. A signal fire lighted on Point Lookout could be seen at the mouth of the "Crooked River" at Lake Erie, some



Engraved Battle Ax

thirty miles distant; every mile, almost, was lined with some of the works of this mysterious people.

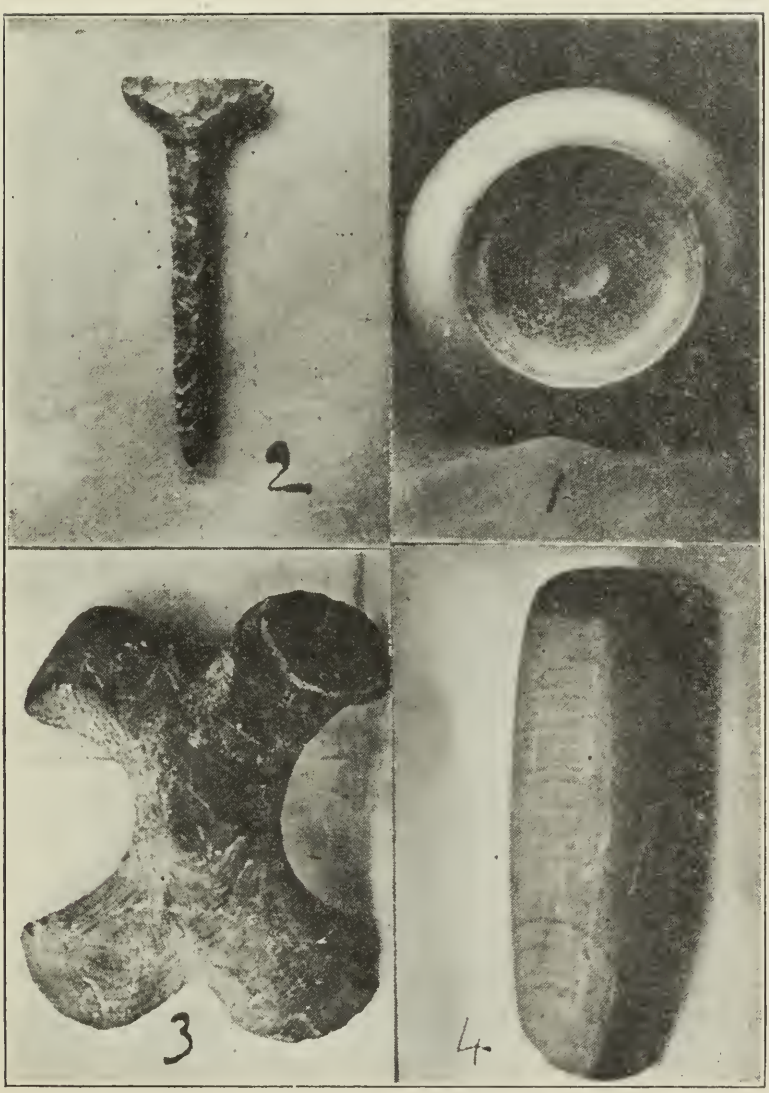
From the head of the canoe navigation on the Cuyahoga they evidently crossed over that old national highway of the Indian nations of the "Ohio Country." Whoever had access to the valley of the "crooked river" the portage, or "Portage Path," as it is known today, was the shortest, the most direct, and the driest, every foot being on solid ground, of any of the portages on the "from the Gulf to the Great Lakes route."

Passing over this portage to where the city of Akron now stands, they built, a few miles to the westward, in the center of Copley swamp, impassable at that time unless bridged, and entirely surrounded by a shallow fresh water lake, the, at the time, impregnable works of Fort Island.

Passing a couple of miles to the south, but on the west side of the valley, just clear of the swamps, they built on the highest promontory in that section a stone signal station whose light could have been seen, not only at the Portage Path and Fort Island, but from the highlands in Wadsworth and Fort Houtz, the Kointown of the ancient Eries.

Forming a junction with the Portage Path on the present site of Akron, there ran from time immemorial an ancient war trace or trail that in the eighteenth century was known as the "Great Scioto War Trail." Bearing south of west, it ran in the shortest and most direct way through the present counties of Wayne and Ashland.

The ancient Kointown, the new temporary capital of the Eries, was built on the heights across the Chip-



GROUP OF IMPLEMENTS

1. Descoidal Stone. 2. Flint Drill. 3. Slate Implement. 4. Flint Implement

pewa River from this hard, well-beaten national highway of the Indian Nations of the "Ohio Country."

From Kointown the fortifications and village walls of the Eries ran west and south as far as the present site of Richland County, showing conclusively that after their expulsion from the Cuyahoga Valley that for years they must have enjoyed comparative peace in order to have built so many miles of village walls and places of defense. All of these were in touch with Kointown through the use of signal stations which still continued westwardly by the use of which the warriors of the outlying stations could be summoned in case of need.

It must not be overlooked that, whereas the signal stations of the Cuyahoga Valley ran north and south, those of the Chippewa and Mohican valleys ran east and west.

Either from lack of room, or apparently not satisfied with building a new home near the 41st meridian of north latitude, they extended their possessions and continued down the Great Scioto War Trail, still bearing south of west until the present edge of Ashland county was reached. Here, struck with the topographical possibilities of building effective defensive works in which to dwell in peace, or, it may be, to make a third stand against the hordes of the Five Nations, armed with "the white man's thunder," or, whatever the impulse, they again got busy on their elaborate forts and miles of simple, earthen village walls, which no doubt were palisaded, and were hastily constructed.

These works, remarkable in many particulars, are situated from fifteen to thirty miles west of Kointown

An Erie Totem--Found in Richland County, 1838

STONE HEAD

and from two to twenty miles south, and could have been reached by an Indian runner in the course of a few hours, providing he kept to the well-beaten war trace.

The defensive works of this people were generally found at the head of valleys through which ran streams of living waters. No water, no fort. Or else, jutting out from some prominent point in its most inaccesable places, giving a commanding view of both valley and surrounding country. The low earthen walls as found in these works for the last 50 or 75 years, would seem to indicate that they would form a little protection against a savage foe, even if armed with war clubs, bows and spears, yet the conclusion may be a little hasty. The winds and rains, the hail and snow of a thousand storms, sweeping in all their fierce wild grandeur over an abandoned and desolate country could only have helped to lower these earthen walls and flatten their bases year by year. Did we know how long and how many inches each year were lowered by weather conditions then indeed we could form some idea of their former glory not incompatable with their present condition.

It may be stated with some degree of certainty that ordinary village walls were no less than ten feet in height and on the top of these were planted pickets, set closely together, formed from the bodies of small trees, no doubt of an equal height of the embankments, making no mean defensive works even in pioneer days.

Such fortified Indian towns were found in New Jersey, New York, Georgia and Florida before and after the beginning of the seventeenth century.

Mr. Shea has stated that the Hurons, Eries and other Indian Nations occupied such fortified places and such is the opinion of all great historians and the majority of our Archaeologists and Antiquarians, and such is the testimony of the Jesuits who penetrated the eastern boundary of the mysterious Erie Nation.

These works were perched on crags, promontories and the most inaccesible places where neither man nor goat could hardly obtain a foothold. If built on a narrow neck of land pushing its precipitous sides out into the valley it would have two or three lines of parallel embankments built across the narrowest point, next to the mainland, where, if defeated at one abattis they could retreat to another, thus having their foes in a pen where it would be equally impossible to go backward as well as forward.

These people did not take to true circles and half circles like the mound builders of central and southern Ohio, but were inclined to build in squares and parallelograms where they could not conform their walls to the sides of steep ridges or deep gullies.

The double or triple line of embankments were characteristic of this giant race of red men.

Outside of the scanty details furnished by Father LeMoyne, Claude Dablon and other Jesuit Fathers, the only white men, so far as is known, who ever saw the Eries, and the very meagre and conflicting traditions of the Five Nations, there is but little to go on except the guesswork of a few historians and the fading records left on the face of mother earth.

All indications point to the fact that Conneaut was

the capital town and beyond this the Jesuit fathers were not allowed to go.

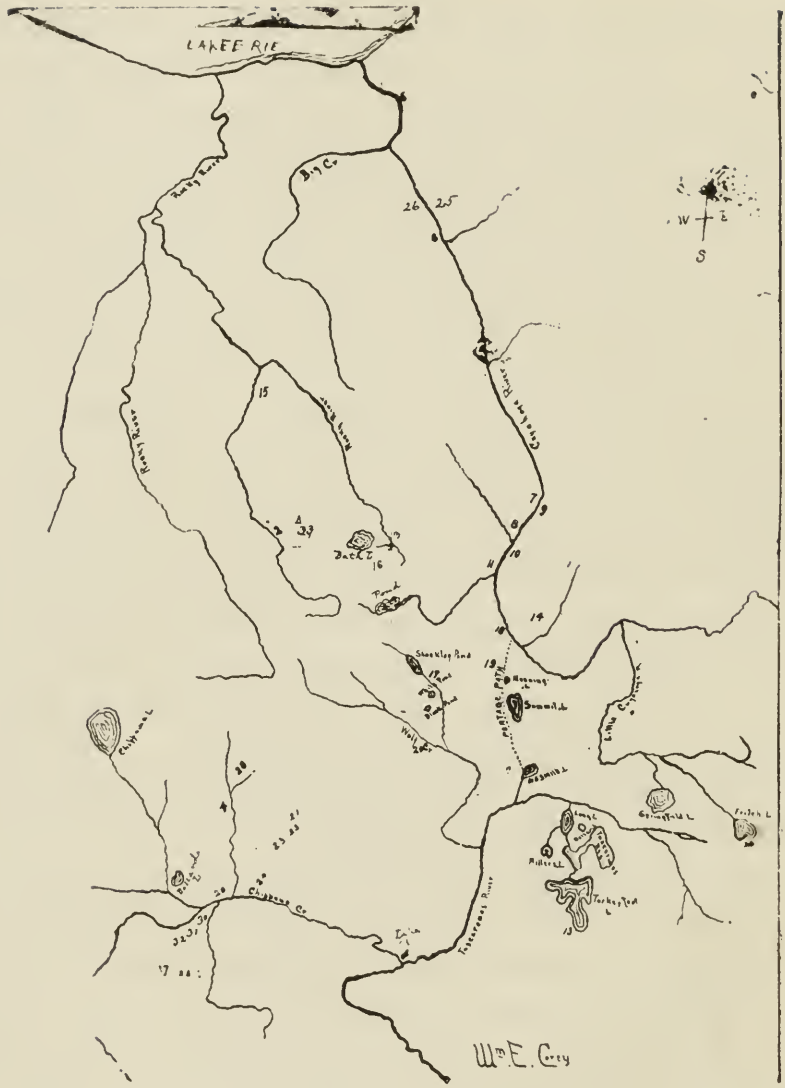
Two hundred and seventy-five years ago this strange people boasted of no less than 28 villages and twelve town-forts, which contained an estimated population of 12,000 people and 4,000 warriors. Of these villages and forts the writer, after forty years of personal investigation and exploration, has relocated 32. There were no doubt low villages which had been obliterated fifty years ago by the ruthless plow in the hands of vandal man. No record has ever been made of these, as half a century ago they were looked upon by the agriculturist as of no value; mere evidence of "Injun" occupation and of no especial value or interest. Then again, there might have been works in Pennsylvania, east of her west state line, of which the writer was not cognizant.

Fifty years ago these works possessed characteristics all their own, entirely different from the "mound-builders" works of central and southern Ohio, Indiana and Wisconsin. The works in northern Ohio are mostly built, not on second terraces, but in the highest, most sightly, picturesque and inaccessable places in their locality, showing that these people were great lovers of beautiful scenery and natural surprises, as well as good engineers for their condition and age of the world.

Although not what is called a warlike people in the general acceptance of the term; in the sense of a people who make war on their neighbors on one pretext or another, or no pretext at all ,yet they knew how to fight when it came to defending home and family,

and native land. The slogan of some of our forefathers was " America for Americans". Theirs was "the Erie country for the Eries". Their great height and strength terrorized their foemen and added to their invincebility for many decades, serving to preserve the peace among the Nations. But the English were jealous of them supposing them to be under French influence because they held aloof from them as they did from all others. In reality, in exclusiveness, they were the Chinese of the American wilderness. The English were very jealous of the French and of their encroachments on American soil, and possessing no knowledge of them at all except that furnished by individuals of the Five Nations, whose natural enemies they were, they jumped to the conclusion that they were "French Indians", and made preparations to disperse them by arming their allies, the Five Nations, with the modern weapons of that day—"The White Man's Big Thunder", and sent them out to destroy the people of their unjust suspicions.

Organizing a primitive force of extraordinary and unusual size the Five Nations made their journey by canoes along the eastern and southern shores of Lake Erie until they reached the first town of the Eries, which undoubtedly was Conneaut, Ohio. The Eries were taken completely by surprise and the 40,000 Iroquois warriors terrorized them, no less by their numbers than the explosive fire arms they carried, a weapon the Eries had never seen or heard before. Using their canoes as scaling ladders by placing them against the parapeted picket walls the savages of the east swarmed like flies up and over their fortifications.



RETREAT OF THE ERIES

The Eries fought like demons but the battle was lost from the beginning. Force of numbers and terror of fire-arms had done their work, and those not killed were either captured or escaped to the forests. Loaded down with their captives the invaders made their way

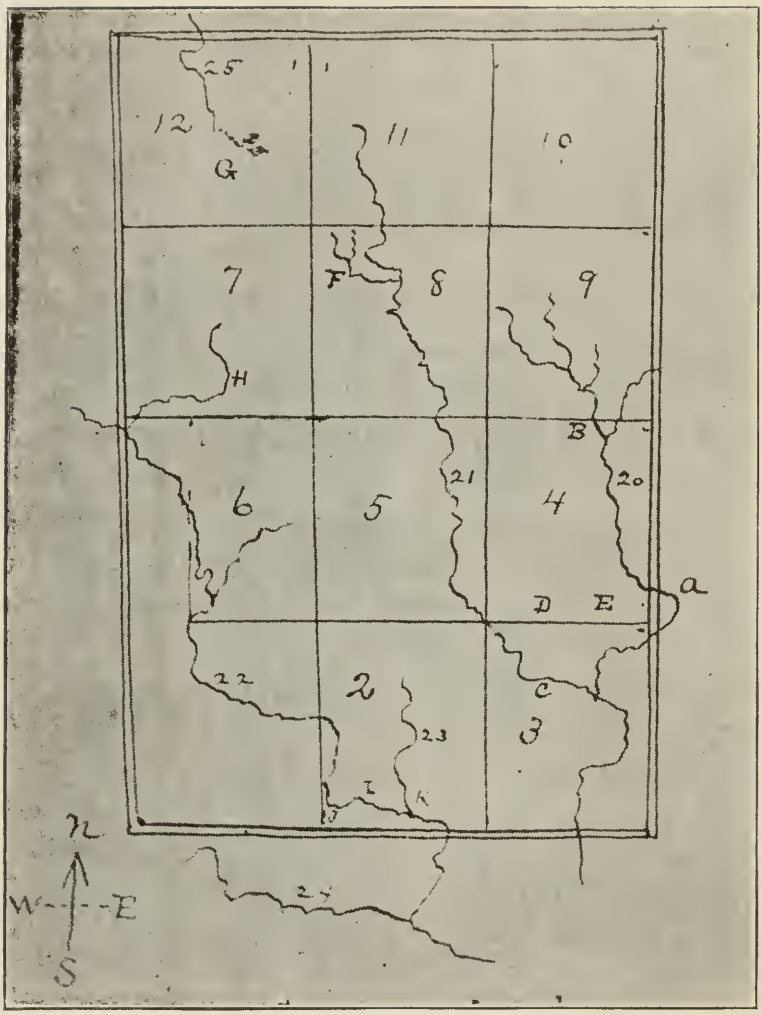
to their eastern home villages, where for months the nights were made hideous by the burning and torture by the stake of their unfortunate captured Eries.

How long this war of extermination continued no man knows but years afterwards adventurous priests witnessed the burning of Eries in the villages of the Five Nations.

The Eries were armed with the most primitive weapons—bows and arrows, the stone ax and the stone-headed war club. Along the lake shore fort after fort must have fallen until like the Moors they must have recognized the fact that they were gradually being driven from the graves of their fathers and from the land they had called their own so long.

From 1634 to 1666 and probably later, this war of giants raged with unabated fury. It was strength and rude weapons against numbers and modern weapons, and the later won.

Just when the exodus from the lake shore began no one knows, but it was by the way of the Cuyahoga and Rocky River valleys. Whole decades must have been employed to build the defensive work of the lonely, crooked Cuyahoga alone. Slowly and sadly the Eries fell back from the beloved shores of the great lake, but stubbornly contesting every foot of soil. They were no cravens, and had resolved if they could not live upon their land they would die upon it. The spirit of freedom, from the earliest times, was born upon the soil of the Western Reserve—long before Paul Revere's ride, or the lanterns were hung from the old North Church. After the war for freedom the officers and soldiers of the Revolution largely settled here be-



PRE-HISTORIC WORKS IN ASHLAND COUNTY

A. Fort Tyler. B. Fort Glenn. C. Fort Metcalf. E. Mohican John's Town
F. Fort Gamble. G. Fort Bryte. H. Fort Stoner. I. Fort Shambaugh
K. Hell Town. 3. Fort Parr. 23. Greentown.

cause one of the first acts of the "old Congress" had guaranteed the land "Forever Free"—it could never bear the tread of slaves . It was the home of "the underground railroad", the hot-bed of the anti-slavery

movement and the residence of such men as Charles B. Storrs of Hudson, and John Brown of Ossawatomie.

The very scent of freedom was in the air and soil the savage first owners left behind.

As stated before, the Erie retreat was made southward by the Cuyahoga and Rocky River valleys. While the latter river bore but two defensive works outside its mouth, the valley of the Cuyahoga was lined and seamed with them from beginning to end. Few of them exist today.

How long they occupied the Cuyahoga Valley it is impossible to say, but it must have been for decades. Their first act after resolving to move to the southwest was to build Fort Island, in Copley Swamp, at that time an impregnable position, but too small to accommodate but a small portion of their people. It was an advanced but secure outpost.

From near the present site of Akron signal stations ran southwestwardly as far as Richland County, on which in times of danger fires leaped and sparkled as they did on a thousand crags of Scotland, warning of a Claverhouse, or calling the clans together in common defense of home and country. Every foot of territory was fought over in order to conquer this mighty race.

Establishing their temporary headquarters on the Chippewa, they built new village walls and defensive works as far west as the eastern line of the present county of Richland.

Col. Charles Whittlesey, President of the Northern Ohio and Western Reserve Historical Society, a former Talmadge boy, spent many years of his life in

GROUP OF IMPLEMENTS

trying to solve the question as to where the Eries made their last stand, fought their last fight and disappeared from mortal ken. The writer was then acting through his appointment as field agent for his society, but afterwards became Secretary of the District Historical Society, covering the ground of the Erie retreat and

STONE IMPLEMENTS

1. Greenstone Pestle. 5. Long Bladed Battle Ax. 6, 7, and 8. Polished Axes

ERIE CROCKERY

the great historical tragedy. The Colonel, like many others, made the mistake of looking too far afield for what might be found at home. Just before his death, the Colonel wrote Dr. Hill "The town which was the scene of the final battle, was somewhere in the interior of Ohio, called Kointown—probably near a river—but cannot be identified." It seems strange that Dr. Hill and Colonel Whittlesey, both of whom were on the same quest, should miss it by so small a margin.

The final battle was without doubt a surprise as was the first, but instead of being cooped up it was fought in the open. It is also very doubtful if the Eries had the time or the much needed opportunity to summon all the outlying stations to their assistance.

The remnant that was left were probably assimilated in time into other tribes.

The village of Indians found at Conneaut by Moses Cleveland was thought to be descendants of the ancient Eries; others have claimed to have found characteristics of this giant race in other tribes. The Catawabas, Kickappoos, Andastes and Massangas and even the Shawaneese have been mentioned. It is all speculation and must be taken at only its real value by the reader and investigator.

THE FIRST NAVAL BATTLE ON LAKE ERIE

Whether another naval battle was ever fought on American waters we know not, if so we never heard of it, where both antagonists were Indians.

At a camp-fire on the shores of Lake Erie shortly after Perry's victory, there were present some of Perry's men, Gen. Harrison and his staff, many Indian chiefs, among whom were the great Chief Tarhe, Black Snake and others.

Black Snake, then bent and crooked with the weight of many years, for he lived 125 years, related to the soldiers and sailors the following tale: "Many, many suns ago before I was born there was another great fight on the big lake."

Near as this can be ascertained it must have been about 1625. The Eries had always had a desultory warfare with their eastern neighbors and had concluded to organize a great naval expedition against them, so thousands of war canoes were gathered together and set out on their journey to the head of the lake where Buffalo now stands.

Spies and runners of the eastern tribes informed them of the coming of the Eries, and all the canoes and warriors that could be hastily gotten together sailed to meet their foe.

They came together on the lake and slaughter at once began. The lighter canoes of the eastern tribes could not withstand the heavier boats of the Eries and thousands died under the furious onslaughter of their

foemen. All the bodies that could be gathered together and all the captured canoes were taken to the banks of the Niagara River, heaped up and burned in one immense funeral pyre.

The Eastern Indians left living got together and formed a union to resist and if possible conquer the Eries. The Mohawks, Oneidas, Cayugas, Onondagoes and Senecas were formed under the name of the Five Nations. Some twenty-five or thirty years later the Five Nations again met the Eries at the foot of the Canandiagua Lake, where the Five Nations were successful, the Eries driven homeward followed for five months by the warriors of the Five Nations who had 6,000 men in the battle. It is stated that few of the Eries ever reached home.

The Buffalo Commercial published this afterwards and vouched for its authenticity. Still later the account of this great naval battle appeared in the "Ohio Farmer".

THE FRENCH IN OHIO

Parkman says:—"The first appearance of the French in Ohio excited the wildest fears in the tribes of that quarter, among whom were those who, disgusted with the encroachments of the Pennsylvanians, had fled to these remote retreats to escape the intrusions of the white men. Scarcely was their fancied asylum gained when they saw themselves invaded by a host of armed men from Canada. They knew not which way to turn. There was no union in their counsels, and they seemed like a mob of bewildered children."

Celeron De Bienville, knight of the military order of St. Louis, and the early French explorer, in 1749, in his expedition down the Ohio to take possession of the "Ohio Country" for France, landed at the mouth of the Scioto. They arrived on August 22, 1749, and departed on the 26th. Here there had been for years a Shawanese village and living with them a party of English traders. These under the orders of the Marquis de la Gallissonneire, Governor-in-Chief of New France, he warned away. He had under him a chaplain, eight subaltern officers, six cadets, twenty soldiers, 180 Canadians and thirty Iroquois and Abinakis Indians. This expedition crossed over from Canada, and embarking on the headwaters of the Allegheny, floated into the Ohio and down that stream. Celeron left no plate at the mouth of the Scioto. He however, planted six plates at the mouths of the Kan-

FROM THE GREAT LAKES TO THE GULF

awha, Muskingum, the Great Miami, etc. The plate designed for the Scioto was stolen by an Indian, a Seneca, who in the winter of 1749-50 delivered it to Gov. Clinton. Translated it reads:—"In the year 1749, the reign of Louis XV, King of France, we Celeron, Commandant of a detachment sent by Monseur the Marquis of Galliesonniere Commander in Chief of New France, to establish tranquility in certain Indian villages of these Cantons have, buried this plate at the confluence of the Ohio and of To-ra-da-Koin, this 29th of July—near the river Ohio, otherwise Beautiful River, as a monument of renewal of possession, which we have taken of said river, and of all its tributaries and of all the land on both sides, as far as the sources of said river."

The plate at Marietta was found in 1793, on the left bank of the Muskingum, and that on the Kenawha in 1846.

Christopher Gist visited here in 1751. It was Lower Town. Logstown, fourteen miles below Fort Pitt, was Uppertown. The former consisted of 300 men and 100 houses besides a council house 90 feet long. On the Kentucky side there were forty houses. On his return home De Bienville ascended the Ohio in boats to the mouth of the Great Miami, thence up that stream as far as Piqua, where he burned his boats, and procuring ponies, made his way to a new French Fort on the site of Fort Wayne, from where he made his way to Montreal.. On his way up he stopped at Pickawillany, just below the mouth, on the northeast side of the Great Miami, to be precise, at the mouth of Loramie Creek. Here he buried his plate. The Eng-

lish called the town "Old Brittain", the French "Demoiselle". These Indians had recently come from Canada and De Bienville tried to induce them to return but failed. Leaving four half-barrels of powder, four bags of bullets and four bags of paint lie where they had been refused by the savages he re-embarked, reaching the French Fort September 25, where he found M. de Raimond in charge.

After Gist's visit, this place soon became a place of great importance. On June 21, 1752, the forces under Chas. Langdale of the French Fort Michiliniackinac, consisting of 250 Chippewas and Ottawas, fell on this place, killed fourteen Indians; the place destroyed and the body of Old Britain was boiled and eaten by the attackers.

This was the real beginning of what is called Braddock's War, and was not to cease until eleven years later in 1763.

The French now had forts Michilimackinac on the Straits, Starved Rock, Chartres on the Mississippi, Ouatanon on the Wabash, St. Joseph on Lake Michigan, the fort at junction of the St. Marys and Josephs Rivers, Margarets at the mouth of the Hock Hocking River, Duquesne at Pittsburg, Du Troit at Detroit, Sandusky at Sandusky, a French trading station on the Cuyahoga, Presque Isle at Erie, Le Bouef at Conneaut, Fort Vennango on French Creek, Marchault on the Allegheny, Massac on the Ohio, and a trading station on the Huron.

In 1758 the French blew up Fort Duquesne and the English built Fort Pitt on its ruins. This was to change the Ohio into a great National highway, and

people its shores with a sturdy race of valiant English souls who were to make the wilderness to blossom.

The following is a letter written in 1501, by Pietro Pasqualigo, Venietian Ambassador of the court of Portugal to his brothers in Italy:

"On the eight day of last month one of two caravels which his Most Serene Majesty sent the past year under the command of Gasper Corte Real, arrived here, and reports of finding of a country distant west and northwest 2,000 miles, hitherto quite unknown. They sailed so far forward that they came to a place where it was extremely cold, and they found in the latitude of 50 degrees the opening to a very great river. The Captain of the lesser ship had not sufficient courage to pass far beyond the mouth, where Corte Real went on alone, and the other carvel awaited his return for the space of fifteen days, and then returned to Lisbon. If Corte Real's carvel is lost or if it shall yet come safely no one can tell, but should I receive additional information it shall be transmitted to you."

Jacques Cartier came to the St. Lawrence in 1530. In Newfoundland there were certainly Basque fishermen before Cartier.

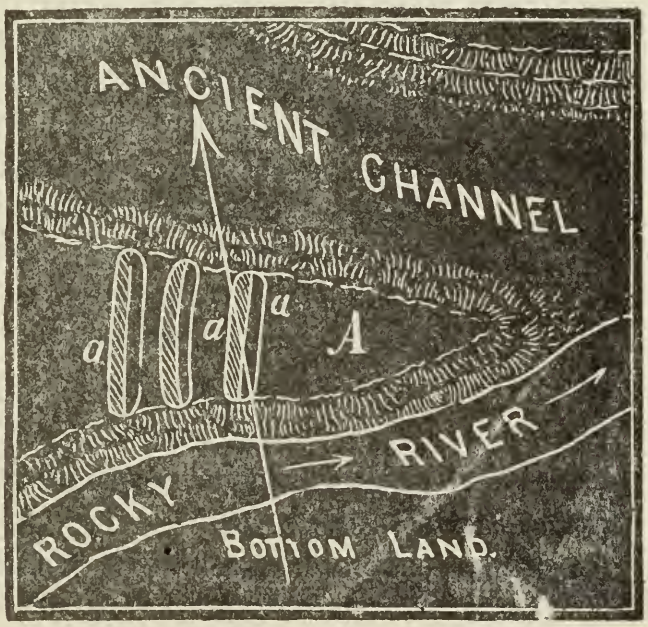
The ignorance of America was not only proverbial but it was universal. Chas. Dudley Warner speaking of its says: "Ignorance of America is taught in English schools." In 1756, Henry Popple published a "Map of the British Empire in America," in which the Monongahela and Kanawa are unknown, but La Riviere Aux Boeufs enters the Ohio from the **south east,** coming out of a lake not known.

Mr. Clayton, of Virginia, in a letter addressed to

the Royal Society of England, under date of Aug. 17, 1688, says:

"I know Col. Bird that is mentioned to have been about that time as far as Toteras. He is one of the intellegentest gentlemen in all Virginia and knows more of Indian affairs than any man in the country. I discoursed him about the River (Ohio) on the other side of the mountains said to ebb and flow, which he

FORT HILL NEAR BEREA



A.—Enclosed space. *a*, *a*, *a*.—Embankments and ditches. Scale, 200 feet to the inch.

assured me was a mistake in them, for that it must run into a Lake now called Petite (Conneaut) which is fresh water for since that time a colony of French are coming down from Canadas and have seated themselves in the back of Virginia, where Fallam and the rest supposed there might be a bay, but is a Lake

which they have given the name of Lake Petite, there being several large Lakes between that and Canadas. The French possessing themselves of the lakes will no doubt in a short time be absolutely masters of the Beaver Trade." If the statement of Mr. Clayton is true, and we have no reason to doubt it, then the French settled here and built Fort Presque Isle and Fort Le Bouef **before** 1688, or sixty-five years before current history states. But current history received its dates from a renegrade white named Coffin whom Col. Johnson found living among the Indians of the Mohawk. We do know that other statements made by this renegrade are untrue, then why not the dates. We also know that Fort Massac on the Ohio, was very old in 1758, and that part of the garrison of Duquesne rebuilt it at that time. Evan's map in 1755, shows that the Ohio starts in Lake Petite, (Conneaut). It is only one of the mistakes of early geographiers.

In 1790 the Scioto Land Company induced 500 French settlers to settle at Gallipolis. They were ill-fitted for pioneer life and it was a hopeless case from its very start. Lonesomeness, famine and disease did its work and many lost their lives, and others moved away.

In March 1795, Congress made a "French Grant" of 24,000 acres in Scioto County for the benefit of French families, who lost their lands by invalid titles at Gallipolis. In 1798 Congress made an additional grant of 1,200 acres. But a few families settled on the Grant. They were a worthy, simple-hearted people, and those that remained became thrifty and useful citizens.

PRE-TERRITORIAL MILITARY EXPEDITIONS

INTO THE OHIO COUNTRY 1760-1788

MAJOR ROGER'S EXPEDITION.

After the conquest of Canada by the English, Gen. Amherst sent Rogers with some 60 boats and 200 men up Lake Erie. He arrived at the mouth of the Cuyahoga river on Nov. 7, 1760. Rowing up this river several miles he pitched his camp. Here he was met by Pontiac, who forbade him to go further. After a parley of two days he made a friend of Pontiac, who proceeded with him to Fort DuTroit (Detroit) where he pulled down the lillies of France and ran up the flag of England. Here he remained until December, when leaving a garrison he set out for Sandusky, leaving his boats here. He set out to return to Pennsylvania by land through Ohio. Major Rogers and his remaining men left Sandusky, 1760, and crossing the Huron river and following the Southern Fort Pitt and Sandusky Indian Trail, he passed through the present counties of Sandusky, Seneca, Richland, Ashland, Wayne, Stark and Columbiana, arriving at Fort Pitt (Pittsburg) Jan. 23, 1761.

This is the first known military expedition to have passed through the "Ohio Country" as it was then called.

GEN. AMHERST'S EXPEDITION

This expedition was under the command of Maj. Wilkins and consisted of 600 British regulars. It

started from Albany, New York, in 1763 for the purpose of re-stocking and re-inforcing the frontier forts.

From Buffalo they came in boats, but when a few miles west of Rocky River were struck by a violent lake storm and driven on the rocky shores and wrecked, losing 73 men, three officers, 50 barrels of provisions, all their ammunition and a number of cannon. The remainder returned to Buffalo by the Northern Indian Trail.

COL. BRADSTREET'S EXPEDITION

This force, consisting of 1200 men, 300 boats, supplies and ammunition, came up Lake Erie and reached Sandusky in safety. Pontiac with a strong force of Indians had for several months been besieging Detroit, but this expedition reached there safely and relieved the garrison. Gen. Israel Putnam, the Revolutionary hero, was a member of the force.

On their return they were struck by a severe storm and on attempting to enter the mouth of Rocky River were dashed upon the shore and completely wrecked. They lost all their boats, supplies, guns, cannon and baggage. The loss in lives was heavy. Out of 1200 men, but a few hundred ever reached Buffalo. Those who succeeded in saving their lives passed a wretched night on the shore and the next morning took up their march to the eastward along the Northern Indian Trail. Some boats were saved, and those proceeded on their watery way.

For a century after, guns, swords and pistols were found here. Here, too, was a great mound of human remains and many trenches. Many gold and silver

INSCRIPTION ROCK

coins, silver spoons, bayonets, surgon's instruments, etc., were found, but the treasure chest and six brass cannon have never been discovered.

COL. BOQUET'S EXPEDITION

On Sept. 17, 1764, Col. Boquet with 1500 men left Fort Pitt for the "Ohio Country." He reached the Tuscarawas, then called the Upper or Little Muskingum, Oct. 13, 1764. This little army crossed the Ohio at Beaver, Pennsylvania, afterwards Fort McIntosh, and cut a wide roadway through the forest to their destination. The first ever cut in Ohio.

Their journal says: Oct. 8, "The army crossed Little Beaver Creek, one of its branches." This enters the Ohio on the state line. Their journal further states: Oct. 13, "Came to the main branch of the Muskingum (Tuscarawas) 70 yards wide with a good ford." A river at that time, now but a mere brook.

They proceeded at once to erect a temporary fort. Oct. 17th they received a delegation of some 50 chiefs and warriors and demanded of them the return of all the white prisoners in their hands. On Oct. 20th he again received the chiefs of the "Ohio Country" and reiterated his demands and plainly stated that he would not leave their country until every white prisoner in their hands was delivered to him. They agreed with him that they would meet him in twelve days at the junction of the Tuscarawas and White Woman's River (now the Walhondling).

Consequently, Col. Boquet moved his army down the Tuscarawas to the "Forks of the Muskingum," now Coshocton, where he arrived Oct. 25. The time had

been short for the Indians to collect their captives, so a general meeting was arranged for Nov. 9, when some 260 captives were delivered, and pledges made that 100 more would be delivered at Fort Pitt in the coming spring, the Indians giving him hostages for the performance of their contract.

Human language is too poor to portray the scenes enacted here. Here were husbands clasping their long lost wives, fathers and mothers gathering lost children to their hearts, brothers and sisters meeting for the first time in years. There was joy and rapture, tears and weeping, with many flying around as if demented. Not all had come back; some had died at the torture stake, some had met horrible fates, some young girls had taken Indian mates.

Col. Boquet's expedition had been the most successful of its kind in the United States, and for this he was made a Major General. On the 18th of November, 1764, he broke camp and after ten days march arrived at Fort Pitt without losing a man, and with 206 white Indian prisoners of whom there were 125 females and children and 81 males. Of these there were 67 women with children from Pennsylvania and 58 women with children from Virginia, 49 males from Pennsylvania and 32 from Virginia.

This expedition was unique, it never had its prototype in American History.

COL. MACDONALD'S EXPEDITION

In 1774, Lord Dunmore, the Royal Governor of Virginia, and the man who afterwards burnt Norfolk, Virginia, escaping by an English vessel in the Hampton

Roads, to his royal master King George the III of England, commissioned Col. Angus MacDonald to raise a force of men and proceed against the Ohio Indians.

This force 400 strong rendezvoused at Wheeling, and proceeded down the Ohio to the Indian village near the mouth of the Wakatomika Creek. Six miles above they met the Indians in force and defeated them, losing two men killed and nine wounded. The two Indian villages, a mile apart, were burned and their corn fields destroyed. This battle was near the present town of Dresden.

Taking with them three Indian Chiefs as hostage the expedition returned to Wheeling, no permanent relief from Indian forray having been accomplished.

LORD DUNMORE'S WAR

All summer and fall sounded the preparation for war in Virginia against the Ohio Indians.

Among the noted names in this army we find those of Generals Isaac Shelby, Andrew Lewis, Geo. Rogers Clarke, John Gibson, Simon Kenton, Daniel Morgan, Col. James Wood, Col. Chas. Lewis and the notorious Capt. Michael Cresap.

The right wing of the army reached the Ohio by the way of "Potomac Gap" about October 1st and went down the Ohio to the Hock-Hocking River, and there built Fort Gower. This army was under the treacherous and traitorous command of Lord Dunmore who was soon to be proven not only a traitor but a coward.

The left wing of the army was under the command of General Andrew Lewis. They reached the mouth of the Kanawha River about the first of the

month where he went into camp. In the meantime he received notice from Lord Dunmore that he was not to form a junction with the right wing at the place agreed upon.

Lord Dunmore waited at Fort Gower until he heard the guns of Lewis and was told by scouts that his left was entirely surrounded and that a massacre was imminent, when instead of sending re-inforcements he ordered his whole command to re-embark and they fled up the Hock-Hocking across the present counties of Athens, Hocking, Fairfield and Pickaway and encamped on Sappo Creek, a tributary to the Scioto. Here he intrenched himself and named his new location "Camp Charlotte".

On Oct. 8th Gen. Lewis had completed arrangements to march on the morrow to form a junction with the right wing.

During the night Cornstalk surrounded the camp with a thousand warriors and with the first break of day the solitary crack of a rifle broke the stillness of peace and set the camp in commotion. The forces were equal, and all day long raged the great battle. It has been characterized as "one of the most sanguinary and best fought battles in the annals of Indian warfare in the west".

During the battle Cornstalk moved among his men crying "Be strong! Be strong!" During the night he withdrew his men, and in the morning General Lewis received a reinforcement of 300 borderers. The losses on the side of Lewis was 75 officers and men killed and 140 wounded.

On the 11th he began his march to the Indian

towns of the Scioto. An 80 mile march brought him to within four miles of Camp Charlotte, when he camped on Congo Creek and called it Camp Lewis.

Lord Dunmore affected a treaty here with the chiefs on the Scioto but it was never regarded by either side. The 39 years war had begun, and the forest land was to run red with blood.

After leaving a small force of men at the mouth of Kanawha, another at Fort Fincastle, afterwards called Fort Henry, now Wheeling, also a few at the "Forks of the Ohio" afterwards called Fort Pitt, now Pittsburg, he withdrew his forces to Virginia and soon committed the dastardly crime against the commonwealth of which he was governor and fled for safety to England.

GEN. LACHIN McINTOSH'S EXPEDITION

Gen. McIntosh, commander in chief of the Western Military Department, started out in 1778 with an army of 1000 men, object, Detroit. When he arrived at the Tuscarawas River, near Bolivar, he got cold feet and decided to stop and build a fort and then return to Fort Pitt, the place from which he started. This fort he named Fort Laurens.

It was the first parapeted and stockaded fort built in the state of Ohio. It was built in the shape of a five-pointed star and the Ohio Canal today runs over its site. After provisioning it he left a garrison of 150 men under the command of Col. John Gibson, afterwards Gen. Gibson, the friend of Logan, whose cousin he adopted.

Gen. McIntosh returned to Fort Pitt and disaster

soon followed. They were unable to do any scouting, their horses were stolen, for Capt. Pipe with 800 warriors soon invested the place. They could not cut or haul any wood, for on two attempts they were ambushed and shot down. The first time they lost 14 men, the second time 11 men. Provisions grew short but a supply train was expected soon; it came, and the besieged were so elated that they fired a general salute which so frightened the animals they ran away and scattered the supplies all over Northern Ohio, the most of which was a total loss.

So disastrous had been the affairs at this lonely, outlying outpost that it was abandoned in 1779. It was the only frontier fort in Ohio; from the lake on the north, to the river on the south; from Pennsylvania on the east, to the Pacific Ocean on the west.

Named after the President of the then Continental Congress, it did not stand as rock, as he did for human liberty.

COL. JOHN BOWMAN'S EXPEDITION

In July 1779, Col. Bowman with 160 border Kentuckians marched against the Shawnee Indian towns on the Little Miami River, within the present limit of Greene County.

The troops divided, a portion being under the command of Col. Benjamin Logan. Two nights from the present site of Cincinnati they struck and destroyed one of the towns, Chief Blackfish was badly wounded and nine of Col. Bowman's men were killed. but they captured 160 horses and began a running retreat towards the Ohio. All that day the Indians

fought them, pursuing them to the Ohio, where they crossed that river at the mouth of the Little Miami, and dispersed to their homes in the blue grass.

COL. GEORGE RODGERS CLARK'S EXPEDITION

In the summer of 1780, the "Long Knives of Kentucky" under the command of Col. Rogers Clarke, organized an army 1000 strong to chastise the Indians on the Mad and Little Miami Rivers.

This army crossed the river at the mouth of the Licking (Cincinnati) and stopping long enough to erect two block-houses, pushed on, and on August 6 arrived at the Indian town on the banks of the Little Miami, called Old Chillicothe, which they found in ashes; the Indians having destroyed it in anticipation of the coming of the "Long Knives". After cutting down all the growing corn Rogers proceeded to the celebrated Indian town of Piqua, the birthplace and home of that great chieftain, Tecumseh, the terror of the west. This town was on Mad river, but five miles west of the present city of Springfield. Here they were ambucaded by the Indians hiding in the long grass of the lowlands. A terrible battle followed. Rogers' loss was twenty men killed and many wounded. The Indians fled and their town of Piqua was burned to the ground, all the growing crops destroyed including 500 acres of corn. This was a terrible blow to the Indians, many of whom nearly starved during the ensuing winter.

Among those opposing Rogers was Simon Girty, the renegrade, from the Cuyahoga Valley. Girty commanded several hundred Mingoes.

Rogers' army returned to the block-houses on the site of Cincinnati and there disbanded, the Kentucky borderers returning to their homes well satisfied with the lesson they had given the Ohio Indians.

GEN. DANL. BROADHEAD'S EXPEDITION

For cold blooded brutality this expedition outnerved even the bloody Indian. It is one of the blots on Ohio's fair fame. It was composed of Pennsylvania Indian hunters, flat boatmen and hangers-on of the river settlements. It was an organized force of some 300 men under the command of Gen. Daniel Broadhead, which left Wheeling in April of 1781, and marched on to the "Forks of the Muskingum", (Coshocton).

It surrounded the Indian town at that place, burned it, capturing its inhabitants. With Gen. Broadhead was Lewis Wetzel, a noted chief, a hostage and a prisoner. He was contrary to all rules of warfare, brutally murdered and scalped by these men who claimed to be civilized.

Not satisfied with this, they selected sixteen of the most promising warriors of the village and with spears and tomahawks murdered them in cold blood, and afterwards scalped them. All manner of brutal outrages were practiced against these people, not only here, but on their way home. Several other small villages were also captured and the usual outrages followed.

The men crazed with blood and success were bound to march up the Tuscarawas and murder the peaceful Moravians in their quiet villages on that stream where

they followed agriculture only—loving God, and practicing the precepts of early Christians.

Only the second in command, Col. Shepard, prevented this. He stood like a stone wall for the right, and he prevailed, all honor to his name.

COL. ARCHIBALD LOCHRY'S EXPEDITION

This unfortunate expedition probably owed its misfortunes mostly to Capt. Pipe.

Gen. Geo. Rogers Clarke had requested Col. Lochry to join him with Pennsylvania volunteers at the "falls of the Ohio" for a second invasion of the "Ohio Country". With 106 men he arrived at Fort Henry (Wheeling) July 25, 1781. Here he swung down the river to a few miles below the Big Miami, where they concluded to make camp. Hardly had they landed when from a high bluff came a sharp volley of musketry. These men taken by surprise, and with no weapons in their hands, paid the price of carelessness in war. The ground was soon covered with dead and dying men. Col. Lochry fell dead and with him 41 of his men; the remainder, many of whom were wounded, were surrounded and made prisoners. But this did not stop the carnage, some of the living prisoners were killed and scalped to satisfy the blood lust of the savages. The remainder of the men who were not killed and scalped were rushed to Indian fastnesses and none lived to return to their homes until after the peace of 1783.

This massacre which occured August 25, 1781, was in retaliation of Gen. Broadhead's unheard of outrages on the Muskingum in April, some four months previous.

COL. WILLIAMSON'S EXPEDITION

A murdered woman and her infant was the cause of this expedition.

An Indian raid on the border settlements of Pennsylvania had resulted in the capture and the carrying off by the savages of John Carpenter and a Mrs. Wallace and her three children. Later the woman and her infant were found dead on the trail. This happened in February and early in March 1782, Col. Williamson had organized a band of 100 men. Leaving Stubenville they came direct to the Moravian towns on the Tuscarawas. The previous fall this peaceful people had been removed from their homes to the Sandusky Plains by the British authorities on the alleged reason THAT THEY WERE FRIENDLY TO AMERICANS.

They had returned to their former homes for the purpose of gathering their corn which they had been compelled by their British masters to leave behind. Williamson found these Christian Indians busily at work in their cornfields. Telling the Indians that they had come to take them to Fort Pitt where they would be well cared for they induced them to enter two houses the males in one, and the women and children in another.

Williamson put it to a vote as to whether they should take them to Fort Pitt or kill them. All but 18 out of 100 voted TO KILL THEM. In these houses all night long rang the hymns, prayers and supplications of these Christian Indians crying to God their helper.

In the morning these white men entered the cabins and by mallet, gun, spear and knife killed all, men, women and children, to the number of 96. One man

with a mallet killed 14, and then handed it to another saying: "Go on the same way; my arm aches".

These men, women and children were murdered in cold blood. It is the foulest blot on Ohio's fair history and as long as the state stands the name of Gnadenhutten will be remembered.

COL. WILLIAM CRAWFORD'S EXPEDITION

Col. Crawford was a great man in his day. He was the companion and intimate friend of Washington, they were both surveyors, both born in the same state, both officers in Braddock's and Forbe's army. He was a captain in Lord Dunmore's War. He also participated in the erection of Fort McIntosh and Fort Laurens, and himself built Fort Crawford, sixteen miles below Pittsburg. He raised a regiment during the Revolutionary war and as its colonel he was with Washington on Long Island, at Trenton and Princeton, was Washington's Land Agent on the Ohio, and was frequently visited by him in his humble log cabin home.

By a majority of five votes he was elected over Col. Williamson as the commander of the expedition which bears his name. Most all of Williamson's men re-enlisted and he was chosen second in command.

The expedition rendezvoused at Mingo Bottom, three miles below Steubenbenville, on May 25, 1782, and followed "Williamson's Trail" to Gnadenhutten, from thence direct to the Sandusky Plains. From the time they left Mingo Bottom the eyes of Capt. Pipe's scouts never left them until they reached the Tuscarawas River towns. From here the swiftest runners

brought the news to Pipe and he was ready for them, for he who had always hated the Moravians "because they would not fight," had now constituted himself as their avenger. Three months had scarcely elapsed since the terrible, unheard of murder of Christian Indians by these same men in the three Tuscarawas River towns.

The Sandusky Plains reached, they could find no Indians. They encamped for the night and comenced their march the next morning and until two o'clock in the afternoon, when the advance guard was attacked and driven in.

This was on June 7 and the battle of Sandusky was on. The plains were covered with a coarse, high grass in which the Indians were hidden. Two pieces of woods were fought over but remained in possession of the whites. The battle continued until darkness had fallen when both armies kindled large fires along their front and slept on their arms.

The next morning the battle was not renewed, and Crawford and his officers concluded to retreat during the hours of coming darkness. Just before sunset the Indians renewed the battle with great fury on the south, east and west sides. Crawford formed his command to the north about a mile, then swinging around in a circle, regained their old trail. They continued their retreat all the next day, being annoyed by distant sniping of the red men. About 300 men were with the main body. About 180 had broken up into small parties thinking it a better chance to escape; the majority of whom were killed or captured.

Col. Crawford, missing his son, son-in-law and two nephews, waited and watched for them until the main body had gone by. Unable to catch up with them, he fell in company with Dr. Knight and two others. They traveled all night, first north and then east. On the next day they fell in with Capt. John Biggs, Lt. Ashley and two others. They encamped together that night. On the next day's march they were attacked. Biggs and Ashley were killed, Crawford and Knight were taken prisoners and the other four escaped.

Preparations for torture were immediately begun. Pipe painted Crawford black and led him to the stake. Crawford offered Pipe untold wealth to release him, but Pipe would not forego his vengeance. The wealth of the Indies would not tempt him, the Moravians must be avenged. Crawford's son and son-in-law were also executed. Crawford was burned by a slow fire at a Delaware village on Tyemochte Creek.

Williamson was the man Pipe was after, but Williamson had resolved to save his own bacon. Early in the retreat he abandoned his command and with forty men pushed through the Indian line and escaped, leaving his comrades to imprisonment, death and the torture stake.

Dr. Knight, condemned to the torture stake, was taken to an Indian town some forty miles distant, but escaped.

No command of so large a number had ever made such a futile and disastrous campaign in the Ohio Country.

GEN. GEORGE RODGERS CLARK'S SECOND EXPEDITION

Soon after the battle of Blue Licks in Kentucky the borderers became desperate on account of the many successful incursions of the Ohio Indians and the sound of gathering troops once more resounded throughout the land.

In the fall of 1782, Gen. Clark with 1,000 gallant Kentuckians again crossed the Ohio at the mouth of the Licking (Cincinnati) and marched to near the head waters of the Miami River and there destroyed some Shawanese towns and fields within Miami County. One division of this army was under Col. Logan and the other was under Col. Floyd.

They then marched on and destroyed "Loramie's Store" on the mouth of Loramie Creek, within the present Shelby County.

Ten Indians were killed and a large numbers of prisoners taken. They then returned to the mouth of the Licking and disbanded.

COL. LOGAN'S EXPEDITION

In 1786 Col. Benjamin Logan with 400 men, crossed the Ohio River at Limestone, and made one of the most successful expeditions ever made in the Ohio Country.

These were the "Long Knives" of Kentucky and were as hostile as Crawford's men, but had not former crimes against humanity to answer for, hence their success instead of failure.

The expedition was aimed against the Indian Mach-a-cheek towns on the Mad River.

The result of this campaign was the destruction of eight Indian towns within the limits of Logan County. All their corn fields were also destroyed. One prominent chief and 20 warriors were killed and 75 taken prisoners.

Col. Dan. Boone, Gen. Simon Kenton and Col. Trotter were officers in this expedition.

COL. EDWARD'S EXPEDITION

This expedition in 1787, to the Big Miami River, was barren in its results, and requires no mention. Col. Edwards' second expedition to Upper Sandusky was more fruitful of results. This was, however, in 1812 and after Ohio had become a state.

COL. TODD'S EXPEDITION

Col. Todd's expedition to the Scioto Valley, in 1788, before the organization of the North-western Territory, was also barren of results and requires only a mere mention as part of our history.

THE WESTERN RESERVE

"Blest land of the free!
Thrice hallowed by song,
Where the holiest of memories
Pilgrim-like throng;
In the shade of the forests,
By the shores of thy lakes,
On the hills of thy beauty,
Made holy and great
By footsteps of angels—
The Angels of God."

"The Western Reserve" is situated in the northeast quarter of the State, bounded on the north by Lake Erie, on the east by Pennsylvania, on the south by the parallel of the forty-first degree of north latitude, and on the west by the counties of Sandusky and Seneca. Its length east and west is one hundred and twenty miles, by an average width of fifty miles from north to south; comprising an area of three million, eight hundred thousand acres. It is surveyed into townships of five miles square.

A half million acres was stricken off the west part. Out of and comprising this tract, were formed the counties of Erie and Huron. This tract so stricken off was called "The Fire Lands of Connecticut." This was donated by the State of Connecticut, to certain sufferers by fire during the Revolutionary War. These sufferers by fire were the inhabitants of New London, Connecticut, in consequence of the fact that Benedict Arnold, the arch traitor, entered their harbor and burned the city.

The balance of the Land in the Western Reserve was sold by Connecticut to Phelps and Gorham, of that state, for the sum of One Hundred Thousand Pounds, New England currency. This sum of money became the basis of Connecticut's common school fund, now aggregating upwards of two million dollars.

FORT WHITTLESEY

The states of Virginia, New York, Massachusetts and Connecticut, each claimed the territory by virtue of royal patents from the King of England. At that early period, the geographical knowledge Europeans had of America was very limited. Patents granted

often covered the same territory, or overlapped on each other, creating much confusion and many disputes. Virginia laid claim to this territory, asserted ownership and exercised nominal jurisdiction by establishing the County of Botecourt in 1769, whose western boundary was the Mississippi.

That state's claim was founded on royal grants issued by James the First, bearing dates April 10, 1606; May 23, 1609; and March 12, 1611. New York claimed the territory by virtue of Royal Charters issued by Charles the Second, and bearing date Mar. 2, 1664, and included territory that had been previously granted Massachusetts and Connecticut, hence the conflict of claims between those States, their several charters covering the same soil of Ohio. The Massachusetts title was granted in less than twenty years after the arrival of the Mayflower.

The title of Connecticut was based on a Royal Charter to the Colony issued by King Charles the Second, Mar. 19, 1631. For some years after the United States had become an independent power these interfering claims caused much confusion between the states interested.

On March 1, 1784, the state of Virginia, by her representatives, duly appointed by her Legislature, as a committee, consisting of Thomas Jefferson, James Monroe, Samuel Hardy and Arthur Lee, waved all title and ownership to the territory, excepting a tract of land called the "Virginia Military District," and surrendered all authority over "the territory of said State lying and being to the north-west of the river Ohio." New York's deed of cession was favorably reported to the Congress

of the United States on May 1, 1782. The states of Connecticut and Massachusetts not to be outdone by their sister states in patriotism and generosity, soon followed by acts of relinquishment of title and deeds of cession to the United States.

Connecticut, in September, 1786, ceded all her claim to soil and jurisdiction thereof west of the Western Reserve, in the territory northwest of the River Ohio. By consent of Congress Connecticut retained her ownership in the soil and jurisdictional rights over the Reserve. These rights upon sale passed to Phelps & Gorham, who at once made arrangements to have the land appraised, surveyed and sold, the purchasing parties being largely in the states of Massachusetts, Connecticut and New York, and was known thereafter as the Connecticut Land Co. New England people, the land of the Pilgrim and Puritan, became the chief purchasers of the virgin soil, who transferred their mode of society, industry, enterprise and habits of thought to "New Connecticut." The descendants of these people have no equal in intelligence, integrity and good order generally. After the title was transferred to the Connecticut Land Company, the subscriptions to the purchase ranged from $1,683 by Sylvanus Griswold, to $168,185 by Oliver Phelps. Each dollar subscribed to this fund entitled the subscriber to one-twelve-hundred-thousandth part in common and undivided, of the land purchased. The amount of shares was fixed at 400, at $3,000 per share. Certificates were issued to each owner, showing him to be the owner of such proportion of the entire land, as the amount he paid, bore to the purchase price of the whole. Moses Cleveland and a

FORT WEYMOUTH

party of 51 surveyors and assistants landed in Ohio, after holding a treaty with the Indians at Buffalo. The surveys of the Reserve Lands were made in the years of 1796 and 1797, or that portion of it lying east of the Cuyahoga River. The draft of the lands east of this river took place prior to 1800. In this draft it required an ownership of $12,903.23 of the original purchase money to entitle an owner to a Township.

In 1800, through petition, Congress accepted the Western Reserve as part of the United States and consigned it for jurisdiction purposes to the Northwestern Territory, then in its second grade. However, Connecticut did not cede her jurisdictional claim to the Western Reserve to the United States until May 30, 1801. The land west of the Cuyahoga became by treaty, in 1805, a part of the United States. These lands were surveyed in 1806-'07 by Abram Tappan, for the Connecticut Land Company, and Seth Pease for the Government. The draft of the land west of the Cuyahoga took place April 4, 1807. In this draft it required ownership of $26,087 in the original purchase money to entitle an owner to a Township. The same mode and plan was followed in each draft. The Townships were numbered, and the numbers on separate slips of paper placed in a box. The names of the subscribers who were the owners of sufficient amount of purchase money to entitle them to a township, were arranged in alphabetical order and when it was necessary for several persons to combine because of not owning severally, a sufficient amount of the purchase money, or a number of shares, to entitle them to a township, the name of the person of the company that stood alphabetically first, was used to represent them in the draft, and in case the small owners were unable from disagreement among themselves, to unite, a committee was appointed to select and class the proprietors, and those selected were required to associate themselves together for the purpose of the draft. The township or parcel of land corresponding to the first number drawn from the box belonged to the person whose name stood first upon the list, or to the

persons whom he represented. This was the method adopted to sever the ownership in common, and to secure to each individual or company of individuals, their interest in severalty. Soon after the conveyance, the land company, to avoid complications arising from the death of its members and to facilitate the transmission of titles, conveyed the entire purchase in trust, to John Morgan, John Cadwell and Jonathan Brice.

After the surveys the owners of lands took possession or placed them in the market. Settlement commenced, not as in other sections, by eating in on one side and gradually extending to the interior, but it commenced in nearly every township at once, or at least within a few years. The change was wonderful, the Reserve was filled with the crash of falling trees, logging fires burned night and day; ringing ax-strokes sharp, clear-voiced, could be heard in every direction, like funeral bells tolling the passing of the forest; like unto the passing of human souls in troublous times. The openings in the forest widened, and grew yet more wide; the patches grew to be fields, the fields, farms. Then came logging and brush-burning, and later the pulling of stumps, the picking of stones, fence building, and road and bridge building. Some forty years of this work, then the log cabin gave place to the comfortable frame house, the patches to extended, well-fenced fields. The landscape had changed; had been changing for forty years; was to continue to change for the next twenty.

Then came slavery troubles; the underground railroad; the firing on the old flag; the breaking out of the Civil War, the shrill screams of the fife, the rattle of

drums, the going forth of father and brother and son to fight for home and God and Country.

And looking backward, what have we accomplished? A record grand! Glorious! A record never exceeded.

Ohio in 1810, with only 10,000 votes placed in the fields during the war of 1812, more than 25,000 citizen soldiers.

At the first call for troops in 1861, she placed fifty per cent more than she was entitled to. At the end of the war she had a credit of 41,000 more than her quota. As a state, but little better than fifty years old, she placed in the field, 346,326 men in regiments, besides many more not credited. Ohio sent an army half again larger than the greatest army Great Britain ever placed in the field. Ohio's dead alone amounted to 4,000 more than was lost on both sides during the Revolutionary War. Ohio paid in local bounties to her citizen soldiery to the amount of $23,500,000. Northern Ohio, a little strip across the state only one county wide in one place; less than one fourth of the state, sent 60 full regiments of Infantry, 5 of Cavalry, besides McLaughlin's squadron, 10 batteries of Artillery, besides sharp shooting companies. Northern Ohio furnished one thirtieth of the entire Union force in field from 1861 to 1865.

The Western Reserve as a geographical division is but one seventh of the state in which we reside, yet we have struck great blows for the Union, for humanity, for liberty and common weal. Ohio's two war Governors, David Todd and John Brough, were residents of the Western Reserve, and when there was doubt of

Kentucky being able to fill its quota, Ohio's Governor telegraphed Abraham Lincoln—

> "If Kentucky refuses to fill her quota,
> we will fill it for her."

The Western Reserve contains about 175,000 acres more land than her mother state of Connecticut. Her

FORT CONNEAUT

population exceeds that of Maine, West Virginia and Connecticut. Has a greater population than New Hampshire and Vermont combined, or nearly as much as the joint population of Delaware, Rhode Island and Vermont, and aggregating four times as much as Dela-

ware alone. It has always carried a prepondering influence in State and National affairs. It has furnished many times its share in Generals, Governors, Supreme Judges, Statesmen, Presidents and learned men in every rank and walk of life. Its blood is made up of the commingled strains of the Pilgrim, the Puritan, the Hollander and the Virginian. All that was pure, that was noble, that was of humanity and of God, we have inherited from them, the first state to be settled by representative Americans, children of the old colonies; of Revolutionary sires—a chosen people—children of destiny. God-risen we have a mission to perform and when we forget it and all that has made us great we shall sign our death warrant and seal the doom of our children.

The importance of the Western Reserve as the last stand of Puritanism cannot well be overlooked by men of letters and political economy.

The Western Reserve has a character and an individuality of its own that is not found in any other section of our country. An individuality that in time of National need was to furnish the great men, the courage, the plans and the conscience that was to save the Nation in its hour of most deadly peril and to bear aloft to Victory the hands of our beloved Lincoln. It is really a state within a state.

Alfred Mathews says—"The settlement was hugely significant in several ways, but none more so than in the fact that the pioneers of that vast army of occupation planted in the New Connecticut of the Western Reserve, the last organized and distinct colony of Pur-

itanism, which, as such, made a deep and historic impression upon the conscience of the country.

"It becomes thus apparent that in numbers, commercial importance, geographical extent—in all save mere organization—the Connecticut Western Reserve constitutes the equivalent of a state; while in its unity of purpose and power of influence it has unquestionabily exercised in the affairs of the Nation and in the broad interest of the people a sway such as few states, large or small, have equaled.

"It is this achievement, in perpetuation of principles and of individual character as complete as if bounded by state lines, or lofty mountains and wide rivers, and in the unquestioned fact that more than any other similar body of people west of the Alleghenies it has impressed the brain and conscience of the people."

Let us give to our children the best we can, for in them lies the hope of a nation truly and forever free. There is a time coming, how soon man knows not, as it all depends on the actors themselves, when the Great American Republic will have need of all the heart and conscience that can be builded up on the Reserve to steer her safely through the breakers which are looming so far away and so mistily ahead. Every generation has its great questions to solve and answer rightly. God grant that they be met and answered as well in the future as in our golden past.

Judge Tourgee has said: "Words may be false; leaders may seek to deceive; but what a people write in blood upon the page of history is always true." Let the people write the history of the Connecticut Reserve

so that "he who runs may read," and reading, know what the last organized stand of Puritanism did for the whole glorious American Republic.

ORGANIZATION, EARLY BOUNDARIES AND CHANGES OF THE COUNTIES OF THE WESTERN RESERVE AND FIRELANDS

To thoroughly understand the county boundaries of the Western Reserve, it will be necessary to briefly review the various changes.

In 1769, Virginia, then claiming the "Ohio Country," erected the county of Botetourt, which included all the land within the present limits of the Reserve. This remained so until that state ceded her right to the Western Territory in 1783.

On July 26, 1788, Arthur St. Clair, Governor of the North-western Territory, by proclamation, established all the territory east of the Scioto river into the county of Washington.

July 29, 1797, the territorial county of Jefferson was erected; this county included within its limits all the land on the Reserve lying east of the Tuscarawas and Cuyahoga rivers and the Portage path. The following boundaries were established with the county seat at Steubenville:

"Beginning on the banks of the Ohio river, where the western boundary of Penssylvania crosses it; and down said river to the southern boundary of the fourth township in the third range (of those seven ranges of townships that were surveyed in conformity to the ordinance of Congress of the 20th of May, 1785), and

Mouth of the Cuyahoga as it Appeared at the Time of the Eries. Parallel Lines Show Present Mouth

with the said southern boundary west, to the southwest corner of the sixth township of the fifth range; thence north along the western boundary of the said fifth range to the termination thereof; thence due west to the Muskingum river, and up the Muskingum and Tuscarawas rivers to and with the Portage, between the latter and the Cuyahoga river; thence down the Cuyahoga river; thence down the Cuyahoga to Lake Erie; thence eastward along the shore of the lake to the western boundary of Pennsylvania; and south with the same to the place of beginning."

By what right the territory of the northwest thus drawn and determined these boundaries has never been known, as at that time that part of the Reserve did not belong to the Northwestern Territory.

These three counties, Botetourt, Washington and Jefferson, only held questionable jurisdiction, as the State of Connecticut laid claim to its territory within the "Ohio Country," known as "New Connecticut." In 1786 that state ceded to the United States all her claim to the soil and jurisdiction west and south of what is now known as the "Western Reserve," and the "Firelands" of Connecticut. Congress confirmed that state's title to the above reservations, consequently neither Congress nor any power created had any authority to create geographical boundaries, or assume jurisdictional powers within the above named reservations.

From 1786 to 1801, the citizens of the Reserve were a people without a country. The United States did not own the soil, nor have any jurisdictional rights over the same. Connecticut, although she still held

jurisdiction over the territory, had sold the soil, establishing with the proceeds thereof her school fund, but she had not provided this little republic with either laws, or courts or any form of government. The eastern half was not yet a part of the Northwestern Territory and was not subject to its laws and regulations. The settlers found themselves without the support of a central government or a high political power on which to lean for support in time of trouble or distress.

Some thirty-five of the townships which had been surveyed by the Connecticut Land Company in 1796 and '97 contained settlements in 1800; the estimated population being one thousand souls. In that year, a petition was circulated and signed, praying Congress of the United States to accept this lonely orphan, and enroll it as a part of the United States of America, attaching it for judicial purposes to the Northwestern Territory which had attained to its second grade of territorial government September, 1799, after eleven years of government in the first grade. Congress, in December, 1800, accepted the trust, although Connecticut did not cede her claim to the Western Reserve until May 30, 1801.

July 10, 1800, Trumbull County was erected from part of the territory embraced in the County of Jefferson. This new county contained all the land of the Western Reserve, with the county seat at Warren. The official boundary as established read as follows:

"Beginning at the completion of the 41st degree of north latitude, one hundred and twenty miles west of the western boundary of Pennsylvania, and running from thence by a line to be drawn north, parallel to and

one hundred and twenty miles west of the said west line of Pennsylvania, and to continue north until it comes to 42 degrees, 2 minutes latitude; thence with a line to be drawn east until it intersects the said western boundary of Pennsylvania; thence with the said western boundary of Pennsylvania south to the completion of the 41st degree of north latitude; and from thence west to the place of beginning."

All counties of the Western Reserve were a part of Botetourt and Washington counties; Ashtabula, Trumbull, Mahoning, Lake, Geauga, Portage and that part of Cuyahoga County lying east of the Cuyahoga River, as well as that part of Summit lying east of the Cuyahoga, and Tuscarawas rivers and the "Portage Path" was a part of Jefferson county. All the counties in the Reserve were formerly a part of Trumbull county.

In 1805 Geauga county was formed from Trumbull county, and included all the land from the Cuyahoga River eastward to the Pennsylvania line, and southward to the south line of townships numbered five. This embraced all the territory now included in Ashtabula, Lake and that portion of Cuyahoga lying east of the river of that name, and also a portion of Summit. June 7, 1807, Ashtabula was formed from Geauga and Trumbull counties. On the same date, June 7, 1807, Portage County was formed from Trumbull and included all that part of the Western Reserve lying west of the fifth range of townships. The official boundaries are given as follows:

"That all that part of the county of Trumbull which lies west of the fifth range of townships be erected into a separate county by the name of Portage. That

the courts of said county of Portage shall be holden at the house of Benjamin Tappan until a permanent seat of justice shall be established. That all that part of the Connecticut Western Reserve that lies west of the Cuyahoga River and south of the townships numbered five, shall be annexed to and become a part of the county of Portage. Provided, that the money arising to the county from a tax on land, within the said district, shall be appropriated by the commissioners of Portage county, and expended in laying out and making roads and erecting bridges, within the boundaries of said district west of Cuyahoga."

The territory of Medina, the better part of Summit, about half of Lorain and a part of Ashland counties became a part of Portage, but the money collected by a tax on land to be laid out on making roads and building bridges west of the Cuyahoga River. Thus did our early legislators build for civilization.

The fifth county formed, that of Cuyahoga, was organized in May, 1810, and the territory was taken from Geauga.

Medina was formed Feb. 18, 1812, but was not organized until April, 1818. In 1811, the west line of the eleventh range of townships was designated as the western boundary of Portage County. Medina was taken from Portage and after it was formed was attached to that county for judicial purposes until its organization in 1818; but Portage continued its western boundary until 1827, when the following boundary was established:

Beginning on the south line of the Connecticut Western Reserve, at the point where the Tuscarawas

River intersects the same; thence down northerly following the middle of said Tuscarawas river, to the range line between the eleventh and twelfth ranges, as run by the Connecticut Land Company; thence north on the course of the range line last foresaid, to the north line of the township numbered four; thence east on the north line of number four, in the eleventh range, to the middle of the Cuyahoga River; thence down the middle of said river to the north line of the township numbered five in said ranges."

This took a slice from Cuyahoga and Geauga, while Medina included part of Lorain and Ashland Counties.

Lorain was formed Dec. 26, 1822, and was taken from Medina and Huron Counties.

Summit was organized Mar. 3, 1840, and was taken from Medina, Portage and Stark Counties.

Lake County was formed Mar. 6, 1840, and taken from Geauga and Cuyahoga.

Mahoning was organized in 1846 and was taken from Trumbull and Columbiana Counties. It was named from the Indian name of Ma-hon-ink, "at the lick" or at the salt spring. Portage was named from Portage Path, while Cuyahoga came from the river of that name.

A small part of Ashland County belongs to the Reserve, while a small portion of Ottawa belongs to the Firelands of the Western Reserve.

Ashland County was organized Feb. 26, 1846, and was taken from Richland, Wayne, Lorain and Huron counties.

Ottawa County was organized Mar. 6, 1840, and was taken from Sandusky, Erie and Lucas. The balance of the Firelands, Erie and Huron were organized as follows: Huron, 1815; Erie, 1838.

PIONEERS OF THE WESTERN RESERVE

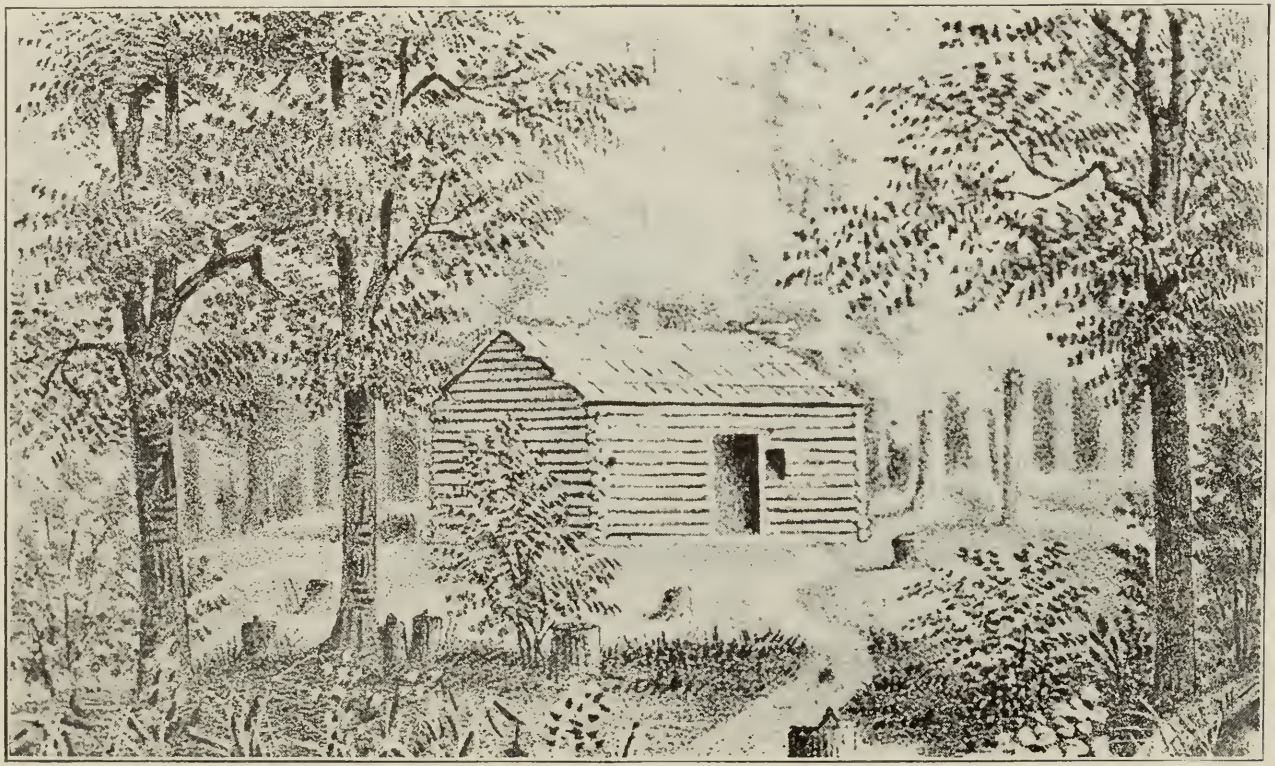
"Our forest life was rough and rude,
And dangers closed us 'round,
But here amid the green old trees,
Freedom we sought and found.
O, free and manly lives we led,
'Mid verdure or 'mid snow,
In the days when we were pioneers
A hundred years ago."

"We felt that we were fellowmen;
We felt we were a band,
Sustained here in the wilderness
By heaven's upholding hand.
And when the solemn Sabbath came,
We gathered in the wood,
And lifted up our hearts in prayer
To God, the only Good,
Our temples then were earth and sky;
None other did we know
In the days when we were pioneers
A hundred years ago."

—Wm. D. Gallagher.

The dwellings of the pioneers of the Western Reserve outside of the rude bark or brush shack, consisted solely of the log cabin.

The log cabins were generally 12x14, or 14x16 feet in size, built of logs a foot or more in diameter, laid up like the cobhouse of the children, except being notched at the corner so the logs laid close together, the spaces between the logs were filled with wooden wedges or else plastered with stiff clay. The roof was covered



PIONEER CABIN

with clap-boards, or long shingles, riven very thin, and about six feet long, held on by weight poles placed on each tier, a ridge pole in the center. The floors were made out of puncheons, split off the logs, and roughly hewn with a broadax. Doors were made of heavy puncheons, crossed and cater-cornered by other strong timbers; the hinges were wooden ones made heavy and of tough material. The door was secured by one or more heavy cross bars. The windows were made by sawing out one or more logs, making a small hole which was covered with slats and oiled paper . Bed-steads were made from tough dog-wood poles, with only one, or at the most, two posts; the bottoms made from woven elm bark or tough hickory slats. Chairs were usually three legged, made to fit the inequalities of the floor, and were only rude puncheon benches. The cupboard was made by driving wooden pins in the logs and laying boards upon them. The table was usually a rude frame covered with puncheons. If a cabin possessed a loft, the floor was made by loosely laid puncheons, and was reached by a ladder, sometimes from the outside, sometimes from the inside; if there was no ladder wooden pins were driven in the logs at one corner of the cabin; a sure if not an easy way to reach the loft. The fire-place occupied the greater part, if not the whole of one end of the cabin. This was made of rough, or undressed stone, laid up in mortar, but more usually stiff clay; the chimney was composed of the same material, or in some instances, of sticks laid crosswise and well plastered with clay, both inside and out. A lug-pole was across the inside of the chimney, on which to hang the chain, or if the chain was missing, a rough

iron-wood hook was in the reach of all. Some cabins, and later, all, were fitted with the iron trammel and hooks, on which to hang the iron kettle or mush pot. In some families one iron kettle served alike for brewing the mint tea, crust, corn-meal, or acorn coffee for frying the meat, boiling the potatoes, or even in which to bake the corn break or Johnny-cake. The capacious fire-places would take a log of almost any thickness and from six to ten feet in length. The front and back logs were placed on the andirons; the front log always being the largest in diameter, and of some tough, slow burning wood. Between the back and front log was heaped smaller and quicker burning wood. In winter time, if the room was large, there was always danger of freezing on one side, while you roasted upon the other. Over the chimney was set a pair of deer-antlers, on which hung the goodman's rifle, powder-horn and bullet pouch. Sometimes the rifle rested on wooden pins driven in an overhead joist. From the joists hung bunches of dried herbs, little bags of dried fruits, pumpkin, sacks of nuts, slabs of bacon, jerked venison, or smoked hams and bunches of dipped candles. Did the reader ever dip candles? Candle wicking twice the length of the candle is hung across a small round stick very close together. A kettle of melted tallow being ready, these strings of wicking were dipped therein. These strings dry almost immediately upon being taken out, leaving a thin coating of tallow around the wicks; this process is repeated until the candles are of the required thickness. The writer has dipped as many as a hundred dozen of candles in a single evening. The spinning and carding wheels, the flax hutchell and the

quilting frames, when not in use, were found in one corner of the room.

The soap of the pioneer had to be made by himself or family . The wood ashes were leached, the lye obtained was boiled with refuse fat in large iron kettles until the soap was of the proper consistency.

The "soap-boilings", the "hog-killings", the "log-rollings", the "wood-choppings" and "quiltings" and a little later on, the "corn-huskings" and "parin' bees" were red letter days to the young people. Days full of excitement, of jolity and good fellowship, of feasting and merriment. Among these amusements, consisting half of hard work and half of play, must not be omitted the cabin-raisings. Men and boys would cheerfully walk from ten to twenty miles to attend a cabin raising, returning often after night, through the woods with their lighted torches of pine knots or hickory bark. There were no "masses or classes" in those days, the rich and poor dressed alike, and were on an equality. The clothing of the men consisted of the homespun, or deerskin hunting frocks, and pants made of buckskin. The women attired alike in homespun of their own manufacture.

The early settlers of the Reserve were a rough, hardy intelligent set; they believed in a God, in good order and education. They were always ready to start a church or a school, and to help each other on any and every occasion. Books were scarce, but the Western Reserve boy did not think himself a man until he had at least mastered "the three R's". The early Reserve teacher was usually from the best blood and talent of the New England states; they were far, very far above

the average in ability, and many of them rose to state or national renown, and in later years we find many of our wisest lawyers and statesmen laying their heads together, calling up old reminiscences of "keeping school and boardin' round", and talk of the warm chimney corners, of the suppers of mush and milk, or Johnny-cake and jerked venison; of the settlers robust, rosy daughter, toward whom they cast "sheep's eyes", of the old fashioned spelling school and the walk home with the girls; of the country singing schools and of the jealous swain in the gay wamus, of the first love that only survived one school term; of the long winter's night in cabins, lit by only the fitful glare of the burning fire; of the nightly feasts of hickory, hazel, butter and walnuts, of doughnuts and cider, of fun and frolic, of hunting tales, and of those more fierce and pathetic, the stories of border Indian warfare.

In some localities log rollings were of common occurence, every settler having one or more each year. Settlers came for miles around. Oxen and axes, handspikes and muscle were in demand. The logs were cut, hauled and heaped into great towering pyramids. The boys and girls piled the brush, started the fires, and danced around the burning piles, as much play as work, and as much work as play, but all with joyous hearts and willing hands.

Later on came the stump pullings and the stone picking, the burying of hardhead boulders. If the writer only had a penny for each backache caused by this kind of work, he would have a great many pennies.

Then there were the "wood choppings" and "quilting bees", where everybody, old and young, would go;

the men with their axes and teams, the women with their "good things" for dinner or supper, and also with their needles and large motherly hearts. Some old lady, or widow or lone woman or superannuated couple would get wood enough to last them all winter, and qulits and warm things enough to keep the cold and frost out of doors where they belonged. Those were the good old days, the days in which people did not live for themselves alone, but for their neighbors; the days when people did not preach "Love thy neighbor as thyself" but they did more, they practiced it, lovingly, kindly, but earnestly and effectively.

The religion of the Reserve pioneer was varied, coming as they did almost entirely from New York and the New England States, their religious convictions were inherited and ingrained. The blood of the Puritan and the Pilgrim was nothing, if not God-fearing, and labor-loving. Transplanted to the solemn silences of this forest border land, all the mysticism in their nature came to the surface. If a man or a woman is inclined to worship God, he or she will do it in a heavy forest land, it is a compulsion, an absolute necessity . God in the man cries aloud for utterance and will not be denied. "These people had all the warmth and fire in their souls of which to make active Christians. At their camp-meetings in the beautiful wildwood, with their frank, honest, unstudied manners, their native intelligence and their cordial winsome ways, religion was attractive and lovely, and they could not help being zealous workers."

"One poor woman in giving her experience, years afterward, unconsciously drew an exquisite picture for

the pencil of the beauty-loving artist. She said she was working near the roadside, poorly clad, when the sound of singing came to her ear—sweet singing of men's and women's voices mingling together. It came nearer, and her surprise increased, when, in glimpses among the trees, she saw a procession on horseback. Abashed she hid herself behind a tree and peeped around. It was a company of men and women returning home to the Southern part of the county from a great Methodist camp-meeting that had been held at the springs. The class-leader and his wife rode foremost; her bonnet hung by the ribbons down her back, her light brown hair lay in loose curls on her shoulders. Her face was lighted up beautifully, it seemed the glorified face of an angel; all their faces glowed with a joy such as she had never known in her life and as they rode, some horses carrying double, in and out among the low-hanging branches, their voices blended in harmony and sweetness as they sang that old hymn:

"What is it that casts you down,
What is this that grieves you?
Speak and let the worst be known,
Speaking may relieve you."

General Brinkerhoff has said: "The settlement of Ohio was a mighty work and those who did it were men of iron nerve, of undaunted courage and persistent force."

"God Almighty has so arranged and constituted the nature of things that nothing great or good, or strong in matter or mind, comes to the earth except it comes thru storm. It is the law, and the struggle under it, which has made Ohio, of all the states of the

Union, foremost in war and foremost in the councils of the nation."

The pioneers of Ohio, for the most part, were God-fearing, Christ-loving, serious-minded men; their courage was a Christian courage, rooted and grounded in the hope of a life that lies beyond. Wherever they went, churches went with them; and, wherever log cabins were gathered, there also was the meeting house and the school house."

The census of 1890 showed that Ohio had more church buildings than any other state in the Union. A people who remember God must of a necessity be a great people.

In closing his stories of Ohio, Wm. Dean Howell says: "I am willing to leave the reader with the impression that the people of Ohio are that sort of idealists who have the courage of their dreams. By this courage they have made the best of them come true, and it is well for them in their mainly matter-of-fact and practical character that they show themselves at times enthusiast and even fanatics. It is not ill for them that they should now and then have been mistaken. This has helped to keep them modest in the midst of their prosperity, and their eminence in saving and governing the union of the states. Such as they are, they seem to me, as a whole, the first of the Americans."

Hogs and sheep were the most prized animals a settler could keep. Pork filled the larder and made a most savory change from the dry wild meats that the forest furnished. The wool of the sheep made his warmest and finest clothing and kept the spinning

wheel of the house-wife singing all the winter through. But as dearly as these were prized, yet the bear and the wolf loved them still more.

Hogs were always marked by bears for their prey. Bruin dearly loved pork, and would take any risk to obtain a savory meal of hog-meat. They would enter a pig-stye close to a cabin, in broad daylight, and if not prevented, carry off the inmates of the stye.

Pork was not only a much relished change for the pioneer, but its fat furnished him lard for the household and its skin made him sole-leather, while the animal itself was a protection for him and his family against venomous snakes. The hog dearly loved rattlesnakes and was its most deadly enemy. These animals would spend hours to secure a rattler, and as soon as killed, eat him. While the bite of the rattler was death to all other animals, it did not seem to affect the hogs in the least.

Wolves were only troublesome and somewhat dangerous when the settlements were few and far between. Their especial delicacy was sheep, or when they could not get them, young pigs; often killing them in preference to the older hogs. At first it was almost impossible to keep either hogs or sheep, although both were almost indispensable to the pioneer who had to procure his own provisions, and manufacture his own clothing. The settlers kept as many males among his stock as possible, as these usually defended the younger and weaker animals. An old boar with his long tusks was no mean antagonist as many found out to their cost. Even then constant watchfulness, day and night, was necessary to preserve them from the bears and wolves.

A bear-proof and a wolf-proof pen was absolutely necessary for their preservation during the hours of darkness.

Once upon a time while a settler was hauling in hay a wolf chased a pig from among the drove in the woods, pursuing it into the meadow where the men were at work. The wolf in this race was closely followed by the drove of hogs, including several old males. So closely was his wolfship pressed, that he was compelled to mount a hay-cock to save himself. In this position he was surrounded by the infuriated swine. Suddenly one of the larger hogs rushed upon the heap of hay, upsetting it, and dislodging the wolf, which was seized as soon as he struck ground and literally torn to pieces. This was, however, of rare occurence, but hogs running in the woods hunting nuts and tender roots, which had escaped from the settlements and become wild, were always very ferocious, and have been known to attack persons. Luckily, though, this was rare.

There was a class of men, not settlers, who were found occupying lonely cabins, and in some cases, caves, in many of the townships when the first settlers actually came. How long they had been there, it was impossible to find out. In one of these new townships seven of these squatters were so found. They made no improvements but lived by hunting and trapping. "These were wild-harum-scarum fellows who cared more for hunting wild animals and bees, fishing and trapping, than for tilling the soil." As soon as it became too crowded for these early adventurers they would move on to a newer locality where neighbors did not exist. Not all these strange characters were hunters, neither

A STOCKADE

did they consist altogether of the rough diamonds of the borderland. A number of cases has come under the writer's notice in which these forerunners of a rude civilization were men of education and refinement, of great mental ability and culture, some of them having filled no mean positions in the haunts of civilization. One was a talented and successful minister, a graduate of Yale, a forceful speaker and a man of power. One was a French trader, who had lost his stock in trade; another was a medical practitioner whose powers of healing were reputed to be miraculous. Another was a graduate of Yale, who left that institution at the head of his class. Still another had been a commander of a foreign army. Two were rich and hid their money in fence posts and hollow forest trees. All had tried to lose their identity, and memory of other days, in the unbroken wilderness of the Ohio country, where man was least and God was most.

In the days of an early winter two of these strange characters came upon the track of a bear. A light snow had fallen the previous night, and the tracks were easily followed until they stopped at the foot of a hollow tree standing on the edge of a swamp. Bruin holed, active preparatoins were at once made to dislodge him from his winter quarters. Two sturdy pairs of arms were soon swinging that great civilizer of Ohio's forest—the ax. Merrily rang the ax's stroke and the chips fell to right and left. When the tree was about half cut down, and quite unexpectedly to the men, the bear made his unannounced appearance among the dogs and men, then ran away along the edge of the swamp. With great hue and cry they were after him

immediately. The dogs being more nimble on their feet than the human bipeds, soon overtook bruin. Tige and Jowler presented their compliments in the front, while Trip and Penny attacked the enemy's rear. The hunters were soon on hand but in the excitement of the chase had left their guns behind. The bear was giving the dogs a lesson in boxing, and sundry yelps and kiyis bore evidence to his proficiency in that ancient art. The men with the exception of an axe and tomahawk were unarmed . In this dilemma it was proposed to use the axe as an offensive weapon, but upon trial, it was found that they were in more danger of killing the dogs than the bear. The bear dropped down on all fours and commenced another retreat; one of the men then seized it by the rump and gave it three deep cuts with his tomahawk. The bear compelled him to release his hold and made a masterly retreat. The men then returned on their trail, secured their guns, followed the bear's deveous tracks some two miles further, cornered and shot him.

Deer was hunted frequently in the night time by "shining", when they had come down to the streams to drink. A canoe being provided, the hunter would place a bright light in the bow, and silently drop down the stream. Should a deer be near, he would stand quietly a few moments and watch the approaching light. The hunter in the stern of the canoe could see his two eyes shining out of the darkness. Now was the time, and aiming between the two eyes, rapidly fired. An expert "Shiner" frequently brought in six or eight deer as an evening's work.

One November night an Indian named "Greasy" concluded he would try "shinning" on a stream that rises in the southern part of the Reserve. Placing fire in one end of his bark canoe and seating himself in the other, gun in hand, he dropped quietly down the stream. The fire lighted up either bank. After going a half mile the hunter saw in the bushes two bright eyes gazing at his beacon light. When he fired the eyes disappeared, but a wounded deer struck the water so near the canoe as to upset it, putting out the light and leaving "Greasy" to exercise his swimming powers in the ice-cold waters. He soon came up and swam ashore through the darkness and chill of a cold winter's night. Shivering and half frozen he came back to camp minus canoe, gun, deer and temper.

Snakes were the terror of the women, and the pest of the men in the pioneer times. So plenty were rattlesnakes that they threatened the lives of all. The original surveyors of the Western Reserve used to kill them, roast them over their fires at night, and eat them when short of provisions. It was one of these surveyors that gave the common yellow rattlesnake its scientific name, which it bears today. General snake hunts were organized quite frequently by the settlers in order to kill off these pests. Considering the number of these reptiles it is remarkable that the loss of life was no greater. They many times were found in the cabin, and sometimes in the bed.

An old Indian named Cornstalk came to a settler's cabin one night, and taking a seat appeared to be very downcast and glum. Upon being questioned as to the cause he said:

"Injin tired. Injin hunt all day on hill for bear."

"Did you kill any?" was asked.

"Me no kill any deer. Too shy! Me hunt for bear. Me hunt but no kill bear. Injin hungry! Injin tired."

After a short pause he continued.

"Injin bad scared today."

"What scared you?" was asked.

"Me look in rocks for bear sign. Ugh! Snake big! Me turn around, ugh! Snake there, too; me look on this side, on that side; snake here, snake there, snake all around. Ugh! Injin scared. Injin fast."

The settler afterwards looked up the locality and succeeded in killing hundreds of rattlers. It was situated in a deep, rocky ravine, and to this day it bears the name of "Snake Den."

The squealing of a pig was usually the settler's notice that a "ba'r" was around.

One afternoon while a pioneer and his son were digging potatoes they heard the squealing of a pig. Being very busy, they paid no attention to it at the time. A second time the pig was heard to squeal in the high nettles behind the house. The pioneer started for his gun; it was empty, he had but one bullet and that had the neck on. The gun was loaded and he started for the sounds of distress, when his son told him that he saw a man with a black coat on carrying off a hog. He soon discovered the bear, but the bear had discovered him first, and was ready for him. The hog was lying upon the ground, and bruin was standing on him in an upright position. The pioneer took careful aim and fired, the bear dropped and the pioneer cut his throat with a knife. The hog was in bad shape, the

bear had eaten the flesh along the spine from shoulder to hips. The wound was dressed with tar, and strange to say, the hog recovered and afterwards raised a litter of pigs. The bear measured seven feet.

In those strenuous days of old-time, women had need to be as good rifle shots as their husbands, but the majority could no more fire a rifle accurately than the women of today can throw a stone. Yet it was oftimes imperative for a woman to be able to fire a gun, either in defense of her life and those of her children, or to obtain food when the husband and father was absent from home. Food by no means plenty at any time, was sometimes utterly lacking in the unavoidable absence of the head of the family.

Mr. Garber relates a story of Mrs. Leedy. The woman's husband was absent from home, "and about noon the old pig announced the usual alarm. Mrs. Leedy seized the rifle and her eldest son Lewis, the ax, and at once marched to the field of battle, a few hundred yards from the cabin. The old dog, "Sign", accompanied them and when within a few rods of the spot, her restraint gave way to her eagerness for fight, and she bounded at the bear. Bruin left without ceremony, with "Old Sign" at his side. Mrs. Leedy brought the old flint-lock in line and sent a bullet after him. But she was not familiar with shooting "on the wing", and the race went on. A few days after, the pig gave alarm again, and this time Mr. Leedy took down the gun, and when he arrived near the fight, the bear stood upright on the pig and eyed his enemy some time, apparently in a study whether to contest the ownership of the pig or not. He swung his paws back and forth

a few times but said never a word. Mr. Leedy knew the enemy, he had seen him before. He was the same "ole bar" a chief among the bears. The gun was fired; the bear leaped into the air, fell on his prey, howling, sprang forward towards his assailant, and after hesitating a moment, moved off."

"It was followed but darkness ended the chase. The bear was wounded near the heart and bled freely, yet lived. The next fall or winter he came in contact with another settler. After receiving two bullets from the hunter's rifle, he invited him to a rough and tumble fight, which equaled some of Davy Crockett's best. Seven—some say—eleven balls were taken from his carcass, a number of which was returned to their owners. Mr. Leedy received the ball he shot."

The rifles of those days were of different bores, not carrying balls of the same size. They ranged all the way from a Queen Anne arm carrying an ounce ball, to the light squirrel riffe taking a "thirty two." Every setler knew the size of the bore of his neighbor's rifle, and in finding a bullet in the carcass of game not belonging to them, they could usually tell from whose rifle it came.

Women in those days were frequently attacked by wolves, but casualties were were fortunately few. Mr. Garber is the authority for the following: Rachel Gatton went to Mansfield one time with a web of linen, to trade for kitchen utensils . She went on horseback and alone, her steed being a rapid traveler. After transacting her business, she started for home and when about half-way she discovered that a pack of wolves were pursuing her. She made the best of her time, but

the ravenous creatures came up with her finally. The brutes jumped at the horse and bit him in the side, which made him kick, plunge and stamp, but he kept faithfully on his course and his rider clung to his back for life. They in time arrived at the cabin." The terror-stricken girl was lifted from her horse while the wolves were driven away.

These are only a few of the trials which the pioneers of Ohio were called upon to face and endure, but these old times have passed away, their actors have laid down the armor of life, their forms are but mouldering dust. The rampant and aggressive civilization of the twentieth century has taken their places; the soil on which they fought and starved and endured is dotted with teeming cities and the rush and hurry of countless feet, yet their deeds live. We are what we are today, because they were what they were in the dim, misty days of tradition.

Let us do honor to the brave souls whom no danger could appal, no disaster turn aside, no conditions make afraid. Fighting death in many forms, fearlessly braving the terrible storms of a forest country, the dangers of flood and fire, fighting the wild beasts in their most secret lairs, or the wild men of the wilderness in their own native fastness or enduring the pangs of want, and hunger, and starvation without a murmur. Taming the denizens of an unknown and mystery brooding country, subduing the wilderness, preparing the virgin soil, never broken, for the seeds of a better life, leveling the mighty monarchs of a primeval world, that the sun of Heaven could shine in on the accumulated mold of centuries, teeming with richness that in

the future was to bring forth food for the tillers of the wornout and overtaxed lands of Europe, and finally to make the savage desert bud and blossom and bear fruitage for unknown and unborn generations of men yet to come. They kept their faith bright and through all these privations and dangers they were destined to build up a people whose cleverness and conscience, skill and intelligence, qualities of both heart and mind, were in the near future, to not only be the saviors of their own country or Nation in times of appalling National peril, but was yet to exercise a controlling influence upon the hearts and consciences of the worn-out dynasties of all European and Asiatic countries in the world.

EARLY SCHOOLS OF THE WESTERN RESERVE

"Said the master to the youth:
We have come in search of truth,
Trying with uncertain key
Door by door of mystery.
We are reaching through His laws
To the garment hem of cause.
Him, the endless, unbegun,
Light of all our light the source;
Life of life, and force of force."

Schools are the fore-runners of civilization, the pioneers of thought, and culture and force, the open door to joy and sorrow and thronging emotion.

The pioneers of the Western Reserve had hardly settled down before they began to think of schools for their children. To the interest shown by those people in education has been due in a large degree their success as a class of people separate and distinct from all others, in so far as education, love of liberty, and humanity to human kind are concerned.

There are more educated people on the Reserve than in any part of the state of the same dimensions.

There are more educated people on the Reserve than in any other rural portion of the United States of the same number of square miles. There are more educated people on the Reserve than in any agricultural section in the world, of the same number of inhabitants, and an equal amount of territory.

THE OLD SCHOOL HOUSE

There are no records now remaining of the "First Schools" which were conducted on the subscription plan. Of eighteen townships in one county, we find the first school was taught in 1801; the second in 1806; the third in 1809; two in 1810; two in 1811; one in 1812; two in 1817, and the balance at a later date. The settlement of these townships began as follows: One in 1800; two in 1802; four in 1806; four in 1807; three in 1810, and the rest much later. When we say settled, we mean that was the arrival of the first settler in that township. Some of these first arrivals were the only persons in their section for several years; others came in bunches of several families together. By comparison it will be seen that the starting of schools on the Reserve, unlike other sections of the wilderness, were cotemporary with the arrival of other or several families with children to be taught. Wherever and whenever there were children, there were schools. The western portion of county referred to above did not contain a settler until after 1814. The eastern portion, although it had a settler in 1799, did not contain a family until 1800, and then only one. One portion, the eastern, was surveyed in 1797, while the western portion was not surveyed until 1807. Medina, the county lying directly west of this county, shows the following comparison. Lying wholly west of the Cuyahoga River it was not surveyed until 1807. Fifteen townships show settlements as follows:

Harrisville	1811
Liverpool	1811
Medina	1814
Brunswick	1815

Granger	1816
Sharon	1816
Wadsworth	1814
Guilford	1817
Westerfield	1817
Chatham	1819
Hinckley	1819
Montville	1819
Litchfield	1830
York	1830
Homer	1831

Being wholly within the survey of 1807, this is important as showing the date and trend of settlement in the western part of the Reserve. The schools in this country started as follows:

One in 1816.
Three in 1817.
One in 1819.
One in 1821.
One in 1822.
One in 1824.
One in 1825, and others later.

Only two of these townships had settlers previous to 1815. One had only one family for years, the others had five. Only twelve townships were settled previous to 1830, but there were nine schools previous to, and including, 1825.

One of these townships, Granger, saw its first clearings and first log cabin in 1816. Four years later 1820, the township was organized, having at that time forty families; 260 persons.

This fully bears out our statement that schools on the Reserve were cotemporary with the arrival of families, and children sufficient to form a school.

Many children in those days had to go from two to four miles through the dense woods, sometimes forced to cross unbridged streams, in order to reach their school.

Of the early schools very little can be learned. There were no records and those who know are dead. Some were taught in cabins of settlers. Some townships erected log school houses in the start. In some places the log church was used interchangeably as both school and place of worship. The typical school house of that day was a rude structure of unbarked logs with a great fireplace occupying an entire end, built on the outside of the building, as was the fashion of that day.

The first school taught in Ohio, or in the Northwestern Territory, was in 1791. The first teacher was Major Austin Tupper, the eldest son of General Benjamin Tupper, both Revolutionary officers. The first school was held in the northwest blockhouse of the garrison at Marietta. The first frame school was erected here in 1800. It was forty feet long, 24 feet wide and 12 feet high. It was named the Muskingum Academy.

The first school taught on the Reserve was taught in Hudson, Summit county, in 1800, antedating the first school taught in Cleveland, by Miss Anna Spafford, by one year.

The Ohio State Teachers' Association was formed in Akron, December, 1847. Samuel Gallaway, Pres; T. W. Harvey, Rec. Sec.; M. D. Leggett, Cor. Sec. This was the first successful teachers' association ever formed in Ohio. The first Teachers' Institute formed

in Ohio was held in Sandusky, Sept. 1845, the second at Chardon, Geauga county, Nov. 1845.

George W. Wright describes the inside of the early school houses: "The benches were of logs, split in halves and legs put on the round side, while the split side was smoothed up with an axe. Not a plane ever touched them and they were not the most comfortable seats in the world. It was not necessary to resort to bench pins, the school-boy's device, in order to produce a sensation, for all that was required was to pinch some one and get him to slide along the bench. Some of the bad boys are said to have lined the seats of their pantaloons with large pieces of buck-skin for their protection, both from the roughness of the teacher's ferule and the roughness of the benches. There were no fine desks with all the furniture of a modern school house, but simply these benches along which the children ranged themselves and which had to serve the double purpose of seat and desk, each pupil piling his books and slate on the seat beside him. These seats of learning were in the midst of the forest near some blazed path which the settlers expected to make a road some time. The pupils gathered from all directions, coming through the woods by paths known only to themselves, crossing streams on logs or fallen trees. On one occasion, in time of high water, a family of some half dozen children were crossing on a fallen tree when the youngest, a little girl, becoming dizzy, fell into the rushing water and was being whirled rapidly down stream, when in plunged her older brother who swam lustily after her, finally capturing her some rods below, bringing her

safely to shore, after which they hastened on to school. This shows that even the children thought little of such hardships and paid little heed to mishaps that would produce consternation in a whole neighborhood today."

Later came the puncheon desks, a slab of puncheon, or a board, when they could be obtained, was built up in front of those who "wrote or figured", while the smaller children contented themselves with the simple forms first furnished. The scholars paid a tuition fee of fifty cents per month, and the teacher "boarded around". The majority of the earliest teachers were young women. Lois Ann Gear, the survivor of an Indian massacre at Upper Sandusky, in which both parents were killed, taught the first school in Boston and received for her services the magnificent sum of seventy-five cents per week, and "boarded around". Mr. Stiles, who taught the first school in Northfield, kept irregular hours, and received one dollar per scholar for a term of three months. In some localities school was held sometimes in one house and sometimes in another. In truth the schools for many years followed the scholars. The teachers of that day were, as a rule, good disciplinarians and competent instructors.

A little later, as settlers began to multiply on the Reserve, "the old log schools" gave place to the frame school house; the old forms gave place to comfortable but homely seats and desks, of home manufacture, made from native white-wood. The old fireplace was supplanted with the old "box stoves" made in Middlebury.

Two terms of school were taught in these houses: a summer term of three months, and a winter term of from three to four months, as the local school board determined. With the coming of the new school houses, the subscription schools ended and the new commenced under the Ohio law as free schools. The school houses began to multiply. A township of five miles square would have from six to nine schools in its radius.

"The best education and talent were always in demand, and the teachers, schools and scholars of that day, when books were scarce and none of the modern facilities were at hand, would compare favorably with those of the present, taking into consideration the altered circumstances."

At this time, and afterwards, the schools of the Western Reserve became a power in the land. Though books were scarce and the course of studies limited, there was a thoroughness in teaching and in the absence of anything to call off the attention of scholars and an eagerness to learn that always surmounted all difficulties. The country schools at this period frequently taught the higher mathematics, Latin and Greek. The writer knows whereof he speaks by actual experience.

The monotony of school life in the winter season was frequently broken by sleigh loads of other scholars from neighboring districts, or even neighboring townships, out on a visit of inspection of other schools.

The spelling school was an institution very much appreciated during the long winter evenings.

A teacher sometimes taught writing school one evening in the week or delivered lectures. The prayer

meeting was held in some of these school houses. All these things tended to shape the growing mind and fasten upon it thoughts and sentiments that remained through life.

Saturday afternoons were given up to "speaking pieces" or "reading essays".

"The Academy of the Western Reserve was the outgrowth of the common school, a cry for a higher education and greater advantages. The Academies of of the Reserve were known far and wide for their usefulness and the thorough manner in which they educated these young giants of a young country. Some of the finest educators in the world stood at the head of these institutions, and their fame was only limited by the country in which they lived. Among the greatest of these was John McGregor, a native of Scotland, and a graduate of St. Andrew's College, Glasgow, who instituted an academy at Sharon Center, Medina county, which became famous all over the state. Afterwards, about 1837, Mr. McGregor founded the Wadsworth Academy. At this time the rural population of the Reserve was at its greatest numbers. The population of Medina County in the census of 1840 was fifty per cent greater than in the census of 1880.

A newspaper article published about twenty-five years ago speaks of John McGregor in the following language: "We sometimes meet with a man of brilliant mind who seems to be born with a mission; successful in one direction and in that one alone. Yet that success was so marked as to out distance all competitors. Such a man was John McGregor. He seemed to be made for a teacher. In those days the fame of

Wadsworth Academy, which was simply John McGregor with a house to teach in, extended far and near, and was known even beyond the limits of the state. But few teachers have had so many pupils who have been successful in after life, mainly through the impulse given to them by one mind. His method was perfectly natural, simple and inimitable. Graduates of a modern Normal School would have much to criticise in the order he kept. But what cared the enthusiastic Scotchman so long as his scholars were daily drinking in his suggestions and instructions and catching his enthusiasm, while their lessons were not covered over but learned till they knew them? He scorned all code of rules for the government of his scholars. "You're gentlemen and ladies", he would say, "You have come here for one purpose and that alone. It is your school, not mine, and you will see to it that nothing shall call me from the one work of giving instructions. I rely solely on your self respect and sense of propriety and honor". It was very rarely that he reproved, but if it had to be administered it left a scar. But such was his simplicity of heart and sincerity that if on reflection he thought he had done an injustice to a pupil he would voluntarily ask pardon before the whole school He loved and took pride in his pupils, and his pupils loved and were proud of their teacher.

So loved was the memory of this educator that his former pupils from all over the country met one day many, many years after he had been laid to rest, and erected in the village of Wadsworth an imposing

statue by popular subscription, to commemorate his many virtues.

The growth of the Reserve Academy stimulated the growth of the college, and we find "Oberlin" the first college in the world to offer co-education, followed rapidly by "Hiram", and last but not least "Buchtel". It would be an injustice to close without mention of the "Twinsburg Institute."

W. A. Goodspeed in an article written for Perrin's, says: "An institution which ,for more than half a century of usefulness, has done more to improve the intellect and morals than perhaps any other organization, not even excluding the churches. It dates its origin as far fack as 1828, when yet the township was but a frontier settlement, and almost its entire surface was covered with primitive forests. Its founder and supporter was the Rev. Samuel Bissell, a native of Connecticut, and a graduate of Yale College. Soon after his ordination as a minister of the gospel he came to Aurora, Ohio, and in 1826 began a private school which was continued until 1828, when he came to Twinsburg. A block house had been erected for his acccommodation about a mile west of the center. On the same lot was a rude log house twenty by thirty feet with rough boards on the floor and loose ones for a ceiling. Three openings were made in the logs, in each of which was placed a sash containing four small panes of glass while at one end of this dismal room was a broad fire place with a chimney built of stones and sticks and plastered with clay. In the room were placed a few rudely and hastily constructed seats and desks and the only cheerful feature of the place was

the roaring fire which lighted the room with a fitful and rudy glow. This school room was thrown open to any young people who desired to attend without any charge, except from those disposed to pay, in which case the tuition for the term was to be $2.00.

So much interest was created that forty students were enrolled the first term. Four years after a combined church and school room was erected. In 1837 he built a house 20x35 in which he taught twenty-nine consecutive years. Within the next five years four large two storied buildings were secured and fitted up as dormitories and dining halls for his students. There were now in attendance about three hundred students, with seven teachers and assistants. Students were only charged from nine to twelve shillings per week for board. The benevolence of Mr. Bissell was such that he not only lowered the price of tuition but even educated hundreds at his own expense who were unable to pay their way. More than 6000 students have been in attendance, and out of these over 200 native Indians, Senecas, Ottawas, Pottawatomies and Ogibways have been educated at his own individual expense.

Mr. Bissell became known throughout the Reserve for his philanthropy in the cause of Indian education. This expense alone has amounted to over $40,000. And to this an equal amount expended by him in educating indigent white youth and you have $80,000. This expense was born by no one except the principal. To off set this not more than $12,000 had been received from all sources. These expenses were too heavy to be borne and his buildings had to be sold.

At this time, and without means, the foundation of a large stone building was laid. Without experienced mechanical knowledge he performed the most of the mechanical and manual labor himself. He obtained a loan of $1500, purchased a horse and wagon and the necessary tools. At the age of seventy, and without experience, he put on the roof, made the doors, window frames, etc. When over eighty years old he was still teaching although almost penniless.

A large army of ministers, statesmen, generals, lawyers, physicians and artisans have obtained their education at his hands.

Generous, self-denying, patient, persistent, he has put his faith in God and loved his neighbor as himself.

While a pioneer teacher was teaching her frontier school one day she was very much alarmed to see the painted, bedizined figure of an Indian warrior step in the cabin. The little ones trembled in expectation of capture or the tomahawk. The most profound silence prevailed, the boys could almost feel their scalps disappearing, the teacher looked inquiringly toward the Indian who said:

"Much pappoose—velly much pappoose".

The young lady teacher blushed very red at this insinuation and felt greatly embarrassed as the brave thought the children were all hers.

THE COMMON SCHOOL FUND OF THE WESTERN RESERVE

No arrangements had been made in the scheme of things in the Reserve to set aside land for Common School purposes. The Reserve did not become a part of the United States until 1800, and therefore the plan that effected all other parts of the state did not apply to the Reserve.

An act of Congress in 1803 set apart and appropriated to that part of the Western Reserve east of Portage Path and the rivers Cuyahoga and Tuscarawas, as an equivalent for Section 16, a sufficient quantity of land in the United States Military District, to compensate for the loss of that Section. This amount was equal to one thirty-sixth of all the land in the Western Reserve to which the Indian title had been relinquished.

The Indian title to the lands of the Reserve west of Portage Path and Cuyahoga river not then having been relinquished the matter seemed to drop from public notice and remained so until 1829. At this date the Ohio Legislature in a memorial to Congress, directed its attention to the fact that by the treaty of Fort Industry in 1805 the Indian title to the land of this section of the Reserve had been relinquished to the United States, and prayed in recognition of the fact, that an additional amount of land lying within the United States Military District should be set apart

for the use of the public schools of the Western Reserve, and equal in quantity to one thirty-sixth of the territory ceeded the United States by that treaty.

The memorial produced the desired effect and in 1834 Congress in compliance sold lands in Holmes and Tuscarawas counties for that purpose.

EARLY SPELLING SCHOOL

When the country was young, society being limited, every means of enjoyment was eagerly sought by the young people. Among the fun producing agencies of that day was the country spelling school. "Are you going to the spelling school tonight?" was the common question on a winters day. So great an attraction was it that young people frequently walked many miles, several times a week, during the winter season to attend one of these mirth provoking spelling bees. Indeed, it was no common thing for sleigh loads of young people to go ten or twelve miles to some well known school house to one of these entertainments. Every school had its good spellers, some of whom could spell every word in the old "McGuffey's" Spelling Book without making an error.

The school would decide to have a "Spelling School", a night would be appointed, and word to that effect passed on through all the schools in the township. The good spellers would hunt up all possible words and study them well, as it was considered a disgrace for the party which gave the entertainments to be "spelled down".

When the night came every scholar was requested to bring a candle. These tallow dips when lighted would be set in their own melted fat, some on school desks, some on the top of the lower sash of the windows or hung on sconces along the walls of the school rooms.

At an early hour the crowd would begin to gather, young maidens and young men, boys and girls, men and women. There would usually be an hour of social intercourse or solid fun and jollity. The young men would tease the girls, the girls would laugh at or flirt with the boys or play prude.

Their elders would talk of the weather, logging, chopping, township affairs, new roads and bridges to be built, the prospect of spring planting or sowing, or a thousand and one things that the pioneer had to talk about in that early day. The women gathered in knots and chatted about their spinning and weaving or other homely housewifely cares.

When the crowd had fully gathered and the hour had come to commence proceedings the teacher would rap on his desk with the ruler and call the meeting to order. Two captains, usually two of the finest spellers, would be chosen, viva voice, one to represent the school the other the outside world, contesting for the honors of being the "best speller".

The captain of the school would call one of the best spellers by name; the person so called upon came forward and stood by his captain's side. The other captain would call a man, and so on, until all in the room who would spell had been called up . The two lines of spellers would then await the coming contest. The teacher stepping in the center would pronounce the words, first one word to one side then another word to the other side; anyone missing a word would take his seat.

The teacher would pronounce "barouche", the word would be spelled by the head of the line, the

next word would be spelled by the head of the other line. The third word by the second of the first line, the fourth word by the second man of the second line, etc. The teacher would pronounce, for instance "whiffletree", the person whose turn it would be to spell would perhaps say "wif-fle-tree". Next", would say the teacher. "Whif-le-tree" would spell the next man below, "Next" and so on until some on spelled it right. Sometimes a dozen would go down on a single word. The ranks would soon begin to thin until a few of the best spellers would remain standing. By this time all the "hardwords" in old "McGuffey's" would be exhausted. The teacher would take down "Websters Unabridged" and pronounce therefrom, choosing the most difficult words to spell. Sometimes there would be but one man left standing on a side, perhaps a half dozen on the other. Then indeed would the interest deepen all over the house. Perhaps the single man would spell against the half dozen for half an hour, and then go down. Perhaps the half dozen would go down before the one man. And then, the cheering and hand clapping all over the house. It was worth something to come off victor in such a contest—such thrills can never come again.

The spelling over, then came the speaking and essay reading. The best speakers were all known, and would be called out until they came. For instance some one would call out Jones! "Jones!" "Jones!" "Jones!!!" would be repeated until Jones would get up on the platform and perhaps say:

"Flitting along the sidewalk,
Tripping cross the street,
Head and hands in motion,
Timing to her feet.
Right foot up and ready,
'Ere the left is down,
"Bless me! what commotion,
Coming through the town."

Or perhaps another would get up and pose on the platform while he would say:

"Throw out to the broad winds
Your red, white and blue,
For the heart of the North-land
Is beating for you.

Row land-ward lone fisher,
Stout woodman come home,
Let smith leave his anvil,
And weaver his loom.
And hamlet and city,
Ringing loud with the cry—
For God and our Country
We'll fight till we die!"

Declamations of all kinds, tragic, comic, patriotic, until all had been heard from, who would contribute to the general fund of amusement. Then the teacher would dismiss them. Another half hour of chat and chatter, then—the teacher would commence to blow out the candles one by one, the young people would commence to pair off—the crowd to edge toward the door, the merry shouts, the laughter, the gingle of sleigh bells.

Ah me! it was worth while to be young in those days—the joy of living—the pulses beating high with happiness and love, and ecstasy. Who would not be a boy again in the dear old days of the pioneer on the Western Reserve?

PIONEER COLLEGE OF THE WESTERN RESERVE

The colleges of the Reserve have been powerful factors in the progress of the section. Every boy and girl who could, attended college. Those who could not, and their name was legion, at least tried to get an Academical education. The children of the early days thought nothing of walking three or four miles to school each morning. If they lived too far to walk many drove, some went on horseback. The writer himself attended an Academy five miles from his home, making the journey each day on horseback. If there was a boy and a girl who lived too far away from the school they would rent a room, the sister would do the housekeeping, the brother the wood chopping and the chores. Sometimes several girls would rent a room and board themselves. Sometimes several boys would club together and "Bach it". There was no scandal in those days, the boys were gentlemen and the girls as pure as Caesar's wife.

It was a notable fact that in those days the boys and girls who were attending the High School or Academy were generally fitting themselves for teachers or preachers.

The Western Reserve college was instituted in 1828, and was the first college in the territory of which it bears the name.

The college buildings are of brick and situated on a beautiful spacious campus similar to those of Yale, after which it was modeled.

This institution did a phenominal work. In 1846 it had nineteen professors and 320 students. In 1882 it was removed to Cleveland and became the Adelbert College. The Rev. Dr. Storrs was its first president.

The Rev. John Shepherd was possessed of an idea of starting a college on a broad and liberal basis, for a better education for the youth of the Reserve.

Impelled by this idea his castles which had rapidly widened and heightened until he could see in the future a great institution of massive and frowning buildings to which the boys and girls of this and other states would crowd in an ever lengthening throng, one bright sunny morning in 1832 he mounted his horse and rode forth into the wilderness, he rode on and on until he reached a tract of land that seemed to suit his purpose. The tract was a dense, heavy, unbroken forest, the land level and inaccessable from roads. Five hundred acres were purchased, the tract cleared. The first meeting of the trustees was held in an Indian opening in the forest in the winter of 1832. Improvements were commenced, a log house or two erected and in 1835 Messrs. Mahan, Finney and Morgan were appointed as teachers. This log cabin, slab-halled, wilderness college was the first college of the world to open its doors to women, on the same equality with the men. It was thoroughly from the start a poor man's college. It placed a collegiate education within the reach of indigent and industrious young men and women. It even boarded them for seventy-five cents a week, if they ate without meat, or if meat was desired, one dollar per week. Oberlin was early at swords points with the opinions of the surrounding

country, but the surrounding country came to believe as Oberlin did. Oberlin was the hot bed of abolition. She opened her doors to the education of the blacks, but out of the 24,000 pupils Oberlin has had, only sixty colored persons have completed a course. In 1846 Oberlin was flourishing; at that time she was supported by endowments, pledges, 500 acres of land in Oberlin and by 10,000 acres of land in West Virginia, and had at that time 492 pupils.

Hiram College is the third college on the Reserve to organize and was under the control of Campbellites, or Disciples, as they called themselves. This college has been universally successful and has sent some great men out in the world. It is better known as "Garfield's College". James A. Garfield was made president of this institution in 1857. In 1870 the great historian and educator, Burke, took charge. Aaron Hinsdale succeeded to the presidency of Hiram College and held that position until 1882.

Of Buchtel College, situated in Akron, and Adelbert College of Cleveland, it is not our purpose to speak as they were born after the iron age of Western Reserve effort.

THE HOME OF MORMONISM

Nine miles southwest from Painsville, on the east bank of the Chagrin river, is the village of Kirtland, known as the home of Mormonism.

The Mormon Temple at this place is an object of some curiosity. It is sixty by eighty feet, built of rough stone, plastered over and colored blue. It is marked out in courses to imitate regular masonry. The spire, measuring from the top to the base of the building is one hundred and forty-two feet. In front of the building is a large tablet bearing this description, "House of the Lord, built by the Church of the Latter Day Saints, A. D. 1834".

The first and second stories are divided into "two grand rooms" for public worship. The lower "grand room" is fitted up with seats as in ordinary churches with canvas sub-divisions which can be let down from the ceiling, forming smaller rooms. In either end of the room are four pulpits made to seat three persons each. The attic is divided up into about a dozen of small rooms. The cost of this Mormon temple was $40,000. The Mormons came to this place in 1832, and after remaining here some five or six years, left here in 1837, most of the sect with their leader removed to Missouri.

The sect is divided into three factions, the Ringdonites, the Twelvites and the Strangites.

The Strangites returned to Kirtland in 1883 and took possession of the old temple. They style them-

selves "The Re-organized Church of the Latter Day Saints."

Little Mountain is located near here. It has been claimed as the highest point of land on the Western Reserve; this is a much disputed point, as Akron and Sharon township also claim that distinction. Little Mountain is an abrupt knob, some 200 feet in height above the surrounding country and can be seen from a long distance. It is a mecca of the curious and is much visited. It commands a delightful view of the surrounding country landscape and of Lake Erie, some ten miles to the north.

COLONIAL ACTIVITIES OF THE WESTERN RESERVE

THE LIGHT AND FIRE

The light used by the pioneer was largely the light of the open fire-place, supplemented by the torch of pine knots or hickory bark for out door work.

Light had its transitory period as had all other things. The children of today do not realize how much of the work of their mothers and grandmothers was done in the dark ,or at least in a light that would be called darkness in this age of the world. The use of a vessel containing melted fat with a strip of cotton cloth for a wick was soon supplemented by the use of dipped or moulded candles. Candles were used solely in some families up to as late as 1860. Candles were partly superceded by the use of lamps made to burn lard or fish oil notable mainly for their nasty and offensive smell. These lamps were followed by others made to give a much brighter, cleaner light, but were highly explosive and dangerous. The use of coal oil as a light did not become a factor of the lighting problem until after 1830 and was not used generally until into the fifties. In the later sixties there were many families yet depending on candles alone for lighting purposes. The coal oil of the period included from 1855 to 1865, was very explosive and many deaths were caused by its use . The writer can remember selling coal oil for eighty cents per gallon, in 1865.

AN EARLY CLEARING

In the early days of the settlement on the Reserve the fire was produced by the use of the flint and steel. The coals in the fire place were covered up each night so as to have live coals to start a fire in the morning. It was a serious thing for a settler to get up in the morning of a cold winter's day and find that he had no punk or light wood to start his blaze, and his coals all dead and gone out. There was nothing to do but to start with a shovel to a neighbor's to borrow a few live coals and it frequently happened that his nearest neighbor was located a mile or two from his cabin. Hunters frequently started fire by flashing the powder in the pan of their flintlocked rifles on punk or doty wood, fanning it into a blaze.

The first lucifer match was not made until 1829 and did not come into general use until many years later.

The first steel pen was not made until 1830, while the use of the quill pen continued in some localities up to 1860, while it appears that four-fifths of the steam engines now working in the world have been constructed during the last twenty five years.

After the general use of kerosene or coal oil, came the use of gas lights followed in turn by electric lighting, new inventions in gasolene lighting, many and varied.

EARLY GRINDING

The early settler suffered much inconvenience in not being able to have his corn ground at home. In some sections the nearest mill was twenty miles away, through a trackless forest, in which the Indian, bear

and wolves roamed at large. Corn was the cereal on which the pioneer depended almost exclusively for his bread . To go to the mill required two or more days. Starting with a horse and sledge, or on horse-back with a bag of grain before him, he found his way by blazed trees or well known land marks to the frontier mill; he sought the cabin of some friend, or camped out until his grist was ground. Sometimes he found the miller crowded with orders and had to wait patiently, frequently for days, until his turn came. The spring of 1799 was a noted era in the history of the Reserve. The first grist mill erected on the Reserve was built in the spring of this year at the falls, in Newburgh, at which the inhabitants could get their corn ground, instead of pounding it. In the year of 1807 Capt. Joseph Hart erected the first grist mill in Summit or Portage county, as it then was known. This mill was a great convenience to settlers for twenty miles around. Seven years later, there were only the saw and grist mills, and three log houses in Middlebury. In this year, 1814, wheat was worth $3.00 per bushel, and corn was $2.00 per bushel. In 1802 a mill was built on Tinkers Creek, in Hudson. In 1806 a mill was erected on Mudbrook in Northampton. Previous to the erection of these mills, and in some sections still later, the method used to grind meal was to cut a tree so as to leave a concave surface, or if this could not be done, burn out a hole in the solid stump, shaped like a wash basin, then bend over a small tree or sapling for a spring pole, bringing its tip over the stump. To this tie a bark of wythe and suspend an iron wedge, axe, or any other heavy iron weight for a pestle. The corn was then shelled and

poured in the hollow of the stump, when the spring pole pounding was commenced and continued until a tolerably good quality of meal was made. Some made a leather bag, filled it with shelled corn, placed it on a rock and pounded it with the back of an axe until the corn was mashed; it was then sifted, the finer part used for flour, and the coarser part used for hominy which was much relished.

David Daniels, of Palmyra, Portage county, in the fall of 1799, planted a crop of wheat. After threshing it out with his flail he cleared up about a bushel of the grain and carried it on his back to a mill located at Poland, O., about thirty miles distant; had it ground and returned with the flour to his cabin, where for the first time wheat bread was enjoyed in the southern part of the Western Reserve.

For ten years succeeding the close of the War of 1812, wheat brought only from two to three shillings per bushel, while a day's labor would barely purchase a yard of cotton cloth; thirty-two bushels of corn has been known to be exchanged for four yards of fulled cloth.

At one time the nearest mill to Mantua was at Burton in the next county. Rufus Edwards on one occasion collected his season's crop of grain and took it in a canoe to Burton to be ground, but arriving late at night, he left the grain in the boat, intending to get it as soon as daylight appeared; but when he went for it the next morning he found that some prowling Indians had carried it off. It was all the wheat there was in the entire township, and its loss was much felt and greatly mourned.

TRAPPING

"A simple plot is mine;
Legends and runes
Of credulous days
Old fancies that have lain
Silent from boyhood, taking life again."

"The common air was thick with dreams—
He told them to the toiling crowd;
Such music as the woods and streams
Sang in his ear, he sang aloud."

—Whittier.

While trapping is a trade in itself, requiring not only the cunning of the Indian, but the skill and ingenuity of the white man, yet it has its charm, so subtile, so invidious, that when once in possession of a man he finds it hard to resist its demands on his time and labor.

In the early days the furs most sought after were the wolf, first, because he was an enemy to man and to civilization. Secondly, because his scalp brought a bounty of seven dollars, no small fortune in those days of privation and want. James Redfield, of Harrisville, was a famous wolf-catcher; he had caught one hundred and twenty, up to 1830. He at one time, bought a horse for one dollar, which he used to bait his traps.

The next in value to the hunter and trapper was bear. These animals were so plentiful in those early days that the Indian would trade a bear-skin for a gallon of the "pale-face's" whiskey.

The traps used in catching these animals were three-fold. The first a pit, a deep square hole dug in the ground covered with some light material and covered with leaves, with the bait placed in the

center. The bear in trying to reach the bait would break through the light material and be precipitated to the bottom, caught, and caged by his own efforts. A huge iron trap, with jagged jaws, some two feet in diameter, was also used. The third was made of a circle of saplings driven in the ground, with but one opening. A huge log, supported by a massive figure four, was the instrument of destruction. Deer were plentiful, and deer-skin were always in demand; they furnished couches and clothing for both the red and the white man.

Otters were plentiful about the time the whites appeared, but they were soon killed off or disappeared.

We come now to the second generation of men, a new generation of men and trappers. The wolf, the bear, the deer, had all been driven out by the onward march of civilization. The crash of falling forests, the sounds of the hunter's horn, the blaze of burning logs and brush heaps, all tended to force the frightened wild beasts to move to more westwardly homes.

This new generation trapped for the smaller fur-bearing animals. The coon, the musk-rat, the mink, and the skunk. The most prized by these men were the moonlight coon hunts, the rush of coon-dogs, the scurrying of the frightened coons, the blaze of torches, the shouts of excited hunters.

All this added zest to the life of the early resident. The mink and muskrat were caught in iron traps as was also sometimes the case with skunks. But the favorite way to catch the latter was to build a circle with small stakes, and the usual "figure four" trap. In winter time large numbers were dug out. As many

SHINING DEER

CAMPING SCENE

as fourteen have been found in one hole. A good black skunk skin in that day, properly dressed, and with no white upon it, would bring one dollar and fifty cents each.

Those with white upon them from fifty cents to one dollar each.

A man skilled in trapping could in the winter season, make better wages at this than any other employment, in that day.

GOSPEL MEETINGS

"God should be most where man is least,
So, where is neither church nor priest,
And never rag of form or creed
To clothe the nakedness of need—
Where farmer-folk in silence meet—
I turn my bell unsummoned feet;
He findeth not who seeks his own,
The soul is lost that's saved alone.
Of old the fire-tongued miracle,
But flamed o'er all the thronging host
The baptism of the Holy Ghost;
Heart answers heart, in one desire
The blending lines of prayer aspire,
"Where in my name, meet two or three,"
Our Lord hath said, "I there will be."

—Whittier.

The early settlers coming as they did from all sections of the East, and of different nationalities, suffered from too many church organizations, rather than too few. The consequence was that many of the new organizations on the Reserve were too weak in numbers to do efficient work. Yet from the first the people were never without the Sabbath, and the worship of God,

the settlers generally being men and women of strong religious convictions.

The Rev. Edward Brown, in his memorial sermon at Wadsworth, at the celebration of the 60th anniversary of the settlement of Wadsworth, said: "Today all unite in the most affecting tribute of respect to those old Christian pioneers who like the Father of the faithful, erected the altar of God wherever they went. The foundation of the prosperity of the place was laid in the observance of the Sabbath, and the erection of the log schoolhouse in the wilderness, to serve the double purpose of a seminary of learning, and a sanctuary for the pure worship of God.

I have heard my father tell of the arrangement he and Mr. Warner made together to set up the public worship, in a more permanent manner. He had just arrived the previous week. Hearing that religious meetings were held at a house of a man by the name of Warner, the three families went on Sabbath morning, through the woods to his house. The meeting was conducted by Mr. Warner; those who were singers assisting in that part of the worship, and my father taking part in speaking and prayer. After the meeting, Mr. Warner called my father into the other part of his double log house for private conference. "First," said he, "I wish to know who and what you are?" My father replied, "We are Congregationalists from Connecticut". Mr. Warner replied, "My parents were Congregationalists; I am a Methodist and I have been almost alone in keeping up meetings the year past; and now I propose that we unite and we can sustain meetings every Sabbath. I see you are singers; that will be a great help.

And now your people have a practice that I like; that of reading a sermon when you have no preacher. Have you any volumes you can bring to read from?" "I have many," replied my father. The meetings were conducted jointly by these two men, in the manner agreed upon at the house of Mr. Warner, until the erection of the south schoolhouse, the next fall, when they were held in the schoolhouse. Here began a fraternal union between these two old pioneers, who may, without any injustice to others, be termed the founders of the Methodist and Congregational Churches. A union that was never broken."

Through these early beginnings I have sketched, the Sabbath has ever been kept as a day of rest and worship and moral and religoius atmosphere created; the soil broken up and prepared, from which the churches of today have sprung.

The first religious services in the different townships seem to have been held in private houses, then in the schoolhouses and finally, houses of worship were built. The history of religion in one township is much like that of any other. To write a religious history of the Reserve, in all its aspects, and in every township, would make many large volumes. As settlers became more numerous, neighborhood prayer meetings were held in many townships.

Villages frequently saw two or more denominations unite and build a union church building. Each denomination using the building alternate Sabbaths, both congregations attending each other's services. From these humble beginnings have sprung all the churches that now dot the fair expanse of our beloved

country. Starting right, under all kind of difficulties; giving to God what was God's and rendering to Caesar, what was Caesar's, they formed the beginning of one of the greatest people that was ever confined within geographical boundaries. A people who in their love of God, fellowmen, fair play and love of liberty, are distinctive from the people of the rest of the state, or the states surrounding them. They have left their imprint on National character and National History.

The Rev. Joseph Badger, of Massachusetts, a graduate of Yale College, and an ex-revolutionary soldier, was the first minister of the gospel to come to the Western Reserve for the purpose of ministering to the religious wants of the white race. There were other missionaries before him, but they had come to teach the red man the straight and narrow way that leadeth to Salvation.

The Rev. Badger came here with an earnest purpose, traveling from point to point on horseback, holding services at log-cabins throughout the wilderness, and later in log schoolhouses. He was very much loved and esteemed by the early people, and his earnest efforts bore much good fruit, and in the end was crowned by an abundant and lasting success. In some parts of the Reserve he laid the broad foundations of a Christian morality which has largely tinctured the whole civilization of this section of the state. It is said of him that he was the friend of everybody and that everybody was his friend.

Among the pioneer ministers it would be unjust not to mention Rev. William Wick, of Long Island, New York. He removed to Youngstown in 1800. He was a

clergyman of the Presbyterian faith. He preached in a log church in Youngstown for a number of years, raising a large family of children and preaching the gospel whenever opportunity offered. He was a very earnest and godly man and his efforts brought forth much that was good in his wide circle of labor on the Reserve. During his pastorate in the Ohio wilderness he preached 1,522 sermons and married fifty-six couples, a record that has never been exceeded by any other clergyman in the same length of time and under the same condition. He left an influence for good that in his locality is yet felt. He died in 1815, while yet the Connecticut Western Reserve was in its swaddling clothes, leaving behind him eight stalwart sons and five amiable daughters to mourn the good man who had once more "gone on before".

The first church organization on the Reserve was that of Austinburgh in 1801. The membership of this early church consisted of only sixteen, with the Rev. Joseph Badger as organizer and pastor. Revival services were held, great excitement followed, the whole country was awakened to its religious needs and some thirty or forty new members were added to the church membership, and the organization at once was placed on a sound and healthy basis. Conviction was called the "jerks", and seemed to take the form of jumping, contortion, etc. Nearly all the women on whom the holy spirit was working, sprang to their feet, whirled around and around on their toes with extended arms and dishevelled hair until exhausted, when they fell to the floor and passed into a seeming trance.

There were many other intelligent and able workers in this new field, men of recognized ability and graduates of eastern or foreign colleges; they did much good and labored zealously, but they have been forgotten as those who knew them, and whose hearts loved them, have long since crumbled to the dust. Two or three score of years has succeeded in burying them and even their names in the oblivion of the forgotten past.

EARLY SALT INDUSTRY

Adventurers, it has been said, penetrated to the Mahoning salt springs as early as 1755, but no reliable authority has been advanced to prove the statement, except the fact that the "Salt Springs" was laid down in Evan's map, published in Philadelphia in 1755.

Col. James Hillman, of Youngstown, one of the oldest pioneers of the Reserve, transported goods as early as 1786 from Pittsburgh by way of the Salt Springs, Ravenna, mouth of Tinkers Creek, then down the Cuyahoga to its mouth where the schooner Mackinaw picked up his goods and took them to Detroit.

Hillman says that he erected a log hut at Cleveland, which was the first house built in that place, and with the exception of the houses of the Ottaways, then abandoned, at the mouth of Tinkers Creek, and the abandoned houses at the Salt Springs, there was not another house between the Ohio River and Lake Erie. In 1786 Hillman says he made six trips from Pittsburg to Cleveland. Each time his caravan consisted of ten men and ninety horses. He says that in 1786 there were three or four houses standing at the Salt Springs, empty, and that these three or four cabins were the

only houses erected by the whites between the Ohio and the lake, on his route. Those at the Salt Springs were built for the accommodation of the persons sent there to make salt, and the tenants were dispossessed during the summer of 1785, by the order of Gen. Harmar. During the year 1786, Hillman left a man by the name of Kribs, at the Salt Springs to care for a stock of goods stored in one of the vacant houses. On Hillman's return his party found the remains of Kribs, who was murdered by the Indians, and his body horribly mangled by the wolves.

These Salt Springs situated in the township of Weathersfield, near the Mahoning River, were spoken of by the surveyors of the Reserve; Augustus Porter, one of the surveying party, alludes to it as being open ground of two or three acres, where salt had evidently been manufactured for an indefinite number of years by the aborigines, and possibly by the white men. He found the salt-works in a general state of dilapidation. Among the evidences of their former occupation, he discovered partly buried beneath the soil, several plank vats, iron kettles, and other articles, which had at one time been employed in salt making by persons possessed of more skill and intelligence than the natives. He also found, at the time of his visit, an Indian and his squaw engaged in boiling the saline waters to the consistency of salt in a very slow and primitive way. They sold this product to the white settlers, who were glad to obtain it, although obliged to pay for it at the rate of $16 per bushel.

These works were said to have been established by Gen. Parsons of Connecticut by permission of the Governor of that state.

Amzi Atwater, who was one of the surveyors of the Reserve, and a pioneer of Portage County, says: "It was understood that Gen. Parsons had some kind of a grant from the State of Connecticut and came on there and commenced making salt, and was drowned on his return at Beaver Falls". On the first map made of the Reserve by Mr. Seth Pease, in 1789, a tract was marked off and designated as "the salt spring tract". I have understood that the heirs of Gen. Parsons advanced some claims to that tract, but I believe without success. At an early part of the settlement considerable exertions were made to establish salt works at that place, but the water was too weak to make it profitable."

The Indians used to make salt from water obtained from a spring situated near the Rocky River, in Liverpool Township, Medina County.

Afterward, the manufacture of salt was started by the whites and continued for some years.

The spring was improved by sinking a very wide well on its location, the depth was some 162 feet, by Justus Warner and others. Aaron Warner said "there are boards now on my barn, which cost me one bushel of salt per thousand, and the nails to put them on with, twenty cents per pound, and brought them from Cleveland on horseback, being three days on the journey." Salt sold for $20 per barrel, at the well.

BIG SLEIGH RIDES

"Then toiled again the cavalcade
O'er windy hill through clogged ravine,
And woodland paths that wound between
Low drooping pine boughs winter weighed.

From every barn a team afoot,
At every house a new recruit,
Where drawn by nature's subtlest law
Haply the watchful young men saw
Sweet doorway pictures of the curls
And curious eyes of merry girls,
Lifting their hands in mock defense
Against the snow-ball's compliments ,
And reading in each missive tost
The charm with Eden never lost".

—Whittier.

Although not Pioneer incidents, yet the big sleigh-rides have been incidents of more than passing interest and many stories are yet told of them around winter hearths throughout the Reserve. The following account taken from a newspaper article, aptly describes the occurence which took place in the winter of 1856. The winter was one of unusual severity with great quantities of snow, which lay on the ground until after the time when robins should have been singing their morning lays to re-awakened nature. Upon a certain occasion during the winter, a border township turned out a number of four-horse sleighs, while one of the number bore a rude banner made of cotton, a yard square upon which was painted a negro boy with his thumb on the end of his nose, his hand spread out, and a scroll from his mouth bearing the legendary words, "You can't come it." This friendly challenge brought other townships into competition, and the rude banner passed from one to another, as it was captured by a larger number of four or six-horse sleighs than had been turned out by the predecessor, until it became a Summit County banner belonging by right of capture

to Richfield township. To such an extent had the affair gone that it now became a county matter, and Medina, Cuyahoga and Summit counties entered into the contest. A day was set—March 14, 1856—when one or the other would wrest the prize from Summit. The day came, and with it a large concourse of people to this friendly battle of the sleighs. As Richfield held the prize, it was decreed that the meeting should take place in that town. And the particular township turning out the largest number of sleighs on the great trial day should receive the flag and in turn present it to its respective county. When all had assembled, the marshals proceeded to count the sleighs of each county, which were found to be: Medina County, 140; Cuyahoga County, 151; Summit County, 171; a total of 462 four and six-horse sleighs in one grand and friendly rivalry for a rude banner that cost originally—just six cents. The procession was formed and passed on to Akron with the most perfect order and decorum. Upon arrival the flag was presented to Hudson township, as having the largest number of teams, by James W. Weld of Richfield, and received on the part of Hudson by Dr. C. R. Pierce, who presented it in accordance with a prearrangement, to the County of Summit. The crowd at this sleigh ride was variously estimated by eye-witnesses at not fewer than from five to ten thousand persons. Many of the sleighs were handsomely decorated with evergreens and profusely decorated with flags. All passed off in the utmost harmony and not an accident of any kind occurred during the day. Akron received the banner with great dignity, which was to be preserved among the relics of the county until some

rival should come with a larger number of teams than she had turned out on this occasion. The glory of being possessor of the prize was short lived.

On the following Tuesday Medina County came over with 185 four and six-horse sleighs, being fourteen more than Summit County had turned out. The banner was turned over to her and carried to Medina, where it was deposited among the archives of the county, to be kept until captured by some other rival. It still remains the prize of Medina County, and thus ended the most remarkable sleigh rides on record.

COLONIAL RESOURCES

FOREST, FRUIT AND NUT TREES

The first settlers on the Western Reserve found the whole country covered with a heavy growth of gigantic forest trees, the result of centuries of unchecked growth. For unnumbered ages the trees had deadened, fallen and rotted in the forest. Added to this the annual harvest of leaves and the soil had become a rich, dark vegetable mold fertilized from nature's inexhaustible storehouse in preparation of the day when a new race of men was to turn its deep alluvial riches, augmented and improved by that great natural chemistry, the sun, and frost, and rain and wind into a food and life, and to build a new Plymouth in a far distant west.

There were oaks of several varieties, but the mighty white oak, reaching its tops far above the forest, while its massive limbs as large as the trunk of an ordinary tree proclaimed it King of forest life. These trees were from three to six feet in diameter with their thick rough bark. Next to these in thickness and height and massive proportions came the whitewoods, less rugged and more gentle; but if the oaks were kings, the whitewoods were queens of the unbroken wilderness. On the ridges were found immense chestnuts; the writer measured the stump of one of these that was 26 feet in circumference. This was the favorits tree for rails, as a chestnut rail would last a lifetime. Then came the tall, stiff hickory in all its species

—the shagbark predominating. Next the wide-spreading beech trees so famous for fuel, and its three-cornered dark colored nuts that in the fall of the year lay thick upon the leaf-strewn ground and on which the wild pigeons fed. Then the beautiful hard, or sugar maple, that has proven a fortune to many a hard-worked Reserve farmer. The soft and silver maple also held their places among the forest trees. Again came the linden, or basswood, the honey producer for the forest wild bee. The others were the sumach, white ash, cucumber or peperidge, white, red and slippery elm, the latter the rope-producing and medicinal tree. The immense black walnut, often rivaling in size the magnificent oaks and white woods, the bark used for dyes and its rich aromatic nuts for food. Of this species was the butternut, with its elongated, savory nuts, and its bark used in place of calomel. Here, too, was the wild cherry, another medicinal tree, both in its fruit and bark. The wild juniper, with its luscious berries that came in June; the hemlock, whose bark as well as the oak was used for tanning. The buckeye, with its peculiar foliage and its strange nut, from which the State of Ohio was named. The fragrant dogwood, whose blossoms were another pioneer medicine; the sassafras, a famous medicinal tree; the ironwood, which was used by the settler in place of iron, it being almost unburnable and unbreakable. There was also the black ash, tamarack, sycamore, birch and pine.

The nuts were the acorn, the shellbark and pig hickory nuts, black walnuts, butternuts and hazel nuts. The fruit-bearing trees, bushes and vines were the wild cherry, wild plum, yellow and purple; the juniper

berry, wild crabapple, white, red and black haw; the whortleberry, or as it was usually called the huckleberry; the wild blackberry, raspberry, gooseberry, serviceberry, currant, cranberry, strawberry, dewberry and wild grape.

Among the game animals came the mastodon, but before man; then the buffalo and elk, both scarce at the coming of the settler. Then came the panther, wild cat, wolf, deer, bear, fox, marten, otter, muskrat, beaver, polecat or skunk, the groundhog or woodchuck, opossum, mink, raccoon, rabbit, black, grey, red and fox squirrels; weasel and porcupine. We have included in this the fur-bearing animals as well.

Among the game birds were the swan, wild goose, turkey, black duck, mallard, wood duck, jacksnipe, sandsnipe, pheasant, quail, woodcock, rail, pigeon, dove, etc.

Among the birds of prey were the eagle, both bald and grey; the hen hawk, fish hawk, pigeon hawk; shrike or butcher bird; the horned cat or screech owl, the loon, shitepoke, crane, crow and buzzard.

The fresh water lakes, rivers and streams abounded with great quantities of fish in many varieties, eels and turtles.

PIONEER CRANBERRY FIELDS

When the country was new, wild cranberries were very plentiful in many parts of the Reserve. These seemed to thrive on the low or swamp lands. Settlers in many sections gathered them not only for their own use but to market for profit. Perrin, in his history of the cranberry fields of Franklin, as follows: "In early

years thousands of bushels of cranberries grew annually in the numerous Franklin swamps. These cranberry fields were called marshes, and the berries were gathered by the Indians before the first settlers arrived, and taken to Pittsburg and other towns in Pennsylvania and Virginia, where they were exchanged for ammunition, clothing, ornaments, etc."

The berry is a member of the heath family. The plant is a creeper or trailer, with slender, hardy, woody stems and small evergreen leaves, more or less white underneath. The stems are often from one to three feet long, and the flowers are lateral, rendering easy the gathering of the berries. The plants require very wet ground, and are often found growing where the soil is covered with several inches of water. The conditions for the possible life of the plant have been almost wholly removed, and cranberries have not been grown in paying quantities in either township or county for over twenty years. The berries, which get ripe in autumn, are red with some yellow, and are very acid. The harvest begins in October and is only closed by cold weather or perhaps the quantity fails. They are gathered during the spring months also, having remained out all winter. They are less acid when gathered in the spring, as the freezing converts portions of the starchy substance of the berries into sugar compounds, and in this condition the berries are valued more highly, as less sugar is required to fit them for the table. When the township was first settled the berries were almost worthless, as there was no market for them in the west, and the sugar required to sweeten them prevented their general use in the cabins of the

settlers. About 1830 they rose in value from fifty cents to one dollar per bushel. The cranberry business became very extensive. Thousands of bushels were purchased annually by the merchants of Manchester, Clinton and other neighboring villages, and taken to wagon to Pittsburg, Philadelphia and New York, the teamsters bringing back loads of dry goods, groceries, salt, notions, etc. Water-tight barrels were filled with berries, after which the remaining space was filled with water and the barrel closed. In this condition the berries kept fresh and bright for months. So great became the quantities purchased at one time by William Patterson, an early merchant of Clinton, that he either could not find market for them or could not procure wagons in which to ship them east, that 300 bushels spoiled on his hands.

When cranberry picking was at its height, many of the settlers were thus engaged. An implement of home manufacture was used in picking by which 15 or 20 bushels could be picked in one day by one man. Whole families turned out during the cranberry season, and the marshes swarmed with settlers, some of whom came many miles and remained days, camping out, making a little money and having much fun and a good time generally.

The huckleberry swamps of the Reserve have been noted for their profusion and the size of their berries. During the huckleberry season men, women and children are engaged in picking these luscious berries. In wet swamps men frequently had to wade to their knees in water. The huckleberry bushes grow in bunches, around the roots of which great hummocks of earth accumulate.

EARLY OUTFITS

Christian Cackler, Jr., says: "Our furniture proved no inconvenience; my wife had a bed, I had an ax; I added to this by purchase from Zenas Kent of three white cups and saucers costing 75 cents; three knives and forks and a wooden pail. The woman who lived with us gave three wooden plates and a kettle to cook in. My wife's father gave us a table." In 1870 his property was estimated at $30,000. During the pioneer days the whole fabric rested on an aristocracy of labor, and none were so high or so low that he did not minister to his necessities with his own hands. The fathers of the community wrought in the fields with their sons and were not less strong in action than wise in counsel. Their endurance is the marvel of later generations.

Mrs. Hickley relates: "Then we fully realized that poverty is the mother of invention. Our tables, book-cupboards and bedsteads were formed from long shingles rived out by our own hands; our bedstead had but one leg. Our book-cupboard was a hollow log, with shingle shelves. A large clean chip for a plate, with a sharpened stick for a fork, a pocket knife for a carver. A hard shell of a squash for a sugar bowl, gourds for dippers."

Mrs. Warner said: In harvest time I have often assisted in gathering and securing our scanty crops. Could the people today see the wild state of garden and fields that once existed they would be surprised.

Stumps in gardens were many and not far between. In the fields logs, stumps and log-heaps were numerous."

N. B. Northrop says: "It was not uncommon in pioneer times to find a young man, with no implements but an axe, engaged solitary and alone, felling the forest and making the first opening. A rude hut, hastily constructed, was his dwelling, a piece of pork, a loaf of corn bread and a few potatoes his dainty and daily food . A pronged stick was his fork, a split slab his table ,and a few leaves and a quilt his bed. There he toiled, ate and slept soundly for many weeks without seeing or conversing with any human being. At night when the rushing winds ceased to make the forest vocal, the wolves serenaded him with their wild music."

THE OLD MAN OF THE WOODS

Trumbull County was the first county organized on the Reserve. It was organized July 10, 1800, and included within its county limits the whole Reserve. The first court was held at Warren, its county seat, on the fourth Monday in August, 1800. The Court House was the vacant space between two corn cribs on the clearing of Capt. Quimby. The early settlements in the vicinity of Warren commenced for the most part in 1798, though a few adventurers it is said, had settled in this region at a much earlier period. Claims have been made to its being settled as early as 1755. This cannot be substantiated, but if so, they were merely adventurers and not permanent settlers. To this class must belong that mysterious personage known to the earliest settlers as "the old man of the woods". No one ever knew his name, although he was called by some, Merryman, and he was a merry, jolly, old soul, whose place of residence in that vast wilderness which hemmed them about, was not known. No one ever knew where he came from or whither he went, yet whenever he appeared in the settlement he always appeared to be the happiest man alive, especially after exchanging his furs for powder and ball for his gun, and a few gallons of "red eye" for his stomach. He came to be looked upon and revered by the early settlers as a very mysterious person, possessing wonderful and miraculous powers. He claimed to be able to cure diseases of whatever nature, and no matter of how long standing. He made no charges for his services and ad-

ministered a decoction of certain herbs known only to himself. He loved the solitude of that beautiful forest land and hated civilization wherever found.

He was supposed to be nearly, if not quite, seventy years old, and at all times refused to give any account of his life, either past or present. What became of him none ever knew. They missed his visits and that was all. Whether he died alone, in some obscure cabin home, away from the ministering hands of his kind, or whether his scalplock adorned some distant wigwam and slowly swung back and forth among the fragrant smoke, none ever knew, and no one ever will, until that great day when all shall be made known.

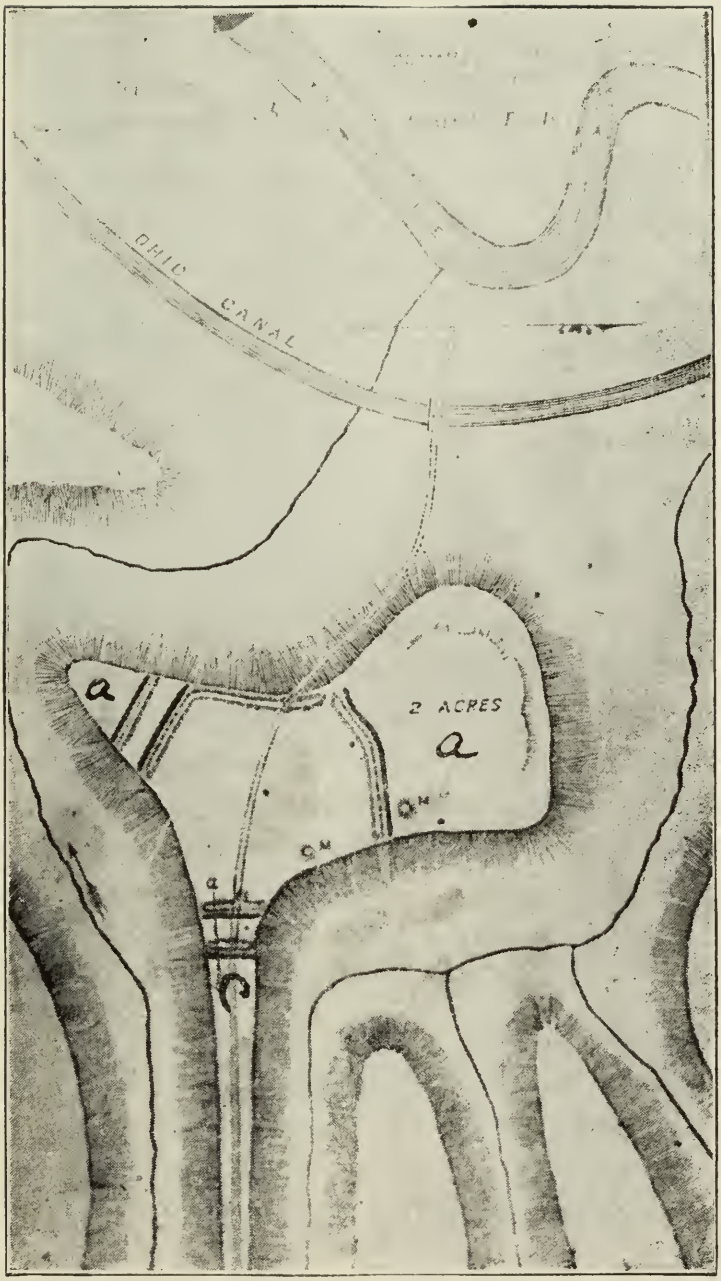
His memory was cherished for many years after he ceased coming and he was always spoken of as the "old man of the woods."

WILL O' WISP

"Night is the freeman's country
Wherein my soul unshod,
Her thatch-cloak loosed about her,
Lays bare her breast to God."

—Wilkinson.

During the early setlement of the Reserve, the low grounds and frequently the vicinity of early burial grounds were noted for the appearance of the "ignis fatus". By the superstitious these dancing and deceiving lights were supposed to be the spirits of the Indians or "spooks", who had come back to visit their hunting grounds and upbraid the pale faces for their fraud and "double tongues". These harmless lights caused many a strong man to tremble, as he passed through the dense and dark forest. Indeed it is said of that brave hunter and noted Indian fighter, Luther Nixon, that he was not afraid of any living thing, but it is told of him that he would never go out of doors after night time, in the latter years of his life, as he was afraid of the "spooks" of the Indians he had killed. Most localities had its "haunted houses," or localities. Coventry Township, Summit County, at one time seemed to be noted for its superstitions. An old settler, whose veracity was never questioned, has told me that one night while coming home she met what seemed to her to be a large dog, as big as a calf, as she described it; it passed by her and trotted along on the road before her. As it passed, she declared that she looked closely at it, and she says it had no head, the head and neck



FORT D. T. WOLBACH
Northfield Township, Summit County

being severed at the junction of the body and neck. She also told about "a pot of gold". This pot of gold existed in the "State of Coventry", near Falor's crossing". It was said of this small fortune, that if any one spoke while taking it from its ancient resting place, it would go tinkling down into the earth. She says her two brothers resolved to get the gold; so one night they started out after it. They found the gold which was in a large iron vessel with an iron bail, or handle. Obtaining a rail from a nearby fence, they passed it through the bail, then one taking one end of the rail and the other man the other end, they proceeded for home. The young man in front stepped in a hole and pitched forward, pulling the rail sharply at the same time. This caused a splinter to run into the hand of the other man, who unthinkingly said "D—— it."

No sooner said than the iron vessel left the rail, passed into the ground, and they could hear it tinkling, tinkling apparently at a great distance down in the ground as it grew fainter and fainter and then—silence.

The writer gives these simply as an illustration of the earlier superstitions and the tales told. My mother in common with the rest of her race, was given to superstitious belief. I have seen her heat a horseshoe and put it in a churn when the butter would not come. Some one had bewitched it—of course. If a cow was sick some one had bewitched it. I have seen my grandfather running silver bullets to shoot witches with. The "modus oprandi" was this, blaze a spot on a tree, make the figure of a man on the blazed spot, load a rifle with a silver bullet. Then take careful aim at the fig-

ure and fire. If you placed the bullet within the lines drawn on the tree, you killed the witch and removed the trouble. I tell this for the benefit of future generations to show them what foolish great-great-granddaddies and grandmammies they had in those days.

Knowledge has wiped out these old fancies and superstitions. Education has made men happier because they can rise out of such things as these.

The great amount of rotten or doty wood in the forest in those days caused much "fox-fire", and startled many belated pedestrians.

The low swampy grounds in some localities, in the night-time, when under proper atmospheric conditions, were frequently covered with dim dancing lights, low on the surface. These gaseous bodies by the ignorant were supposed to be "spooks" or "death lights", and many a timid pioneer heart has trembled with fear when viewing these illusive "Ignis Fatons" of the pioneer days.

FIRST POST MASTERS AND EARLY POST ROUTES

MAIL CARRIERS ON THE RESERVE AND ANECDOTES

As late as the fall of 1801, there was not a post-office or mail route on the Western Reserve. The nearest post-office up to that time was either Pittsburg or Meadville, Pa.

John Diver, of Deerfield, Portage County, was one of the earliest mail contractors, carriers, and stage drivers, on the Reserve, and was in the business for more than forty years. Diver had the first contract for carrying the mail from New Lisbon to Mansfield, by way of Canton and Wooster. He was a man of iron will, unflinching determination and seemingly unlimited resources.

The first postmasters on the Reserve were Lewis Day, General Wadsworth, Judge Pease and General Simon Perkins, notable names in the Nation's History. Lewis Day was postmaster at Deerfield; General Wadsworth at Canfield; Judge Pease at Youngstown, and General Simon Perkins at Warren.

These post-offices were organized October 30, 1801, and were the only post-offices for some two years in the great archaean wilderness now known as Northern Ohio; in fact including one half the counties in the present limits of the state.

This great ark of governmental civilization then hovered for some two years at Warren, when it crept

doubtfully to Ravenna, Portage County, and then, two years later, by Indian Trails watched by frightened deer, or along whose dim pathways ambled the lone bear, it was extended through Hudson, Summit County, to Cleveland.

It was a grim sort of route building that then went on for years through the wild-wood.

The first mail route established on the Western Reserve entered from Pennsylvania, by the way of Canfield, Mahoning County; Warren, Trumbull County; and Deerfield, Portage County. The latter place was the end of the route. Four years later, the mail route was extended through to Cleveland. A Mr. Frity, of Jefferson, Ashtabula, was the first contractor on this route. So far, the writer has been unable to obtain further data concerning the gentleman. The first mail carrier was Eleazer Gilson of Canfield. These post-offices received their first mails October 30, 1801.

In 1805, Cleveland, Cuyahoga County, and Hudson, Summit County, were made post-offices, and the route was extended through Hudson and Cleveland, to Detroit.

After leaving Cleveland, the route followed the old Indian Trail along the lake shore to Sandusky, Maumee River Basin to Detroit. At this time there was not a house between Cleveland and Sandusky. Returning, the route was from Detroit, Sandusky, Cleveland, Painesville, Harpersfield and Jefferson to Warren. A trip was made once in two weeks. The mail day was a red letter day at these villages, and the population was out in full force to hear the news from the outside world. The mail carrier on his route was looked up to

with more reverence than that they accorded to the President of the United States.

When the route ended at Ravenna, three days were consumed in making the trip from that place to Pittsburg.

This route was established twenty-five years before Akron became a post-office. Nine years after Ravenna became a post-office the village boys who were playing around the new court house discovered a fine buck in the underbrush. The information soon spread, a crowd gathered, when all hands headed by David Greer, surrounded the deer and captured him alive. In this, we believe, that the history of Ravenna was unique; but before this, Bela Hubbard, who lived in Randolph, the same county, had been exhibiting in the County Seat a new squash he had succeeded in originating in the new soil of the Western Reserve, from seeds he had obtained in the southern part of the State. The seed had failed to produce the same kind of squash from which they had been taken, but had apparently produced a new variety, which soon became famous, and is now known all over the country, as the "Hubbard Squash". This most desirable variety of winter squash is therefore a native of the Reserve.

Among the noted early mail carriers and stage drivers of the Reserve, was Jabez Gilbert, the friend and colleague of General Bierce. Along about 1827, these two friends in company with another, discovered a mysterious cavern in the gorge near Cuyahoga Falls. This cavern consisted of at least two large rooms, but owing to a lack of light, and fearing some dangerous pitfall in the dark, they adjourned their investigation

to a later period. This cavern entrance was on the west bank of the gorge and consisted of but a small round hole sufficiently large to admit a man, but small enough to be easily hidden by a rock or large log. The strange part of the affair is, that although seventy-seven years have passed since this discovery by Gen. Bierce, no man, so far as is known, has ever re-discovered this mysterious cavern since.

In those days there was need for the mail carriers to be men of great courage, strong of resolution, inured to fatigue and danger, and fertile in expedients, clear and cool-headed at all times and under all circumstances.

Such a man was Jabez Gilbert, or "Moses Jabe", as he was more familiarly known, from the fact that his "cuss-word", the oath that he always swore by, was "By Moses", and also by the fact that there were two other Jabes among the Gilberts. His will was so powerful, his determination so strong, his resources so unlimited, that the man always accomplished everything he undertook. In his earlier life he was known as "the bridge-builder". He constructed all the bridges, or nearly all the bridges in Portage County, and many within the present limits of Summit. He was also known as a contractor for large, heavy or difficult transportation. As a teamster for difficult and uncertain work, his fame spread over several states. Over a rough and broken country across unbridged streams, along newly developed roadways, filled with stumps, stones, ruts, roots, brambles, bushes and sink-holes, he hauled all the steam boilers and heavy machinery designed for steamboat building on the lake at the mouth of the

Cuyahoga. So stupendous was this undertaking, so heavy and immense the iron structural work, so great the distance through an unsettled country, and so poor and rough and uncertain the newly built roads of the Reserve, that no one else could be found with courage enough, or resolution enough to haul these great loads of iron from the mills in Pittsburg to the boat yards in Cleveland. To attempt to haul over such roads as then existed, by ox-team, one of those monster boilers was no child's play, and required a man in the fullest sense of the term. A man that no misfortune or ill luck could stop, or hinder, or discourage. There was no obstacle, however forbidding, ever prevented him from keeping to the letter and intent his contracts. Such was the stuff of which the early mail carriers and stage drivers were made of in the early days of the Reserve. Brave, resolute, honest, sturdy and obliging fellows, every one of them. The difficulties they encountered, the dangers they braved, the perils of uncertain roadways, the long distances traveled, the immensities of the forests, the loneliness of the solitudes, that nameless feeling of a God in nature, all had a tendency to strengthen their character and broaden their views of life. They never betrayed a trust, neglected a duty, nor proved untrue.

In the earliest days of his mail carrying, when guided by blazed trees, or else following Indian Trails when the savages were hostile, he frequently swam swollen streams, or shouldering his mail, left behind a crippled or worn out steed to wander at will, while he made his way swiftly and surely on foot, to the terminus of his route.

Nothing could stop him from delivering his mails but death. In cases of "break-downs", or accidents, or floods, with bridges gone, he would take his mail upon his back, and with ax in hand he would swim the swollen streams, and "go through or die", "By Moses"! as he was wont to say. His only object was the prompt delivery, and in this he counted neither life, nor cost, nor effort.

With his passengers the early stage driver was always self-sacrificing for their safety and solicitous for their comfort. He was ever obliging, jolly and communicative. He was full of stories of the people and the country.

Like the Indian, "his footsteps fast faded to the untrodden west." His last stand was on the Rockies, the backbone of the continent, but the railroads have destroyed his business; and his usefulness with all its strange characteristics is a thing of the past, and as a type he has faded away.

For years Gilbert carried the mails from Pittsburg and Cleveland in a two horse coach, making one trip a week. Then the contract was raised to twice a week in a four horse coach; later, to three times per week, and finally, to a daily line between these two points. These coaches passed through Trumbull, Mahoning, Portage and Summit Counties. About this time John Stokes and Horace Daniels were added to Gilbert's force. Soon were to be seen stage coaches running from Cleveland to Canton, by the way of Hudson and Middlebury; a line from Ravenna to Middlebury and a line from Medina via Old-Portage to Warren; another line from Beaver, Pa., passing through Stow and Hudson; an-

other from Fairport to Canton via Painesville, Chardon, Ravenna and Middlebury, A line ran from Mansfield to Cleveland; another from Wooster to Cleveland, both passing through Medina. Later a line was run from Copley through the townships north, to Cleveland, and one from Sharon, also passing through northernly townships to Cleveland.

The writer himself, was an early mail carrier on the Reserve; running a coach into Cleveland, and to within six and one-half miles of the southern line of the Reserve. He can fully appreciate the governing impulses and efforts of these earlier carriers in trying to get the mail through on time. In going twenty miles through a very heavy snowfall we broke down seven times, and reached Cleveland twelve hours late. In fording the river before reaching the city, we were once swept down the stream with a team and coach load of passengers.

In going up a long, steep hill, the bolts holding the double tree broke. The team continued on its way up, while the coach started on its way down the hill. At the foot, was a bridge without a guard-rail, and the coach ran off the side of this, falling about fifteen feet into a rocky gulley. The coach was reduced to kindling wood, but strange to say, not a passenger was injured. Procuring a lumber wagon without a lock the journey was continued. The passengers were good-natured and a jolly time was had the balance of the way.

The mail was delivered on schedule time, although at every steep hill, and there were many of them, the driver would have to get out and run a fence rail

through the spokes of the hind wheels in order to lock them.

At times the roads became so fearfully bad that a coach could not be pulled through. Then the mail would be carried on horseback. Once while crossing a bridge in this manner, the bridge which was afloat on account of high water, parted in the center; the weight of the horse and rider raising the structure both before and behind, in the shape of the letter V, in the apex of which were both rider and horse. The poor horse went through the bridge to the bottom of the stream. The rider jumped off on a floating plank and flung the mail to the shore; then jumping from plank to plank encouraged the horse to make an effort to clear himself from the timbers. After a great effort the horse was brought to the edge of the stream, but becoming discouraged, he lay down in the stream, dropping his head under the rushing water, with undoubted suicidal intent. The water was not deep here, but the horse was bound to drown. Standing in the stream up to his waist in water, the rider held the horse's head up out of the water and shouted for help. It seemed a half a day, but was probably but a few minutes, when a man came along and by the use of fence rails, much yelling and urging, the horse was gotten out on terra firma and thus saved from a watery grave while in the service of Uncle Sam. The writer was once robbed and had many thrilling escapes from being held up.

A. G. Cherry was one of the most successful and patient of the Reserve Mail Contractors. Difficulties that would frighten an ordinary man did not seem to affect him in the least.

In order to show the difficulties which even the Postmaster General of the United States labored under in those days, we publish the following letter:

Washington, D. C.
General Post Office,
April 14, 1806.

Sir:—Andrew Marshall, who contracted to carry the mail between Wheeling and Chillicothe, has failed to carry it according to contract, and it is probable is not competent to the undertaking. It has therefore become necessary to employ some person in his stead. I wish you to make inquiry and inform me if you find any person willing to undertake to carry the mail in stages; with the names and prices which they demand. In the meantime, I wish you to have the mail carried on horseback on that route, until it is so improved that stages can pass upon it with proper expedition. When on your return you will call upon the several supervisors of the roads and endeavor to persuade them to improve it. A line of stages would be of great advantage in carrying the mail and afford considerable accommodation to the inhabitants and I hope to see one erected as soon as the road is in proper order.

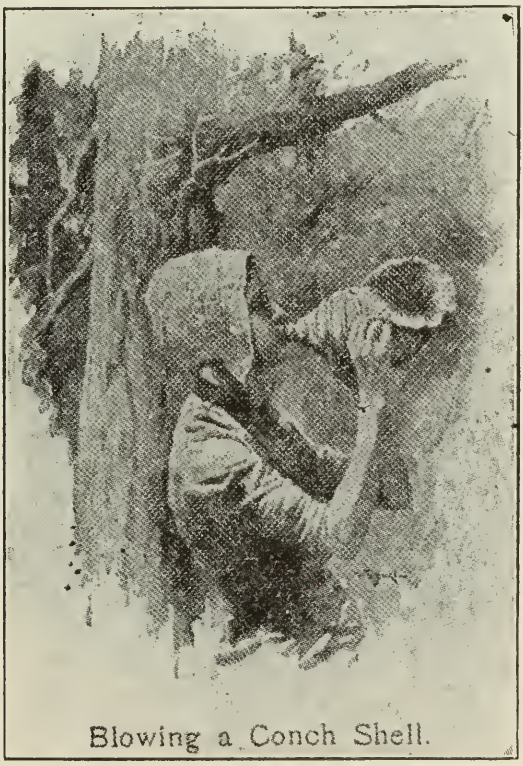
I do not wish you to set your stages in motion between Chillicothe and Frankfort until they are in operation between Wheeling and Chillicothe, but as soon as that is the case yours must be in motion. And it must be understood that if the establishment of a line of stages fails, the contract price must be reduced to a fair equivalent on the whole route from Wheeling to Frankfort, Ky., for horse mails.

Your sincere friend,
GID'N GRANGER,
Post Master General.

Seth Pease, the head surveyor of the Western Reserve land in 1796, was brother-in-law to Granger, and was by him appointed as Assistant Post Master General of the United States.

It is not known when Middlebury became a post-office, but it was probably in 1817.

Akron proper, became a post office in 1826, its first postmaster being Harvey H. Johnson. Its first mail carrier, Hiram J. Spicer.



Blowing a Conch Shell.

INDIANS OF THE CUYAHOGA VALLEY AND PORTAGE LAKES

The Indians of the Reserve, as a class, were friendly, peaceful, honest and helpful to the whites. They all loved the "firewater" of the white man, with two notable exceptions, that of Seneca and Ogontz, two chiefs of the Ottawas. When under the influence of drink, the Indians became vicious, uncertain of temper and unreliable. They frequently sought to terrorize, especially if they could catch women or children alone, in isolated cabins. Our narrative will deal, more naturally, with Indians of the latter class, but the rank and file of the Indians did not approve of the actions of these "drunken bucks".

Half a mile north of the Village of Boston, in the Cuyahoga Valley, was "Ponty's Camp". It was situated on the west side of the river. It was a noted place in the early times and its site was given on many early maps and was generally known throughout the entire Northwest.

Half a mile south of this camp, on the same side of the river, was the Ottoway Indian Village under Chief Seneca.

Both camps were inhabited when the whites came to this country.

When white men first came to the Cuyahoga Valley, a tract of land comprising some thirty or forty acres, lying in the valley on the east side of the river, a short distance below the center, was cleared of trees,

A QUIET STRETCH ON THE CUYAHOGA

and was under cultivation. It was an Indian corn-field, and it is stated that in about 1804, settlers living in Hudson went to this field and purchased corn of the natives. How long it had been under cultivation is not known. The Indians also had their cornfields in the valley of the Cuyahoga below where Cuyahoga Falls now stands. One of the Indian dances was described by Christian Cackler, who was an eye witness: "They were of the Ottaway tribe, some fifteen or eighteen of them. They were provided with a deerskin suit, like a little boy's, all whole, but open before, and supplied with openings for the legs and arms. When put on it was tied in front. It was ornamented around the legs and arms with fringe some three inches in length, to which was attached a variety of animal claws, such as those of the turkey, coon, deer, bear, etc. One would put on this suit, and jump, hop and kick about in a sort of "Highland Fling", while two others furnished the inspiration by patting and humming. The success of the performer seemed to depend upon his ability to get the greatest possible amount of clatter out of the claws attached to the fringe. When tired, he would doff the garment, take a drink of whiskey provided, and give place to another. In this way each would try his agility and gradually get beastly drunk. This they kept up for two days. Before the proceedings began they had placed all their weapons in the hands of their squaws, who were quiet spectators of the scene. At the end of two days all were drunk."

Upon the breaking out of the War of 1812 the majority of the Indians of the Western Reserve left, as it was supposed, to join the British. After the war five

only returned to the Cuyahoga. These formed a camp in the big bend of that stream where Capt. Mills discovered them. After dark his Indian hunters fired upon them, killing four; the other made his escape.

A little later a few returned to Richfield but soon took up their march toward the setting sun; 1817 saw the last of them to leave, and the Western Reserve from thence was to know no more the tread of the Red Man of the forest.

Civilization swept on, a mighty power, that naught could hinder or stay.

The Indians of the Reserve buried their dead in different ways. All were interred; some were buried in stone cists; some were lain in a horizontal position, some in a sitting posture.

The wife of Bigson, the Seneca Chief, was a very dignified but a large stout woman. When she died the Indians, at a great expense, procured for her a new calico gown in which she was wrapped. Then they actually covered her arms and ankles with silver beads and brooches. She was buried in a coffin made of bark, being first rolled up in a large blanket. The grave was dug only about three feet deep and was so arranged that a hole remained, out of which the departed could see the summons to arise and go out to that Indian heaven, the happy hunting grounds of the Great Spirit.

For some reason the savages did not take kindly to the immediate vicinity of the southern shore of the Great Lakes as a location for their villages. For reasons unknown, they sought sites far in the interior for this purpose. The most beloved spot for them was on

the Cuyahoga, its confluents, or the nearby fresh water lakes.

The Indians of the Reserve were intensely migratory in their tastes and character. They were here today; tomorrow they would be found down on the Tuscarawas; in a week amongst the Indian towns of the Muskingum or Miami; later, perhaps, floating down the Ohio, or roaming in the vicinity of Sandusky or Detroit.

In every historical occurrence within the state, in Colonial or pre-Colonial times, we catch glimpses of some of the chiefs or braves of this strangely restless people. This locality was undoubtedly their fastness. The Cuyahoga villages furnished a well-hidden and secure retreat, far from the trails white borderers were wont to travel. Here were their homes, their families and their cornfields. Within a radius of thirty miles were clustered one hundred fresh water lakes, varying in size from the mere pond to sheets of water stretching miles in extent and filled with fish of most savory qualities. These lakes were frequented by wild aquatic fowl of many varieties. These shores, these forests abounded with a greater variety of game and in greater numbers than were to be found in any other section of the Ohio valley, outside of the great Blue Lick Sulphur Springs of Kentucky.

The Indians of the Reserve consisted of Senecas, Ottawas, Onondagas, Oneidas, Cayiugas, Chippewas, Mingoes, Massangas, Shawnees and Delawares.

As early as 1760 the Delawares held white prisoners in their Indian village on the Great Bend of the Cuyahoga. The exact date of their arrival is shrouded in mystery.

Within fifty-five miles south from the mouth of the Cuyahoga river, three great Indian Trails crossed the territory of what is now Northern Ohio.

The southern trail was the Great Fort McIntosh, Muskingum and Sandusky War Trail, which crossed the Muskingum near the junction of the Tuscarawas and the Big Sandy river.

The Central Trail ran from Old Portage to Fort McIntosh by way of Big Falls to Fish Creek, where it divided, the northern branch running to the lower Cuyahoga towns, and from thence to its mouth. Continuing eastward from Fish Creek it crossed the upper waters of the Cuyahoga at Standing Stone; thence down the valley of Breakneck Creek, crossing the Summit near Ravenna; it passed out of that city on its southeast corner, and on through Edinburg, crossing Silver Creek a mile and a half north of the center road; thence running through the northern part of Palmyra, it crossed through Milton, on through the Salt Springs of Trumbull, crossing the Mahoning River three miles above Youngstown; thence down the northern bank of that stream to Fort McIntosh (Beaver); thence on to Pittsburg.

The Northern Trail followed the Lake Shore from Buffalo Creek (Buffalo), via Presque Isle (Erie), crossing the Cuyahoga at its mouth; thence following the shore line to Sandusky Bay, where all three of the trails joined; thence on by the way of the Miami of the lakes, now Maumee; and from thence to Detroit.

These were great National highways long before the hardy, daring borderers climbed the summits of the

distant mountains, and ventured west of the rugged Alleghenies.

Over these great aboriginal roadways traveled ancient nations of red-men on their way to war, or on their peaceful migrations from the east to the west.

Over these centuries past, many men of ancient American Nations, came on their way east, to some sudden Indian foray on the outlying settlements of adventurous whites who had dared to push their way even beyond the Susquehanna River.

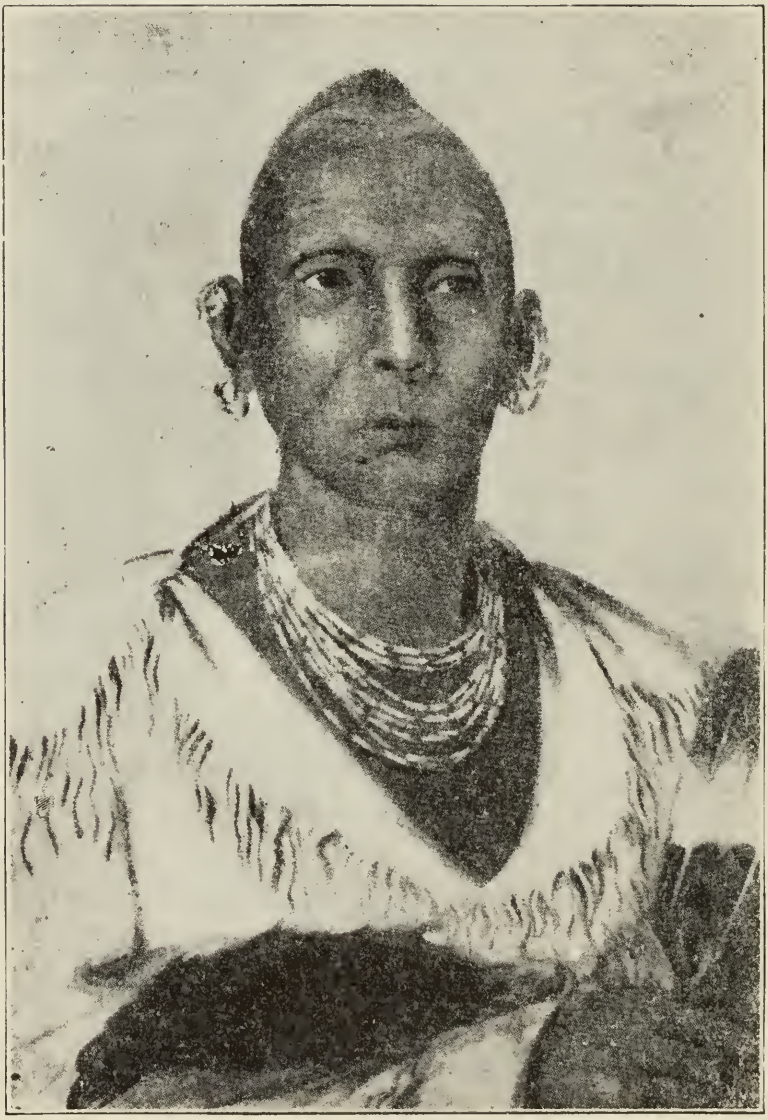
From 1760 to 1790 the Indians occupied numerous villages on the Cuyahoga and its confluent streams. Every little stream entering the Cuyahoga had its villages, consisting of from two or three to half, or a dozen wigwams. Some even reaching from fifty to a hundred wigwams. North Akron was occupied by "Old Cuyahoga Town". The Big Falls had two, Silver Lake two, whose combined population must at one time have numbered one thousand souls. The population of the Silver Lake villages alone, has been stated at five hundred. The Cuyahoga was dotted with its villages. Chief Wam-te-kek had his Delaware village on Turkey Foot Lake; Chief Capt. Pipe, King of New Portage the most blood-thirsty of all, had his village in Coventry, near where Louis Young's road house now is, while at "Apple Orchard" Chief Beaver Hat held full sway. A band of Chippewas had their village on Chippewa Lake, in Medina County. A Seneca Village was located on the upper waters of the Cuyahoga, in Streetsboro Township. Its Chief was Bigson. His sons were John Amur and John Mohawk. He, his two sons and his three sons-in-law, George Wilson, Nickshaw and Wobmung,

were historical characters on the border. At the mouth of the Little Cuyahoga, was an Ottowa Village under Chief Stignish. In Windham Township, Portage County, was an Indian village, at which place was an old apple orchard and cleared spaces for cornfields. An Indian trail ran across the northern border of this township, probably running to the Seneca village on the Cuyahoga, in Streetsboro township. Along this trail settlers discovered traces of many villages. In the northeastern part of this county a band of Cayugas, under Big Cayuga, was wont to roam. After Captain Delawn Mills killed Chief Big Cayuga, his nephew, "Snipnose" Cayuga succeeded to the Chieftainship. On the line of the great Ft. McIntosh and Sandusky Trail in Palmyra township, was an Onondaga Village. Many of these Indians had both their summer and winter villages situated in different localities. Some had several villages among which they divided their time, adding variety to a rather monotonous existence.

The Indians frequently established winter villages on Wintergreen Point, near the Falls of Elyria.

When the surveying party of Moses Cleveland came in 1796, they found a permanent Indian Village of some thirty well built cabins on Conneaut Creek. These were a tribe of Massauga Indians under Chief Piqua, a very noble looking and somewhat notable Chieftain in many respects. The tribe claimed to have inhabited their village from a time beyond the memory of their eldest son.

Bath had a Mingo village that acknowledged Logan for Chief. Northampton and Boston had their Ottawa villages, Chief Stigwanish, or Seneca, as he was



BLACK HAWK

better known to the whites, had his home at the latter village, while a half mile to the northwest was a village known as "Ponty's Camp".

While Logan and Pontiac are claimed as Reserve Indians by reason of their villages on the Cuyahoga, yet it is a well-known fact that prominent chiefs had two or more, sometimes a half dozen villages situated on different rivers, and in different parts of the State at the same time. The Indians were migratory in their character; not only did they possess different villages at the same time, but they were apt to change their villages as the needs of the chase or of war might dictate.

Yesterday their village might have existed on the Cuyahoga, today on the Tuscarawas, tomorrow on the Muskingum. The conflicting reports as to the residence of a chief who possessed so many homes and villages, both past and present, has always been an exasperation to the antiquarian historian, and the subject of much argument among writers and a puzzle to their readers.

Wam-te-kek, Beaver Hat, Seneca, and Pontiac fell by the hands of the white. Logan was murdered by tribesmen, but Capt. Pipe, the ferocious and inveterate enemy to the whites, died a natural death, a centenarian and the victim of remorse.

Historians have said, and every succeeding writer has reiterated the error, that, of the Delaware chiefs, White Eyes Netawatwees, Big Cat, Capt. John, Killbuck and others, failed to take up arms for the British during the War of 1812, but that the Chiefs of the Wolfclan, Armstrong, Newalike and Capt. Pipe withdrew towards Lake Erie, and joined the British forces.

Chief Newalike may have done this, but Armstrong did not, until after his village upon the clear fork of the Mohican had been burned by the militia. It is certain that Capt. Pipe did not as will be seen afterwards.

Capt. Pipe's voice during the war was first, last and always for peace. His village was at that time in Ashland County, and many Ashland county citizens have testified to that fact. But more than this Capt. Pipe was too old during the war to have dug up the hatchet. He was born while the eighteenth century was still young. Over fifty years before this, while Capt. Pipe was then a middle aged man, he had been a prisoner at Fort Pitt. In 1814, Capt. Pipe must have been a centenarian, too old, surely, to take up arms against the race he had always fought. At the beginning of the war we have the testimony of unimpeachable witnesses to prove that his form was then bent with age, his head silvered with his lonely sorrow, and his face furrowed with the lines of remorse. Elsewhere in this volume will appear Capt. Pipe's reasons in his own language.

The Ottawas, Senecas, Mingoes and a few restless, renegade Delawares of the Western Reserve, were active in the war in the cause of the British. Among these were many from Portage-Summit territory.

The Summit County History says: "The Delaware's Villages in Summit County about the time of Lord Dunmore's War, were well populated." It also says that Simon Girty, who was a Delaware, and his brother George, who was a Seneca by adoption, were often at these Indian Villages in the Cuyahoga Valley.

From 1760 to 1794, the warriors of the Indian Villages on the Reserve were actively engaged in desultory warfare with the encroaching settlements east and south of the Ohio River. Numerous small parties passed along the great trial and ravaged the border settlements of Pennsylvania. Some of these parties, especially those of Capt. Pipe's Village, after committing their depredations, returned by the great southern trail which, tho longer by thirty miles, could be made by water, effectually throwing their pursuers, if any, off the trail and diverting suspicions from their villages.

The Indian hunters of the border were puzzled to account for the rapidity in which blows were struck and in the shortness of time in which their savage aggressors disappeared. Suspicions began to be harbored against the Christian Moravian Indians on the Tuscarawas, or to the tribes on the upper Muskingum. With an obtuseness hard to understand in this day, they looked in every direction except the one from which the blows had fallen. The Indian villages began to be depopulated in the beginning of Tecumseh's conspiracy; many were abandoned after the battle of Fallen Timbers. For some unaccountable reasons the Indians all left the Cuyahoga Valley before the close of the War of 1812. Some no doubt left for fear of the whites, some to join the British, some to become the hangers-on of camps. But few ever returned after the war and those few did not stay.

It is undoubtedly a fact, proven by the careful observation of years, from a mass of testimony slight in its individuality but taken as a whole, conclusive in the extreme, that a conspiracy existed among the tribes of

Northern Ohio, that in case the British won a victory on Lake Erie, the Indian tribes were to rise and assisted by Proctor and his Indian allies, were to sweep the entire Northern Ohio from Sandusky to the Pennsylvania line with fire and sword. The able-bodied men of the Western Reserve were in the ranks, defending a harrassed border, the women and children, the aged and crippled were at home. Resistance would have been useless. Smoking ruins and mutilated corpses would have marked the course of 3000 devils let loose upon a defenseless people. The whole world would have shuddered and history would have been turned back another century.

It is well for the Reserve, well for our country, well for humanity, that this heart-rending page of a bloody history was averted.

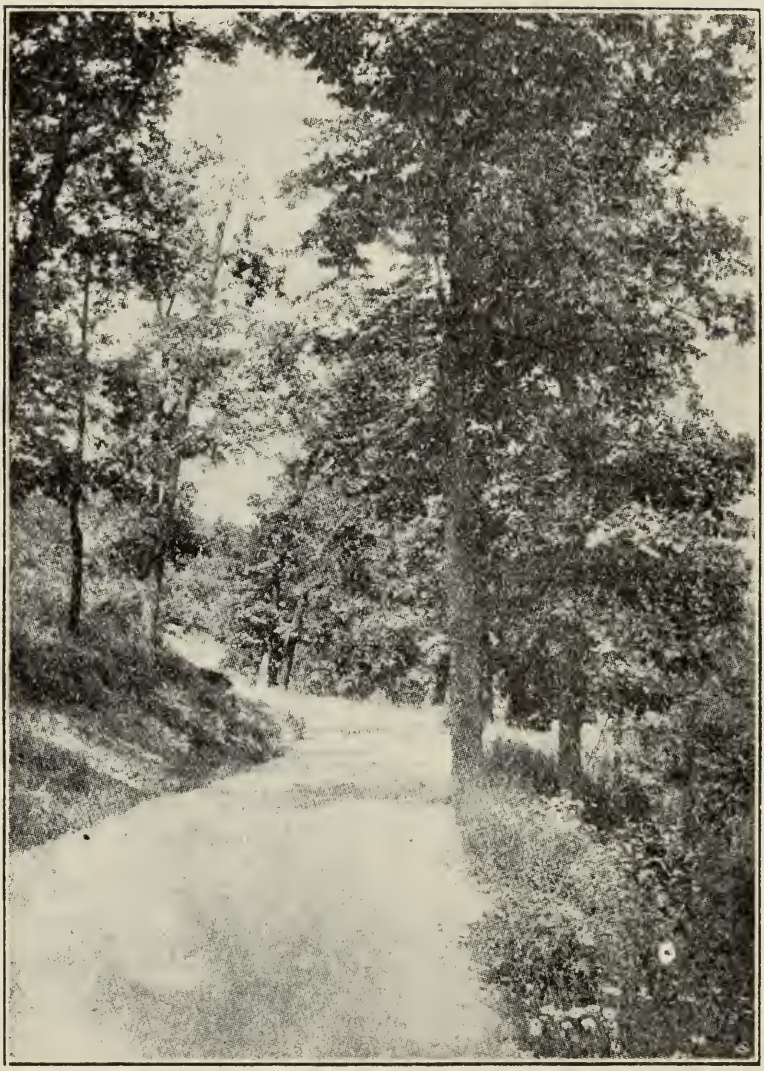
Out of the death comes life, and from out the rent and torn and sinking Lawrence came the seeds of life and hope and victory.

The British Lion cowered before the American Eagle, and joy and peace and thankfulness settled over the brooding, trembling, troubled border land of the Western Reserve.

INDIAN TRAILS

The Great Indian Trail from Fort McIntosh went to Sandusky and Detroit, commenced at Beaver, Pennsylvania and ran up the east bank of the Beaver river to just above its junction with the Mahoning. The trail then followed the north bank of the Mahoning until about three miles above the present site of Youngstown, when it crossed the river, thence, passing through the salt springs of the Mahoning, and on through Milton in Mahoning County, through the northern part of Palmyra; thence through Edinburg; after crossing Silver Creek, one and one half miles north of the center road; thence through Ravenna, on down the Break Neck Creek Valley, across the stream the Standing Stone; crossing the Cuyahoga here it ran westwardly along the north side of the river until it entered Stow township. Here the trail divided; one branch led northwesterly through Stow, Northampton and Boston, where it crossed the Cuyahoga and continued down the west bank of the Cuyahoga to its mouth.

At Fish Creek, in Stow township, where the trail divided, the southern branch ran south westwardly to Cuyahoga Falls, the falls of Hoppocon, and on down to Old Portage, where it connected with navigation for the Lake, and with Portage Path for the Tuscarawas and the Muskingum, and with the Scioto Trail for the Scioto River, and central parts of the state. After crossing the Cuyahoga at Old Portage the great trail kept on westward, nearly on the same line as the Smith



BEGINNING OF PORTAGE PATH

Road, until it reached the Huron River, where it intersected with Indian trails from the Muskingum and Walhonding Rivers, also with trails from the Mohican River, passing through Ashland and Richland Counties. From Huron River the combined trails followed the east bank of that river to Lake Erie; thence along the Lake shore to Sandusky and Detroit. From the northern branch of the great trail, side trails branched off to Indian villages in Northampton, Bath, and Richfield. Another trail extended along the south side of the Cuyahoga, extending from Old Portage, via the falls of Hoppocon, (Big Falls) to Standing Stone (Kent), passing through the northern part of Tallmadge. Another trail led southeast from the falls of Hoppocon, passing through Tallmadge, near Middlebury, to Springfield Lake.

Dr. William Smith, writing of this great trail, says: "In this day's march, Oct. 9, 1764, the path divided into two branches, that to the southwest leading to the lower towns on the Muskingum. In the forks of the path stand several trees painted by the Indians in hieroglyphic manner denoting the number of wars in which they have engaged and the particulars of their success in prisoners and scalps."

In 1785, General Harmar drove all the setlers who had located west of the Pennsylvania line, off the trail and east of the Beaver.

In 1786, Colonel Hillman, of Pittsburg, afterwards a settler in Youngstown, began to take great pack trains over this trail loaded with flour consigned to the mouth of the Cuyahoga. From here it was shipped to Detroit by the "Mackinaw". Col. Hillman's pack train

usually numbered ninety horses and nine men. Breakneck Creek was named by him from the fact that one of his men had his neck broken when crossing the stream by reason of his horse stumbling because of a root that had fastened around its hoof under the water.

In 1872 it was along this trail that the Poe brothers followed the Indian marauders, and which ended in the noted fight so often quoted.

It was on this trail that Brady pursued the Indians and had his party ambushed, defeated and compelled to flee for their lives. It was on this trail that he made his masterly race for life, his famous leap, his successful escape, giving his name to Brady's Lake since 1780.

It was on this trail that Benjamin Tappan and Benjamin Bigsby found their way to Ravenna in 1799.

It was on this trail that from 1759 to 1764, Mrs. Stewart and Mary Campbell were held prisoners at Cuyahoga Falls.

Under date of July 20, 1796, Milton Holley, one of the Connecticut Land Company's surveyors said: "On the sixty-fifth mile, for seventy chains, land gently descends to the south, thinly timbered with white and black oak, at seventy-two chains to an Indian path east and west."

It was on this trail that Seth Pease and his surveyors traveled to and from their work.

Moses Warren's field book, July 18, 1796, says: "River fog prevented observation of the polar star, struck the right bank of Cuyahoga River, thirteen chains, ninety-eight links from the "Portage tree", which I traversed in three courses, the last crossing the river. I then traversed the path to No. 3 and encamped on a run on No. 7."

PATH CROSSING OLD CLEARING

It was on this trail that Nicksaw was cruelly murdered, his squaw and pappoose left to freeze, while three Indians taken as prisoners by Major Rogers were so frozen as to be forever incapacitated from making a living.

It was on this trail that Capt. Mills and his band of Indian hunters killed four out of five of the last Indians ever in the county.

It was by this trail that war parties so swiftly and murderously fell on the border settlements of Pennsylvania and escaped to their forest fastness.

The poor Moravians and the Sandusky Indians were blamed for the acts of their northern neighbors. There is no doubt in the mind of the writer but what the Moravians suffered martyrdom for the acts of these villagers, tributary to the Fort McIntosh and Sandusky trails.

At the point where this trail crosses Silver Creek, in Portage County, Frederick Daniels and others in 1814, discovered, painted on several trees, various devices, evidently the work of the Indians. The bark was carefully shaved off two thirds of the way around, and figures cut upon the wood. One of these delineated seven Indians equipped in particular manner, and one of whom was without a head. This was supposed to have been made by a party on their return westward, to give intelligence to their friends behind, of the loss of one of their party at that place, and on making search a human skeleton was discovered near by.

The trail followed the highest ground along the watershed, and parties of Indians were continually passing, probably for centuries. Long after the whites

came, this Indian migration went steadily on over the great aboriginal thoroughfare from Sandusky to the Ohio River. There were several large piles of stones on this trail under which human remains have been found. These are supposed to be savages slain in war, or murdered by their enemies, as tradition has it that it was formerly an Indian custom for each Indian passing the grave of an enemy to throw a stone upon it.

"Standing Stone" on this trail, was a huge natural pillar of sandstone standing in the middle of the Cuyahoga, at what was known as Franklin Mills, now Kent. It is said to have been an imposing sight, standing in the midst of the rushing stream, with a lone pine tree crowning its summit. It was near here that the Indians had their fording place.

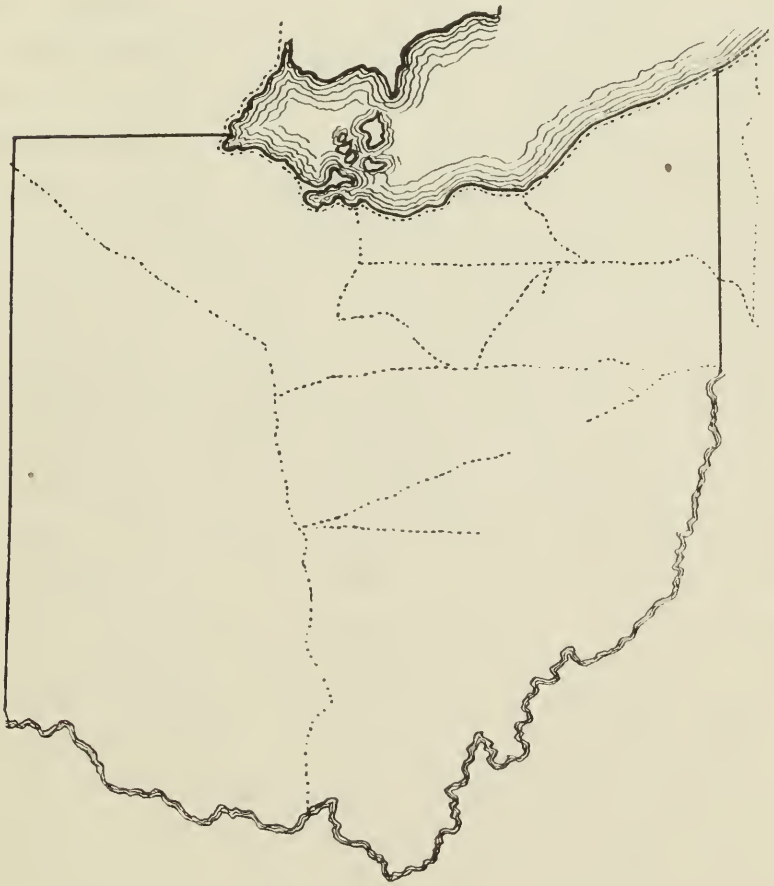
The best known and seemingly the most important Indian land mark was the "Portage Path". The oldest European maps as well as the earlier American ones gave it, even before the Ohio river was little more than a myth to the average European scholar. In these old maps the Cuyahoga was given as rising in Summit Lake, and "the Portage" only a mile in length. Washington and Jefferson were favorably impressed with the point as being possibly of great strategic and commercial value. The early statesmen discussed the possibility of building a canal to connect the Cuyahoga with the Tuscarawas, this making a continuous line for boats from the Great Lakes to the Gulf. These rivers at that time carried four times the volume of water that they do at the present time. A student of the old maps of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries cannot but be impressed with the distinction this

at one time held. In four different treaties with the Indian tribes it was made the western boundary of the United States. The savages had made it a highway for centuries and were loath to give it up.

Congress of the United States in 1787, secured to the citizens of the new Republic, the right of highway on it forever. The State of Ohio upon her admission to the union, was received into the union of States upon this express condition among many others. Long afterward, after Ohio had succeeded to her statehood, lines of boats ascended to "Old Portage", and it was no common sight to see more than one hundred teams unloading at this terminus of the "Portage Path," while at the other terminus, "New Portage", lines of boats ran directly to the gulf without breaking bulk. As late as the War of 1812, this point was so important that an army of occupation under Major General Wadsworth lay at "Old Portage", shipping troops and supplies from Cleveland to this point, and from here shipping troops and munitions of war to the advanced posts on the Huron River and Sandusky. Troops were also hastened from this point for the relief of Fort Meigs and Detroit.

The "Portage Path" was by legislative enactment made the boundary line of Washington, of Jefferson and of Trumbull Counties. The Portage gave its name to one of the townships through which it runs, and also gave its name to the third county to be organized in the Western Reserve. The county in which it lies took the name of Summit, as Portage was already pre-empted by the county from which it sprung. Summit was the apex of Portage, and Akron, its metropolis, became

the "Tip-Top-City", because it was on the top of Summit, the highest land in the State, sending its waters both ways, into the Great Lakes of the north and the Gulf of Mexico on the south. Springfield Lake, one of



CENTER OF INDIAN COMMUNICATION

the sources of the Cuyahoga, lies in Summit County, and is nearly seven hundred feet higher than Lake Erie and one hundred and seventy-two feet higher than the

mill race in front of the Empre House, now Portage Hotel in Akron.

Portage Summit was a well known name in early canal days, it is up to the citizens of the city to see that it does not grow cold.

The "Portage Path" started at the portage of the Cuyahoga, at "Old Portage", and run nearly west, until the top of the highland was reached, when it turned almost directly south, passing along the eastern boundaries of lot 2 in Portage township, where it left the Cuyahoga, about a quarter of a mile south of the North township line of Portage; thence along the west boundaries of lots numbered 2, 3, 6, 7, and near the middle of 10, where it bore a few rods to the west, continuing this way across lots 10 and 11, when it bore to the eastward, a few rods east of the northeast corner of lot 14, then crossed West Exchange Street extension, following the road now running west of the residences of Goodrich, Works and Marvin, and on past the old Perkins residence, all on lot 14, thence nearly south across the new Perkins Park, until it struck a tract line running due west from Buchtel College, when it made a turn and bore south-westernly across A. G. Mallison's part of lot 18, crossing Wooster avenue on the line between lot 18 and 19, a short distance east of the four corners at Sherbondy, thence on south-easternly, crossing Thornton street, a few rods east of where that street makes a junction with the Manchester Road; then it struck nearly south, across lot 19, west of Manning's Pond along the Manchester Road until it struck South street, when it again bore west of the road, crossing it again nearly opposite the center of Summit Lake; thence

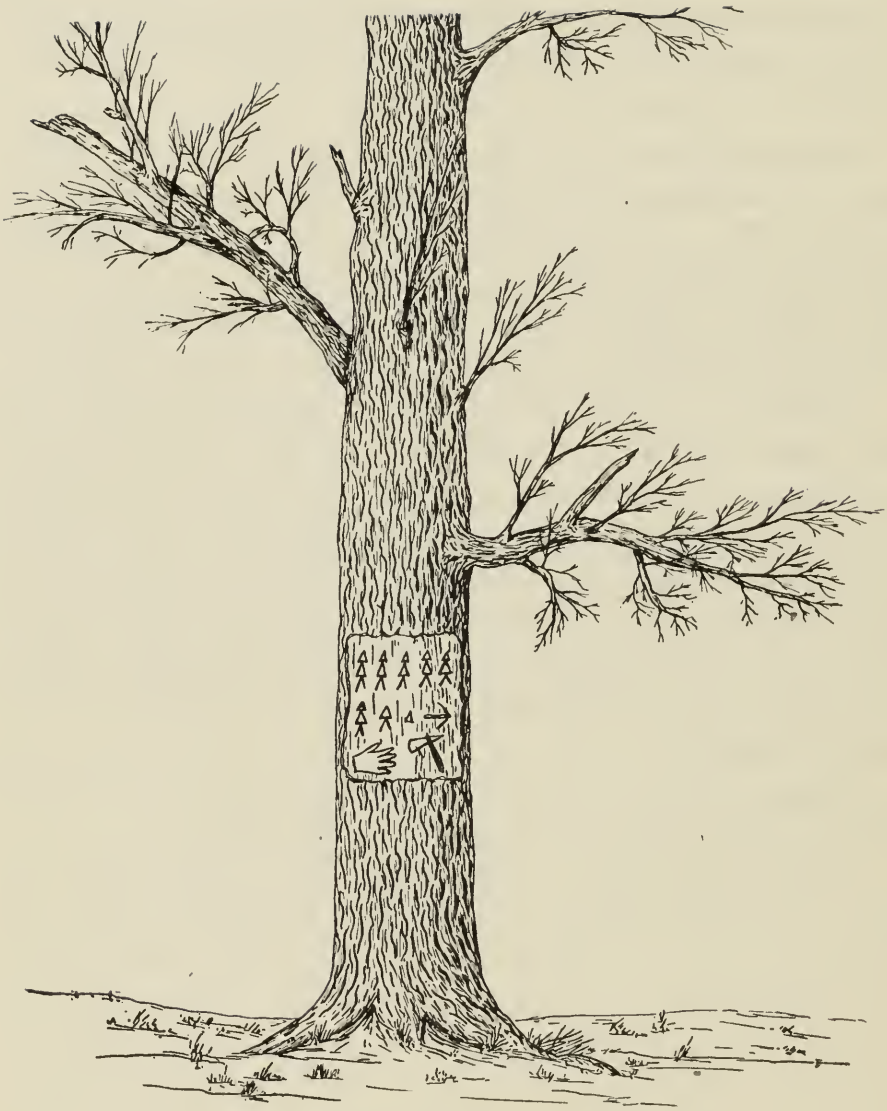
nearly following the course of the road until Coventry center is reached, when it passes through March's property and the eastern end of Nesmith Lake, passes Louie Young's and strikes the Tuscarawas south of the canal opposite to Young's Road House.

Moses Warren's field book, July 19 and 20, 1796, says: "Continued the traverse to Tuskawawa landing at course 74. At No. 72 is a large white oak, marked with many hieroglyphics. In the vicinity are many Indian camps. The traverse from the second parallel by the path is 658.63; length of portage 644.55 chains."

"July 21, 1796—Continued a traverse down the river from which I was allured by Mr. Pease's packhorse man, who sounded the Indian whoop, and being answered refused to reply as we heard him. Mr. Pease connected his traverse with mine at No. 96, about forty chains southwest of the landing. Except the Cuyahoga Hill, the Portage will admit an excellent road, and that is not so formidable as the one at Queenstown, Upper Canada."

Every stream of considerable size had its Indian Trail leading along one or other of its banks.

Long before the white man ever saw Northern Ohio, the Indian tribes of the "Ohio Country" had used "Portage Path" in their travels from the Ohio river and intermediate points, to the Great Lakes of the North. The canoe was their most valued possession, and their chosen way of travel. Ascending the Cuyahoga which in that day was a great river running bank full, to the Portage, they carried their light birch bark canoes along "Portage Path" until they reached the head waters of the Tuscarawas, at the other end



PICTURED TREE ON PATH

of the path. This was the shortest and best portage between waters leading into the great river and the great lake. At Zoar they reached Conotten Creek, which connected with Cross Creek, entering the Ohio below Steubenville. At Navarre, a creek reached nearly across Stark County. At Bolivar the Big Sandy became a confluent, from which Carroll, Stark and Columbiana Counties were reached. In 1764, according to Dr. Wm. Smith, the river here was two hundred and ten feet wide, a beautiful, strong and clear stream. At Coshocton, the Walhonding united; then jointly forming the Big Muskingum. The waters of the Walhonding furnished them a highway to Coshocton, Knox, Holmes, Ashland and Richland Counties, and via Vernon River, into Morrow County. At Adams Mills, Wills Creek made a route into Guernsey County, while the Michalach, coming from Licking County, joined the river at Zanesville. At Putnam, the Moxahala Creek, opened a way into Perry County. Thus these aboriginal travelers were able to reach almost every part of eastern and central Ohio from the Tuscarawas, Muskingum, White Woman's Rivers, and their confluent branches. Truly a great highway in the days of canoe voyaging.

The Great Scioto War Trail left the "Portage Path" near the foot of Sherbondy Hill, south-east corner of lot 18, where it crosses Wooster avenue, thence down Wooster avenue, crossing the southeastern corner of lot 20, in Portage township, and diagonally across lot 1, in Coventry township, entering Norton township on the northeast corner of lot 20, and crossed the Wolf Creek near where Van Hyning's bridge now is, passed

down the west side of Wolf Creek Bottoms nearly on the same course of the present road. It crossed the south-east corner of lot 38, and diagonally across lot 48, into lot 67, and from there took a direct course for Johnson's Corners. From Johnson's Corners it followed a south-west course, nearly identical with the Wooster Road, passing around the hill at Doylestown, to the west, it followed the road to Wooster, from thence down the Killbuck and Walhonding Valleys to the Scioto. This trail was followed by early settlers in Norton and Wadsworth, Doylestown, etc. It was marked by a well beaten path, a hard and compact roadway for pedestrians or horses. In many places this path was a foot below the surrounding surface, worn down by countless feet following its course for many decades. It proved of but little avail as a highway for teams, until trees were cut and underbrush cleared away. The road was not cut as far as Johnson's Corners, until in 1816, when it soon reached as far as Wooster.

This trail connected at Portage Path with the trail to the Great Lakes on the north and the Tuscarawas and Muskingum on the south. At Old Portage it connected with the great trail running from Fort McIntosh on the east, and Sandusky and Detroit on the west.

This great War Trail allowed the northern tribes which were very numerous at one time, along the Cuyahoga, Tuscarawas, Portage Path and the many inland lakes, to throw their war parties quickly and surely far down the Ohio, to meet the encroachment of the whites upon Indian territory in Virginia and Kentucky. Along this trail were numerous Indian villages, especially in the neighborhood of Wooster, and the wild, forest

INDIAN STATUE ON PORTAGE PATH

passed. After the building of Fort Harmar at the mouth of the Muskingum, many war parties that formerly passed down that river to its junction with th Ohio, followed the great Scioto War Trail, which crossed the Walhonding.

Along the shores of Lake Erie ran the Lake Indian Trail, rarely used as a war trail, but mostly used by hunting and fishing parties. This extended from Sandusky, (from where the war trail ran westwardly to the Miami of the lakes, and thence on to Detroit) to Buffalo Creek.

There were too many streams to cross on this trail to ever make it popular with the red men. The Indians maintained a ferry at the mouth of the Cuyahoga, yet, east or west, there were too many large streams entering Lake Erie, that were difficult to cross, to even make it a chosen route. On the west of the Cuyahoga were the Huron, Vermillion, Black and Rocky Rivers, besides many other streams. On the east, from the Cuyahoga to Presque Isle, there were ten streams to cross. In quiet weather when the lake was not boisterous, the streams could be safely passed as a sandbar always formed just outside the mouth of the streams; nature thus built a subterranean bridge for those who were willing to wade. The trouble existed in finding the lake quiet enough for this purpose. However, a well defined trail ran along the lake shore during the years intervening between 760 and 1796.

After the unfortunate Bradstreet Expedition of 1764, for many years, the neighborhood of the mouth of the Rocky River was a famous resort for the Indians

of Northern Ohio. It is to be presumed that the waves washed up much plunder, sad remembrances of that fatal shipwreck.

There were many other trails on the Reserve, but none of which were very prominent, and it required much study and great labor to rehabilitate them. A century and a quarter of silence has served to bury them beyond the memory of men.

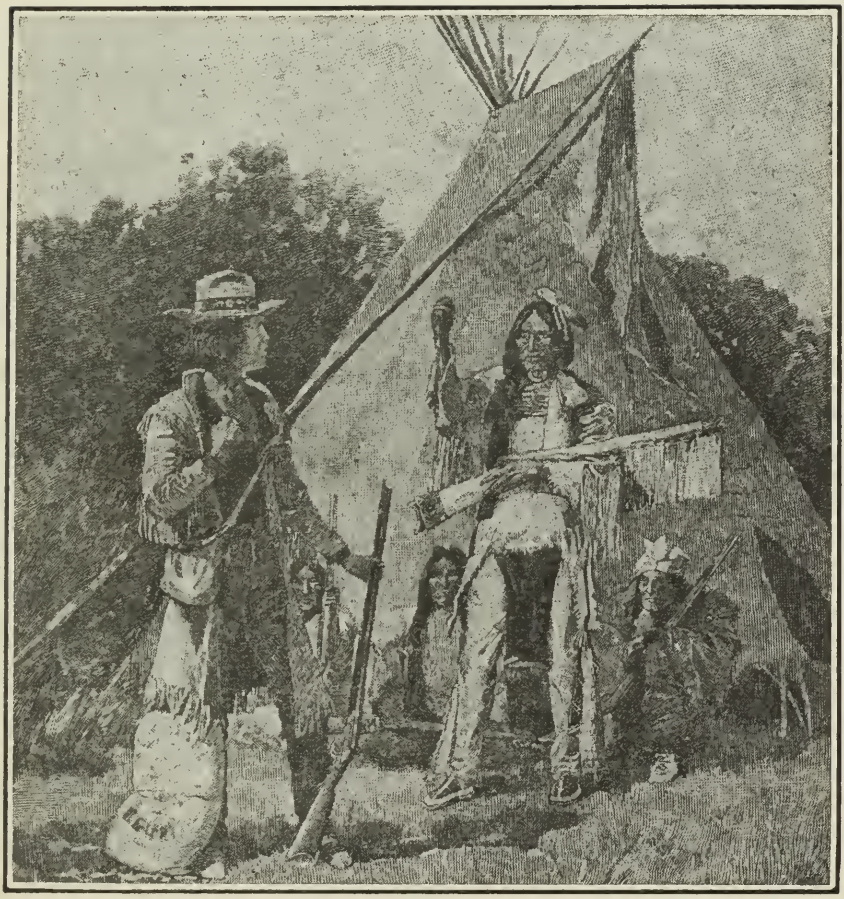
NOTED INDIAN CHIEFS ON THE RESERVE

"I am; how little more I know!
Whence came I? Whither do I go?
A centered self, which feels and is;
A cry between the silences;
A shadow-birth of clouds at strife
With sunshine on the hills of life;
A shaft from Nature's quiver cast
Into the future from the past;
Between the cradle and the shroud,
A meteor's flight from cloud to cloud."

—Whittier.

It was in a mad whirl of that celebrated Indian campaign known as "Mad Anthony's War," that Capt. Pipe, Jr., son of Hopocan, old Capt. Pipe, won his spurs. Wayne broke the spirits of the Indians of the Northwest.

His village lay at the southern end of the portage path in Coventry, numbering at one time over five hundred warriors. He was by far the shrewdest, best known, most vindictive and the most powerful Delaware chieftain in Ohio. It was he who burnt Col. Crawford at the stake and who at various treaties always signed his name as "Capt. Pipe, King of New Portage." New Portage at this time was at "the Feeder," near the present Young's Hotel. He, at the treaty of Greenville, in 1795, ceded his territory to the United States, having previous to this built a new village at Greentown, in Ashland County, where he remained until he disappeared, about the time of the beginning of the war of 1812. He was not only a man of power, but he was "a man of mystery." Except the fact that he was



CAPTAIN PIPE WARNING SCOUT

here, there is no direct evidence that he was ever born or that he ever died.

One of the saddest tales of early Ohio History hangs around his sister. In Ashland County is "Pipe's Cliff"; connected with it, but detached from it, rises a rock tower over one hundred feet above the surrounding country. In its center it is said Capt. Pipe made sacrifices. It is called, in commemoration of the murdered sister of Captain Pipe, "Onalaska's Tower".

Chief Beaver Hat was another Delaware Chieftain, and although he did not live on the Reserve, yet living so close to it he was connected largely with its history. His village was situated at "Apple Orchard" on the Great Scioto War Trail, whose northern terminus was the "portage path". He was here much of his time upon his hunting and fishing expeditions. Beaver Hat was a deep, bitter, unrelenting enemy to the whites. He was a heavy drinker and when intoxicated he was abusive and bragged of the white men he had killed. He carried with him a string of thirteen dried tongues, which he claimed were tongues of white men he had killed. He made this exhibition in presence of George Harter, one day, and in the next he was missing.

Gen. Bierce, in his history of Summit County, published in 1854, gives the following account of Ogontz, a celebrated chief of the Ottawas.

"He had been educated by French Missionaries at Quebec, for a Catholic Priest, but no sooner were the restraints of Civilization removed, than he left for the freedom of his forest home. He lived near Fort Industry (Sandusky). Ogontz was brave, talented, and well educated, but like his race, wild and intractable. At

the time of the first settlement in Hudson, he had no power other than what his talents and education gave him. Coming along one day, near dusk, on horseback, he inquired of Capt. Heman Oviatt, the path to "Ponty's Camp." Capt. Oviatt walked along into the woods to show him, when Ogontz ordered him to go no further; but the Captain was the wrong man to order—the more he was ordered, the more he wouldn't. Ogontz drew up his rifle to shoot him, when the Captain sprung, and seizing his rifle, wrenched it from him, and then ordered Ogontz to "right about"! The haughty Indian, knowing whom he had to deal with, obeyed orders like a drill sergeant, and the Captain drove him back to Hudson, where after discharging his rifle, and taking from him his rifle and ammunition, he discharged HIM, in no very pleasant humor. In 1808, the Indians holding a grand pow-wow, became greatly excited by whiskey. Ogontz, almost alone, remained sober. In the frenzy of intoxication, the chief of the tribe struck Ogontz, who immediately laid the head of the chief open with his tomahawk. On the following day the Indians held a council, in which Ogontz was acquitted, and made Chief in place of the one he had slain. Ogontz having no children, adopted the only son of the deceased Chief, and with all the tenderness of a father reared him to manhood—but no sooner had he arrived at the age prescribed for a warrior, than with the retaliating spirit of the savage, he shot his benefactor, and avenged the blood of his father.

Ogontz was one of the most remarkable Chieftains that ever lived on the Reserve. As a Catholic priest he had been educated with the hope that he would be able

to evangelize th north-western tribes. The hopes were falacious, and of that period of his life, he said:

"In my heart I had never been a good Catholic, though I had tried to be a good Christian. I found it, however, easier to make Catholics than Christians of other Indians. What I mean is, that they were much more willing to observe the forms than obey the laws of Christianity, and that they grew no better under my teaching. I became discouraged, and feared that my preaching was an imposition and I an impostor."

Several years before the breaking out of the last war with England, Ogontz finally abandoned his village on the Cuyahoga and retired to his Village of Ogontz, at Sandusky. Here he remained until 1812, when with his people he fled to Canada. After the declaration of peace between the United States and Great Britain he and his people proceeded to the Maumee River, where he was murdered by his stepson.

Ogontz many times carried Jay Cooke, the great banker on his shoulders, and in later years the great financier named his magnificent country seat, near Philadelphia, in honor of the old Indian. Sandusky has one of its streets, flouring mills, a Knights Templars lodge, and a fire company named after him, while an Indian namesake, a grandson of his, yet holds sway among the Lake Superior Indians.

Wam-pe-tek was a Chief of a band of about forty Indians who lived at Turkey Foot Lake, the history of whose sad murder is given in another place and chapter. These Indians were kind, inoffensive and the friends of the whites.

PONTIAC TAKING UP THE HATCHET

Peter Wilson, a Seneca Chief, was educated by Mr. Bissel of Twinsburg. After returning to his tribe, he was an interpreter to a missionary. He was an orator of no mean ability. He performed great services for his tribe. At different times he appeared before the New York legislature, also before Congress. He succeeded in obtaining concessions for his tribe that no other enjoyed. He lost his health in protracted efforts made to save a drowning white man.

Blackbird was an Ottawa Chief, also educated by and at the expense of Mr. Bissel, of Twinsburg. He was a fine scholar, an author and diplomat. Blackbird was a direct descendant of Pontiac, the greatest chief the Indians ever had. Pontiac's first appearance before the American public was at the time Major Rogers' Expedition landed a few miles south of Cleveland. He came with all the rude panoply of war and haughtily demanded the reason of the white chief's invasion of the Indian country. Blackbird appeared before the legislature of Michigan in the interest of his tribe and by his impassioned eloquence moved them to accede to his demands.

Black Hawk, the celebrated warrior and Indian chief, was born previous to 1772. He was a resident of Cuyahoga Valley. At the close of the Black Hawk War in which Gen. U. S. Grant and Abraham Lincoln took part, Black Hawk was captured and brought to Cleveland on his way to Washington. Here he asked permission to visit the grave of his mother located on the Cuyahoga. This was granted and he paid a farewell tribute to the graves of his sires.

During this exciting war the United States employed an Indian Chief by the name of Black Wolf to command its Indian contingency. Black Wolf was afterward assassinated by his nephew at White Tavern, Iowa. The writer placed the skull of Black Wolf in the museum of Buchtel College, and it was consumed at the time of the fire which destroyed the great building of which Horace Greely laid the corner stone.

Chief Piqua, of the Massanga tribe, was a noble looking Indian, of lofty stature, full of native talent, dignified and impressive in bearing. His village was situated near the mouth of Conneaut Creek. It consisted of some thirty wigwams, and was laid out with some degree of engineering skill; regularly and systematically. It presented an appearance of neatness and comfort unusual in the habitations of the red man. The tribe claimed that they had lived here for a time far beyond the memory of their oldest men. The tribe was war-like and had taken an active part in the Indian Wars.

Pontiac was called the tiger of the Northwest. In his early manhood he spent much of his time in the village of his people, on the Cuyahoga. "Ponty's Camp", was a well known land mark to the earliest adventurers across the Alleghenies. In Lewis Evan's map of the Middle British Colonies, London, 1755, the point is designated as "Tawas." Victor in his "American Conspiracies", says: Proceeding in row boats up Lake Erie he reached the mouth of the Cuyahoga River, in Ohio, November 7, 1780, where the Major determined to encamp for a few days to rest his wearied men. He had scarcely lit his camp fires ere a

troop of Indians appeared, proclaiming themselves the messengers of Pontiac, and, in his name, ordering the English to go no further. Rogers demanded an interview with the chief, who soon appeared, accompanied by an imposing retinue of warriors. It was HERE that the great conspirator FIRST came forward into the full light of history. From Rogers minute account of the interview, we have a clear conception of the Indian Attila. He approached with a haughty stride, gorgeously attired in his savage costume, demanding at once, in an impervious tone, to know by what authority the British officer presumed to enter the Indian country without permission or treaty. Rogers was not a man without nerve. He stood as unabashed before that son of the forest as he would have done before a great oak, surging and roaring in the wind".

"Pontiac was powerful in person, commanding in presence, resolute to an extraordinary degree, possessed of a rare gift of eloquence, sagacious and subtile as a beast of prey. He rightfully claimed the office of chief over many tribes and became the minister of vengeance for his race."

Mingotown, on the Cuyahoga, had Logan for a chief, Logan, the white man's friend, Logan, all of whose relatives were murdered on the upper Ohio by the whites and which precipitated one of the most costly and bloody wars in the history of the Ohio Country. Logan's speech will be found on chapter of Indian Eloquence.

Chief Seneca's camp was a half mile south of "Ponty's Camp" and on the same side of the river.

TECUMSEH

THE LAST OF THE GREAT INDIAN CHIEFTAINS IN OHIO.

Ohio became a part of the great Northwestern Territory in 1788. Fifteen years later, having gone through the second grade of territorial organization in 1798, she became a State on March 3, 1803.

The eastern line of Indiana then became the eastern line of the Northwestern Territory. General Wm. Henry Harrison, who served in both St. Clair's and Wayne's campaigns, became its first governor in 1799, and remained its Governor for thirteen years..

Through British intrigue the Indians of the northwest became active and restless under the teachings of the Shawaneese Chieftain Tecumseh and his brother the Prophet.

Tecumseh was regarded as the greatest hunter of his tribe. During one hunt he brought in twelve deer. He was born at Piqua, Ohio, in 1768, and his first battle was on the Ohio River at Limestone, in 1785, where he showed great bravery and prowess. His intellect was far above that of his tribesmen and he was a fluent and natural born orator. His was not the inhumanity of his predecessors and he made his tribesmen promise to burn no more prisoners at the stake. He became a chief in 1795, and was at many battles, among them Fort Recovery and Fallen Timbers. He removed to White River in Indiana in 1798, but again removed to

Ohio in 1805, locating on, or near the present town of Greenville.

His brother, Lanlewasikaw, commonly known as "The Prophet," practiced low cunning and sorcery and was able to sway and influence the Indian mind to an unbelieveable extent. Both he and they claimed that he was the earthly agent of the Great Spirit. From the time of their removal to Ohio, they became troublesome and aggressive. Their hostile demonstrations gradually increased. Harrison tried to conciliate them but British emissaries were too strong for him. Throughout 1806 the brothers remained at Greenville and gathered around them nearly a thousand warriors. In the autumn of 1807 Harrison sent to the chiefs of the Shawanesse an address exhorting them to send away the people at Greenville. In the spring of 1808 Tecumseh and his brother removed to the Tippecanoe, a tributary to the Wabash.

In 1809 a council was held at Fort Wayne. The governor purchased of them the title to 3,000,000 acres of land. Tecumseh refused to sign and threatened the lives of all who had signed. Hearing this, Harrison invited him to visit Vincennes, the then capital of the north-west territory, but stipulated that he should not bring more than thirty warriors with him.

In August, 1810, he came with 400 armed warriors. He came before Harrison with forty armed men and refused to either lay aside their arms or meet on the portico of Harrison's house. The meeting was held in a nearby grove. It was a stormy session and at one time a fight was nearly precipitated. Harrison drew his sword and said to Tecumseh: "You are a bad man.

I will have no further talk with you. You must now hasten immediately to your camp and take your departure from these settlements."

In the autumn of 1811 he began to prepare for the coming struggle and October 5, receiving the re-inforcements he had been looking for, he advanced up the Wabash where he built a block-house and struck directly for Prophetstown on the Tippecanoe. When within a few miles of his destination Indians appeared who asked for a conference on the following morning. Their request was granted and the army encamped for the night. The place selected was the west line of the encampment. On all sides was prairie marsh land covered with tall grass.

Before daybreak of the morning of Nov. 1, 1811, seven hundred Indians crept through the tall grass surrounding the camp and burst on the camp like demons. But the American borders were under arms in a mom-ens't time. The battle of Tippecanoe was on; fighting behind trees the soldiers held the Indians in check until daylight, and then in several vigorous charges sent them flying in every direction.

On the next day the army went to Prophetstown and then returned to theim homes.

Tecumseh was not in this battle. He was with the Creeks in the south trying to raise recruits. When he returned he found ashes and a scattered people. He at once joined the British in Canada.

The Maumee River in early accounts is frequently called "The Miami of the Lakes", hence misleading to the youthful investigator. General Harrison, about the first of February, 1813, built Fort Meigs on the Mau-

mee River. It was built at the foot of Maumee Rapids, which is frequently referred to as "The Rapids". This fort was on the east side of the river, a few miles below the British Fort, Fort Miamis, which was on the west side of the river. At this time Harrison's army numbered about 2,000 men. From Fort Meigs ran two roads; one to Lower Sandusky (Fremont) and one to Upper Sandusky.

On April 26, 1813, Gen. Proctor with his army of whites and Indians appeared on the west bank of the Maumee and established batteries opposite Fort Meigs. On the 27th the Indians invested the fort in the rear and on the east side. General Harrison in his report says: Proctor's force consisted of 1350 whites and from 1,600 to 2,000 Indians under the command of Tecumseh, to whom Proctor had promised to deliver General Harrison should the British force be successful.

On the first, second and third days of May, the bombardment of the fort was incessant from the British batteries. On the night of the third the British erected a battery within 250 yards of the fort, on the east side of the river.

About 2 a. m. on the morning of the fifth, Harrison was re-inforced by General Clay of Kentucky with 1,200 men. Col. Dudley with his Kentuckians landed on the west bank with 800 men and drove the British from their batteries and spiked their guns. Crazed with their success they pursued the Indians for two miles through swamps and woods and were finally ambuscaded, surrounded and taken prisoners. Then began the massacre of prisoners. Out of 800 men only

150 escaped. The remainder were either killed or taken prisoners.

Had it not been for the nobility of Tecumseh there would not have been any alive to tell the story.

Harrison seeing the rashness of Dudley's men and foreseeing its results, exclaimed with despair: "They are lost! They are lost! Can I never get men to obey my orders!" He then offered $1,000 to any man who would cross the river and apprise Col. Dudley of his danger. Outside of Dudley's loss, Harrison's loss during the thirteen days of seige was 81 killed and 189 wounded. This left him with less than 1,100 fit for duty.

Forty of Dudley's men had already been massacred after they had surrendered when Tecumseh rode upon a horse at full speed and commanded the Indians to desist and in a loud voice shouted he would kill the first savage who lifted a hand against the prisoners.

Ewing in a letter states: While this bloodthirsty carnage was raging, a thundering voice was heard in the rear, in the Indian tongue; when, turning around he saw Tecumseh coming with all the rapidity his horse could carry him, until he drew near to where two Indians had an American, and were in the act of killing him. He sprang from his horse, caught one by the throat, the other by the breast and threw them to the ground; drawing his tomahawk and scalping knife, he ran in between the Americans and the Indians, brandishing them with the fury of a madman and daring anyone of the hundreds that surrounded him to attempt to murder another American. They all appeared confounded, and immediately desisted. His mind appear-

ed rent with passion, and he exclaimed almost with tears in his eyes: "Oh! What will become of the Indians!" He then demanded in an authoritative tone where Proctor was, but seeing him, demanded why he had not put a stop to the inhuman massacre. "Sir," said Proctor, "your Indians cannot be commanded". "Begone", retorted Tecumseh with the greatest disdain, "you are unfit to command; go and put on petticoats".

The Indians withdrew on the 8th, and on the 9th Proctor sullenly started on the road to Malden, Canada. Harrison left the command of Fort Meigs with Gen. Clay and proceeded to Lower Sandusky where he arrived on May 12. Major Croghan, who commanded at Fort Stephenson (Fremont) was ordered by General Harrison to abandon and burn the post. This the lad refused to do, sending a note to Harrison saying: "We have determined to maintain this place, and BY Heavens we can". Harrison ordered his removal and placed Col. Wells in command; Croghan, a nephew of Gen. George Rogers Clark, of pioneer fame, was only 21 years old, but he proceeded at once to call on Harrison, who returned to him his command on July 30. The next day, July 31, the enemy was discovered approaching Sandusky Bay. In the afternoon of August 1, 1813, the enemy appeared, first the Indians under Tecumseh, 200 strong; next the regulars and militia under Gen. Proctor, with selected Indian forces amounting to 1,400 men. Opposed to these forces was Croghan with one hundred sixty men and one canon—a six-pounder. The Proctor vessels embarked about a mile below the fort while the two gun boats remained above the fort and opened fire upon the brave little garrison and maintain-

ed all night long assisted by a howitzer on shore. The enemy during the night had landed three six-pounders which had been placed 250 yards from the fort. About 4 p. m. they concentrated their fire upon the northwest angle. Croghan realizing their intention, strengthened that point with bags of sand and flour from Akron. Late in the evening of the 2nd, while smoke clouds enveloped the fort, the enemy made the assault. After feinting the south-angle twice, 350 men were discovered within twenty paces of the north-west angle. The British under Col. Short leaped into the ditch until it was full. Just then the canon of the fort opened up at a distance of 30 feet, loaded to the muzzle with grape and slug. Hardly any were left alive. The soldiers of the fort poured in a most destructive fire from rifles and pistols, and in a few moments the British began a retreat which soon became a rout; hiding themselves in the woods.

Col. Short with twenty-five of his men and one Lieutenant, was found dead in the ditch. Harrison says the enemy's loss was 83 killed, 25 prisoners, wounded unknown. Before light the next morning Proctor's forces were in full retreat. Thus ended the battle of Fort Stephenson or Sandusky as it is sometimes called.

Harrison said: "What will Proctor say when he finds he has been baffled by a youth of 21. He (Croghan) is a hero, worthy of his gallant uncle."

The battle of Lake Erie had been fought and won, and Sept. 27, 1813, Gen. Harrison's army embarked at Sandusky Bay for Malden; it was here that Harrison was to meet Tecuseh for the last time. That redoubt-

able Chieftain had said to Proctor: "Listen! When war was declared, our father stood up and gave us the tomohawk, and told us he was then ready to strike the Americans; that he wanted our assistance, and that he would certainly get us our lands back, which the Americans had taken from us."

Listen, Father! The Americans have not yet defeated us by land; neither are we sure that they have done so by water; we therefore wish to remain here, and fight our enemy if they should make their appearance. If they defeat us, we will then retreat with our father."

Father! You have the arms and ammunition which our great father sent to his red children. If you have an idea of going away, give them to us, and you may go and welcome, for us. Our lives are in the hands of the Great Spirit. We are determined to defend our lands, and if it be his will, we will wish to leave our bones upon them."

Harrison's army landed near Malden and the British retreated to Sandwich; the Americans were hard on their heels and Proctor continued his retreat to the river Thames, and there faced about. The battle ground was well chosen by the British, whose lines extended from a river to a swamp. Here on October 5, 1813, the Americans under Gen. Harrison and Gov. Shelby, of Kentucky, gave battle. The mounted men charged the front, broke through, turned and re-charged and in a moment it was all over with. The British front surrendered; but it was a different proposition with the Indians under Tecumseh, who boldly raised the war cry and pushed forward to meet the enemy.

From the commencement of the attack his voice was distinctly heard animating them to deeds worthy of their race. When that well known voice was heard no longer, and it was not until Col. Johnson and his mounted men had gained their rear, did the Indians cease to battle like demons.

Tecumseh fell by a pistol shot fired by Col. Richard M. Johnson, of Kentucky. He was scalped, flayed, and his skin cut into razor-straps.

The British loss was 12 killed, 22 wounded, 634 taken prisoners. Our loss, 7 killed, 22 wounded. Over 100 dead Indians were found on the field, their wounded had been carried away as was their custom.

The victory was complete; Harrison captured 609 non-coms and privates, two generals, four majors and nineteen officers of the line, 12 cannon, 6,000 stand of arms, five gun-boats and ammunition and stores to the amount of $1,000.

Tecumseh had fallen, and thus died one of the greatest of Ohio's Great Indian Chiefs. So ended the campaign of the west. The Indian Confederacy was broken forever. No more was there to be the ringing war-whoop, the mid-night attack, the glide of the hatchet, the moans of outraged womanhood, the childish cries of terror, or the manly yell of despair.

Tecumseh was born too late. Had he been fifty years earlier, Ohio would have a different tale to tell.

Tecumseh was brave, generous, humane, eloquent, untiring, vigorous and enthusiastic. He felt deeply the wrongs of his people. Their lands had been stolen, their camp-fires in the beautiful "Ohio Country" had gone

out, the graves of their sires were violated, and they were being driven far to the untroden west. They looked towards the western mountains and read their doom in the setting sun.

INDIAN ELOQUENCE

Among the various tribes inhabiting the Western Reserve before, and at the time of the first arrival of the pale-faced race, were the Delewares, Senecas, Chippewas, Ottawas, Wyandotte, Massangas and Mingoes.

When Moses Cleveland in 1776, held a peace talk, or treaty with the Indians, preparatory to commencing the original survey of the territory, he had a conference with over one hundred chiefs. Among these were many able leaders, men noted for their ability as warriors and that more pacific art of oratory and logic. When we stop to consider that at one time or another such men as Pontiac, Black Hawk, Logan, Seneca and Captain Pipe, made their home here, we are impressed by the fact that as in the more modern times, the Western Reserve has had more than her share of eloquent, able and trustworthy chiefs.

After the War of 1812 had come to a close, a few of the Indians who had made the Reserve their home, returned, but to prepare for the final leave-taking of their beloved rivers, their former hunting grounds and the graves of their sires. We are indebted to General Bierce for one of these specimens of native loquence. This old Chief being asked why they were leaving Richfield, raised himself to his full height, and with eye flashing with a sense of tribal injuries, replied:

"I am one of the embers of an almost extinguished race. The grave will soon be my habitation. The winds of three score and ten years have whistled through my

branches, and the Great Spirit is calling me to the spirit land."

"My people are like the scattered stalks that remain in the field when the tempest has passed over it."

"The Great Spirit has ordained us for the forest, and our habitation is in the shade. We pursue the deer for our subsistence, but they are disappearing before the pale faces, and the red-man must starve or leave the graves of his fathers, and make his bed with the setting sun." This ended the once powerful race of Indians in Richfield.

Black Bird, an Ottawa Chief, of The Reserve, thus discoursed of his people:

"I feel as well as you, for our poor brethren buried in sorrows and in tears, and enshrouded as to their future prospects in gloom. It is enough to break down the stoutest spirits. I wish to know the result of the treaty made in 1836; and I ask what profit have we derived from converting our valuable soil, and beloved native home into specie? Nothing, and worse than nothing. Our people have been divided and sub-divided. Some have fled to Canada to find shelter under the British Crown. All forms of vice and wickedness have been brought upon us, and resulting in ruin to both body and soul, as a result of the treaty. Our people have indulged in the excessive use of intoxicating liquors which has caused much discontent and discouragement and has proved a serious obstacle in the way of improving their condition; which did not exist previous to the treaty. This treaty was made thru the ignorance of our people. They have been cheated out of their lands by the crafty and cunning management

of the pale faces. Land enough was not left our people on which to spread a blanket. True some of our people were pious and good but they were not wise."

"I have only learned to express my thoughts better and in a stranger language. I have always felt for my people as I do now—and have loved my country and my brethren as far back as my memory extends."

"To remain in ignorance I could no longer endure, and be contented. I was much troubled in my heart. The more I reflected the more clearly I saw the condition of my beloved country, and the doings of the whites to my countrymen. Everything spoke a sad language to me, as my reasoning powers became matured and stronger. In solitude I sat on the shores of the Michigan, while the glorious sun sinking in the vast region of waters darted his radiant beams upon the sleepy expanse, as in the days of boyhood I sat upon the banks of the Muskingum, with my little companions enjoying our beloved forest home."

Of the Seneca Chief, Peter Wilson, Mr. Bissel, of Twinsburg, who so lovingly educated him at his own expense at the Twinsburg Institute, says:

"That the quality of his eloquence, the unusual power of his intellect and the force of his delivery, resembled in a marked manner those of Daniel Webster." Gen. Bierce relates of him: "At the celebration of the completion of the N. Y. & E. R. R. Wilson was present and delivered one of the most interesting addresses that was made on that occasion. Mr. Loder, Superintendent of the road, remarked that he would cheerfully exchange what skill he had in engineering for the eloquence of Peter Wilson, the Seneca Chieftain."

Logan the Mingo, Lagon the Chief, had his home, or at least one of them, at "Mingotown," on the muddy Cuyahoga. Much has been said and written of him, but among all things the words of Thomas Jefferson will bear repeating:

"I may challenge the whole orations of Demosthenes and Cicero, and of any more eminent orator, if Europe has furnished any more eminent, to produce a single passage superior to the speech of Logan, a Mingo Chief, to Lord Dunmore, when governor of this State."

"I appeal to any white man to say, if ever he entered Logan's cabin hungry, and he gave him not meat; if he ever came cold and naked and he clothed him not. During the course of the last long and bloody war, Logan remained idle in his cabin, an advocate for peace. Such was my love for the whites that my country-men pointed as they passed and said—

"Logan is the friend of the white men."

I have even thought to have lived with you, but for the injuries of one man. Colonel Cresap, the last spring, in cold blood, and unprovoked, murdered all the relatives of Logan, not even sparing my women and children. There runs not a drop of my blood in the veins of any living creature. This called upon me for revenge. I have sought it; I have killed. I have glutted my vengeance; for my country I rejoice at the beams of peace. But do not harbor a thought that mine is the joy of fear—Logan never felt fear. He will not turn on his heel to save his life. Who is there to mourn for Logan? Not one." The cry of Logan has become almost immortal. It has been ringing down the years of time, centuries do not dim it, and it will continue to

ring and sound down the aisles of ages, carrying with it the unmistakable sense of the white man's cruel perfidy, unfaithfulness and crime to Logan the Mingo, "Logan the white man's friend", Logan, the untutored savage. A historian of the state has called him "Logan the demon," but if he later became a demon it was a white man that made him so. It was a case of a savage practicing love, mercy, charity and helpfulness on the one side, on the other, a rude civilization bearing Christ's banner, inscribed thereon "As ye would have done unto you, do ye so even unto them," and yet, practicing savage cruelty and crime, and the white man's bad faith.

Capt. Pipe, whose village lay at the southern portage between the Tuscarawas and the Cuyahoga, was a noted orator, "an old man eloquent". Whites who have heard his harangues to the Delawares have all testified that in one moment he could melt them all into tears, and the next, fill them with frenzy and the spirit of war.

All readers of history know that Pontiac was eloquent and powerful in debate before all savages, yet, the first time he came before the lime-light of public opinion he came from his little Cuyahoga village and said to Major Rogers in his encampment where Cleveland now lies—

"I stand in your path until tomorrow morning."

It is to be regretted that no effort has ever been made to save from oblivion the eloquent sayings of the orators of the red race of the Western Reserve.

We find another eloquent chief weeping on the banks of the Cuyahoga, above the graves of his sires,

and as a gracious favor granted him by the U. S. War Department, whose prisoner he was; and from history thought worthy to name one of our country's wars—a war in which both Abraham Lincoln and U. S. Grant served—the Black Hawk War.

INDIAN RELIGIOUS FESTIVALS

It is very much to be regretted that the early settlers on the Reserve did not observe and keep a record of the festivals and dances of the Indians, here, at that time. But the fact was the pioneers were too busy with their own affairs to bother themselves with other peoples.

A few Indians yet remained in the Mahoning Valley up to about the time of the close of the last war with Great Britain. They were peaceful and did not disturb the Whites.

There was an Indian Village on the West bank of Pymatuning Creek. They were Chippewas, and their Chief, John Omic, was of a sour, savage disposition. The totem of this tribe was the venomous black rattlesnake called the Massasanga. This chief's son, Devil Poc-con, was hung in Cleveland, June 26, 1812, being one of, if not the first, criminal execution on the Western Reserve. The crime committed was the murder of two trappers, Buel and Gibbs. The strange part of the affair was that Devil Poc-con was tried in his father's name, Omic, sentenced in his name and hung in his name.

This feeble remnant of a once great tribe, abandoned their village on the banks of the Pymatuning, in the fall of 1810, and removed to the southern shore of Lake Erie.

"Burning the White Dog was their annual religious festival and to this they always invited white men. The

sacrifice was offered each year, in a certain spot in the northeast part of the township and the country was hunted over to find a dog purely white for the offering. A pole was supported at either end by forked sticks set firmly in the ground; beneath it were placed wood and kindling for the fire. The dog was carefully bound with thongs, passed over the poles in such a way that the victim could be raised or lowered at will. Whiskey and food were also provided, and as the dusky band assembled, their weapons were stacked and a guard placed over them, so that no one in a moment of excitement should seize a weapon for retailation, or destruction. The fire was kindled, and as soon as everything was ready a circle of these swarthy men of the forest was formed, the red worshippers danced slowly around the altar, mingling their wailing songs with the beating of rude drums, the victim was lowered into the flames, then raised at intervals and thus tortured until life was extinct.

Attempts, it is said were made to Christianize them; but at last, very many of them having fallen victims to the smallpox, they thought the Great Spirit frowned upon them for staying here, so the survivors began their migrating in 1810.

"Slowly and sadly they climbed the distant mountains, and read their doom in the land of the Setting Sun."

THE MORAVIAN MISSIONS ON THE CUYAHOGA AND TUSCARAWAS.

"Ohio, I love thee for deeds thou hast done;
Thy conflicts recorded and victories won;
On the pages of history, beaming and bright,
Ohio shines forth like a star in the night."

"Like a star flashing out o'er the mountains blue crest,
Lighting up with its glory the land of the west;
For thy step onward marching and voice to command,
Ohio, I love thee, thou beautiful land."

—Mary E. Kail.

The history of the Moravian Missions in Ohio is the history of civilization, the history of the advancing power of the whites, and the declining power of the red man as Lord of the unbroken wilderness.

Rev. Charles Frederick Post was the pioneer missionary to the Ohio Indians. In 1761 he visited the Indians and built a cabin at Tuscaratown, on the Tuscarawas River.

The Rev. John Heckewelder, then a youth of nineteen years, arrived April 11, 1762, at the Post cabin, on the Tuscarawas River, and at once commenced upon the labors of his lifetime. In the spring of 1771, Rev. David Leisberger arrived at the chief town of the Delawares on the Tuscarawas, and is said to have preached the first Protestant sermon ever preached within the present limits of the State of Ohio.

In 1772, came the Rev. John Ettwein and the Rev. John George Jungman to the valley of the Tuscarawas.

Schonbrunn, the Moravian Town, then contained more than sixty houses, well built of square timbers. A new Missionary town was built on the Tuscarawas, about eight miles below Schonbrunn, and was named Gnadenhutten. To this new town came, in 1773, the Rev. John Roth and the Rev. John Jacob Schmick. The first white child born in Ohio, so far as is known, was born in this town, July 4, 1773, and was named John Lewis Roth.

In 1777, the Rev. Wm. Edwards came to Gnaddenhutten. In 1780, the Rev. Gottlob Senseman arrived and was located at New Schonbrunn, at the junction of the Tuscarawas and Coshocton Rivers, then called respectively, the Little Muskingum and Walhonding Rivers. The first marriage of the white race in Ohio was that of Rev. John Heckewelder to Sarah Ohneberg, a mission teacher, on July 4, 1780. The first church bell in Ohio was placed on the mission church at Schonbrunn, August 26, 1772.

The 4th of July has been a notable date in the history of Ohio, and the Western Reserve. On July 4, 1773, the first white child was born in Ohio. On July 4, 1780, the first marriage of whites in Ohio was celebrated. On July 4, 1796, Moses Cleveland and his party of fifty souls first landed on Ohio soil. July 4, 1796, the first permanent settlement on the Western Reserve was started, and last but not least, July 4, 1796, saw the first celebration of that natal date on the soil of the Western Reserve. Not only this, but the month of July seems to be the lucky month for Ohio ventures. The second survey of Ohio lands was made in pursuance of an act of Congress July 23, 1787. On July 13, 1787, the ordinance of Freedom, Ohio's Magna Carta, was passed

by the United States Congress. On July 27, 1787, the Rev. Manasseh Cutler and Major Winthrop Sargent, made application for the Ohio purchase. The name of the new settlement, as Marietta, was adopted July 2, 1788. The Massachusetts colonists arrived at Marietta early in July, 1788. The first law proclaimed within the territorial limits of Ohio was proclaimed July 25, 1788. Adams county was organized July 25, 1797, Jefferson County, July 29, 1797, and Washington County, July 27, 1788.

Was this all an accident, or was it the hand of fate proclaiming to the universe that Ohio, the seventeenth state in the Union of States, was the cap sheaf which was in the future to hold together that union of states for all time and for all eternity.

It is not the purpose of this article to treat the Moravian Missions at length, only so far as they effect the history of the Reserve.

Complications arising out of the border wars and the war of the Revolution, were unfavorable to the growth and permanent success of these missions. Lying on the Indian trails north, south, east and west, they were favorite places for warlike bands passing back and forth, to and from warlike excursions and border depredations, to stop and rest, or refit. This excited the jealousy of the borderers who looked upon the missions as aiding and abetting the common enemy. Nor were they regarded in any better light by the native tribes who could not understand any policy of neutrality or of peace. The warlike tribes accused the missions of sympathizing and aiding the whites. This combination of circumstances was such as to bring censure

upon them first from the Whites, and again from the people of their own race. To add to this trouble, the Americans and the British were carrying on a war which had already brought about the birth of the confederacy of the thirteen states, under the name of the United States of America. The Americans accused the missions of favoring the British, while on the other hand, the British accused the missions of unduly favoring the Americans. This state of affairs could not last.

Capt. Mathew Elliott, an emissary of the British, in command of some three hundred hostile Indians under Capt. Pipe and other chiefs, suddenly appeared upon the scene. The Missionaries and their converts made no resistance, and the Tuscarawas Valley was cleared, and the captives marched to the neighborhood of Sandusky. The march to the north-west was taken up Sept. 11, 1781. After a march of twenty days, whose milestones were those of suffering and privations, they reached their destination on October 1, 1781. This place soon assumed the name of "Captives Town". The white missionaries were summoned for trial by the British Commandant at Detroit, on October 14, 1781. After trial and being found guiltless, the missionaries were allowed to depart, reaching "Captives Town" on the twenty-second day of November. This innocent and harmless people after being driven from their homes, their schools and workshops, their gardens and corn fields, were left by the British to starve.

So abject had become the condition of these captives, that on the day of the removal of the white missionaries to Detroit, Schebosh, a native missionary, or-

ganized a force to go back to the Tuscarawas towns to gather some of the corn planted at those places, for the relief of "Captives Town". The party was, however, captured by a force commanded by Col. David Williamson and taken to Pittsburg under the belief that they were hand in glove with the hostile tribes around Sandusky. The great suffering endured by the women and children at "Captives Town" induced the Moravians to make one more effort to obtain corn from their abandoned corn fields in the Tuscarawas Valley.

In pursuance of this resolution, about one hundred and fifty left the village, hoping to reach the mission towns, secure the corn and hasten back to the relief of their starving brethren at "Captives Town". Upon reaching their destination, they divided their party among the three villages and proceeded at once to gather the corn as rapidly as possible, so as to be able to return without delay.

Hearing of the return of the Indians to the Tuscarawas towns, Col. David Williamson mobilized some ninety mounted men at Mingo Bottom, three miles below the present town of Steubenville, and by forced marches arrived at the vicinity of Gnadenhutten on the evening of March 5th.

Meeting Schebosh, a native missionary, a man of some education, of great native ability, and a man well liked and looked up to among the Moravians, they, in cold blood, killed him as well as another Indian and a woman. By treacherously promising protection they disarmed the Indians at Gnadenhutten and Salem.

The Indians at the latter place were brought to the former. The Indians at New Schonbrunn hearing of

the capture of their brethren at the two other villages and suspecting treachery, at once made their escape.

Theodore Roosevelt said: "The history of the border wars both in the ways they were begun and in the ways they were waged, makes a long tale of injuries inflicted, suffered, and mercilessly revenged. It could not be otherwise when brutal, reckless, lawless borderers, despising all men not of their own color, were thrown in contact with savages who esteemed cruelty and treachery as the highest of virtues, and rapine and murder as the worthiest of pursuits. Moreover, it was sadly inevitable that the law-abiding borderer as well as the white ruffian, the peaceful Indian as well as the painted marauder, should be plunged into the struggle to suffer punishment that should only have fallen on their evil-minded fellows."

Here began, in this peaceful Mission Village, on the 8th of March, 1782, that massacre, which for pure devilishness and cool barbarity, is perhaps unequalled in the history of the Indian Wars.

The Indians at Gnadenhutten were bound, confined in two houses, and were well guarded. The Indians from Salem arriving, were also confined in the two prison houses, the males in one, the females in the other. The number thus made prisoners were estimated at ninety-six. Dr. Doddridge says: "Colonel Williamson put the question, whether the Moravian Indians should be taken prisoners to Fort Pitt or be put to death. Only eighteen men of the entire expedition voted in the interest of humanity and mercy. It makes us blush for shame when we realize what brutes these Indian hunters were." Loskiel, the historian of the

Moravians, says: "It may easily be conceived how great their terror was at hearing a sentence so unexpected. However, they soon recollected themselves and patiently suffered their murderers to lead them into the two houses." They declared that they were perfectly innocent of any crimes against the whites, and called upon God to witness their assertions. They declared they were perfectly willing to suffer death, "but as they had at their conversion and baptism made a solemn promise to the Lord Jesus Christ that they would live unto, and endeavor to please Him alone, in this world, they knew they had been deficient in many respects, and therefore wished to have some time granted to pour out their hearts before Him in prayer and to crave His mercy and pardon."

All night long ascended the prayers and hymns of these red-skinned, primitive Christians. Their supplications, touching and child-like as they were, failed to touch the hearts of their executioners.

Howe says: "With gun and spear, and tomahawk, and scalping knife, the work of death progressed in these slaughter-houses, till not a sigh or moan was heard to proclaim the existence of human life within—all save two, two Indian boys escaped as if by a miracle, to be witnesses in after time of the savage cruelty of the whites toward their unfortunate race."

One of these devils seized a copper mallet and killed fourteen, then handing it to another, said, "My arm fails me, go on in the same way."

This is the foulest blot on Ohio's fair history, and it does not lessen the stain to say that it was commit-

ted by Pennsylvanians and Virginians, and not by the natives of our own state.

Owing to the hostile position taken by the tribes around about the Moravians at "Captives Town," it was deemed expedient to move to another locality. An invitation to establish a mission on the Huron river was accepted, and a settlement commenced July 21, 1782, and the village named New Gnadenhutten. The few Indians who remained at Captives Town after the removal to Huron river were driven out and dispersed by the orders of Captain Pipe, King of New Portage, who was an unrelenting enemy to the Moravians.

New Gnadenhutten did not flourish as a mission town on account of the continued persecution of the war-like tribes, and in the spring of 1786, Messrs. Heckwelder and Zeisberger abandoned their missions at New Gnadenhutten and embarked on two small boats at Detroit in company with their converts.

"They prayerfully committed themselves to the tender mercies of Lake Erie, with a view to pitching their tents somewhere on the banks of the Cuyahoga river." But before they reached the river, like Bradstreet before them, they met with a terrific storm which compelled them to return to Put-in-Bay Islands for shelter. One of the vessels was named the Mackinaw, the name of the other is unknown. Here they remained until the storm ceased, when one of the vessels was found to be unseaworthy and was ordered back to Detroit by the owners. They then placed about one-half of the party on board of the remaining vessel, including the women, children and luggage. The remainder

of the party was left in the woodlands on the shore in nearly a destitute condition, and with but a small supply of provisions. They resolved however to follow their brethren, wives and children. In order to effect this, some constructed rude canoes and proceeded by water, while others traversed the lake shore on foot. It so happened that the entire party arrived at the mouth of the Cuyahoga River on the same day. After uniting in a brief religious service, they proceeded together in charge of their apostolic leaders, Ziesberger and Heckewelder, up the river as far as Tinkers Creek where the French had established a trading post. Here the missionary pilgrims pitched their tents and named it "Pilgrim's Rest". This spot was on the site of an abandoned Ottawa village, on the east bank of the Cuyahoga River, in the Township of Independence, and some twelve miles from Cleveland. Soon huts were built, the land being already cleared. More land was cleared, ploughed and corn planted, so that by the last of June they were in good shape, and in comfortable circumstances once more. A chapel was erected, and at their first meeting therein, they celebrated the Lord's Supper. This was dedicated on the 10th of November. Soon after Heckewelder left for a trip into Pennsylvania, and the Rev. Wm. Edwards filled the vacancy caused by his absence. Pilgrims Rest was not designed as a permanent location, but simply as a resting place for a few years, as they still entertained the idea of again locating on the Tuscarawas. The United States recognized the claims of the much abused Moravians, and a resolution was adopted by Congress on August 24, 1786, just two months after they settled at

Pilgrims Rest, inviting them to return to their homes in the Tuscarawas Valley, and pledging the good faith of the government, its protection, and aid in the shape of corn, blankets, axes and hoes as a donation, and acknowledgment of the wrongs they had suffered. The opposition of certain Indian tribes to their return, taken in connection with the fact that the Indians in the vicinity had become hostile, and their chief had threatened to exterminate every individual belonging to the mission. Capt. Pipe thus made his influence felt even here in their new home on the Cuyahoga. They then resolved to remove to Black River, west of the Cuyahoga. The following spring, April 19, 1787, saw their removal. They stayed at Black River but three days, as the Indian Chief who ruled that particular locality, ordered them to depart without delay. Like Christ, they could say the "birds of the air have nests, but the son of man hath no place to lay his head". Friendless, alone in a strange country, these redskinned, Christian Pilgrims of the forest again took up their line of march to the Huron River, locating in Milan, Erie County, a few miles from the mouth of the Huron. This place they named New Salem. They remained here until 1791, when for better protection against the vicious red man, they again removed, this time to Canada.

Through all the warp and woof of the troubles of these Christian Indians, can be seen and felt the malign influence of that arch conspirator of the Cuyahoga Valley, Capt. Pipe, King of New Portage, and Coventry's sole magistrate.

FIRST MALE WHITE HELD IN NORTHERN OHIO

THE FIRST WHITE RESIDENT OF SUMMIT COUNTY

SMITH'S CAPTIVITY ON THE RESERVE

Col. James Smith was taken prisoner by the Indians, in a foray into Pennsylvania, in the year 1755. In this narrative of his captivity he gives some incidents of his stay with his Indian captors on the Western Reserve. He speaks of the Canesadoohorie River, which was the Indian name for the Black, which the party of his captors struck at its mouth, and finally followed south until they came near the East Falls, which is now within the corporate limits of Elyria, where they buried their canoe and erected a winter cabin which is supposed to have been located on Wintergreen Point. Smith in his narrative goes on to say: "It was some time in the month of December when we finished our winter cabin; but then another difficulty arose—we had nothing to eat. While the hunters were all out exerting their utmost ability, the squaws and boys, in which class I was listed, were scattered in the bottom lands, hunting red haws and hickory nuts. We did not succeed in getting many haws, but had tolerable success in scratching up hickory nuts from under a light snow. The hunters returned with only two small turkeys, which were little among eight hunters, thirteen squaws, boys and children. But they were divided equally.

The next day the hunters turned out again, and succeeded in killing one deer and three bears. One of

the bears was remarkably fat and large. All hands turned out the next morning to bring in the meat.

During the winter a party of four went out to the border of Pennsylvania to procure horses and scalps, leaving the same number in camp to procure meat for the women and children. The party of scalp hunters returned towards spring, with two scalps and four horses. After the departure of the warriors we had hard times, and though not out of provisions, we were put on short allowances. At length Tontileango had fair success, and brought into camp sufficient to last ten days. Tontileango then took me with him in order to encamp some distance from the winter cabin. We steered south up the creek, ten or twelve miles and went into camp."

This brought Smith into Medina County where he and the Indian Tontileango went into camp on the east branch of the Canesadooharie, or Black River. This was near the close of winter and while engaged in procuring game in which they were very successful, they discovered a stray horse, mare and colt, that had been running wild in the woods all winter and were consequently very wild and could not be approached. The old Chief however was resolved to have the horses and proposed to Smith that they run them down.

Smith says: "Tontileango one night concluded that we must run them down. I told him I thought we could not accomplish it. He said he had run down bears, buffaloes and elks and in the great plains with only a small snow on the ground, he had run down a deer; and he thought that in one whole day he could tire any four-footed animal except a wolf. I told him

that though a deer was the swiftest animal to run a short distance, yet it was easier to tire than a horse. He said that he would at all events try. He had heard the Wyandots say that I could run well and now he would see whether I could or not. I told him I had never run all day. He said that was nothing, we must either catch these horses or run all day. In the morning early, we left camp, and about sunrise started after them, stripped naked except breech-clouts and moccasins. About ten o'clock I lost sight of Tontileango and the horses, and did not see them again until about three o'clock in the afternoon. As the horses ran all day in about three or four miles square, at length they passed where I was, and I fell in close after them. As I then had a long rest, I endeavored to keep ahead of Tontileango and after some time I could hear him after me calling "chako, chako—anaugh," which signifies "pull away" or "do your best". We pursued on, and about an hour after sundown, we despaired of catching the horses, and returned to camp, where we had left our clothes. I reminded Tontileango of what I had told him; he replied he did not know what horses could do. They are wonderfully strong to run; but withal we had made them very tired. Tontileango then concluded he would do as the Indians did with wild horses when out at war; which is, to shoot them through the neck under the mane, and above the bone, which will cause them to fall and lie until they can halter them, and then they will recover again. This he attempted to do; but as the mare was very wild, he could not get sufficiently near her to shoot in the proper place; however, he shot, the ball passed too low and killed her. As the horse

and colt stayed at this place, we caught the horse and colt and took him and the colt with us to camp."

While following the chase in this hunting camp, Smith had an adventure with a bear. The Canesadooharie was famous among the red races of Ohio for the number, size and quality of its bears. The Black Swamp was an excellent nesting place as well as a secure retreat for the animal. Even after the red men departed from the Reserve the pioneer hunter made this his hunting ground when after bruin. After winter had actually set in a bear would select some hollow tree, or cave where they ewould make a nest and lie some three or four months in a comatose condition, without eating or drinking. After the back-bone of winter was broken bruin would wake from out his long sleep and come forth in the world once more.

The bears in ascending and descending, would scratch the bark off the trees, leaving unmistakable signs of their occupancy. Finding a tree in which bruin had its habitation, Tontileango and Smith resorted to the following tactics to arouse Mr. Bear and bring him forth. They felled a small tree so that in falling it would rest across a limb of the bear tree. It was the business of Smith to climb up, rouse bruin and force him forth from his death-like sleep, while the Indian stood on the ground with his weapon ready to drop him when he should appear. They once found a bear about forty feet up in a large elm. The chief got a long pole and some dry decayed wood, which he tied in bunches with bark and climbed the tree carrying with him the decayed wood, pole and fire. He then placed his rotten wood on the end of the pole, and setting it on fire,

thrust it into the hole. He soon heard the bear snuff, and then descended rapidly to the ground, seized his gun and waited for bruin to come forth. Upon experimenting he found it too late to see the sights of his gun. Dropping the weapon to the ground, he seized his bow and fitting an arrow, sent it swiftly and surely, striking the bear behind the foreleg, bringing him thundering to the ground.

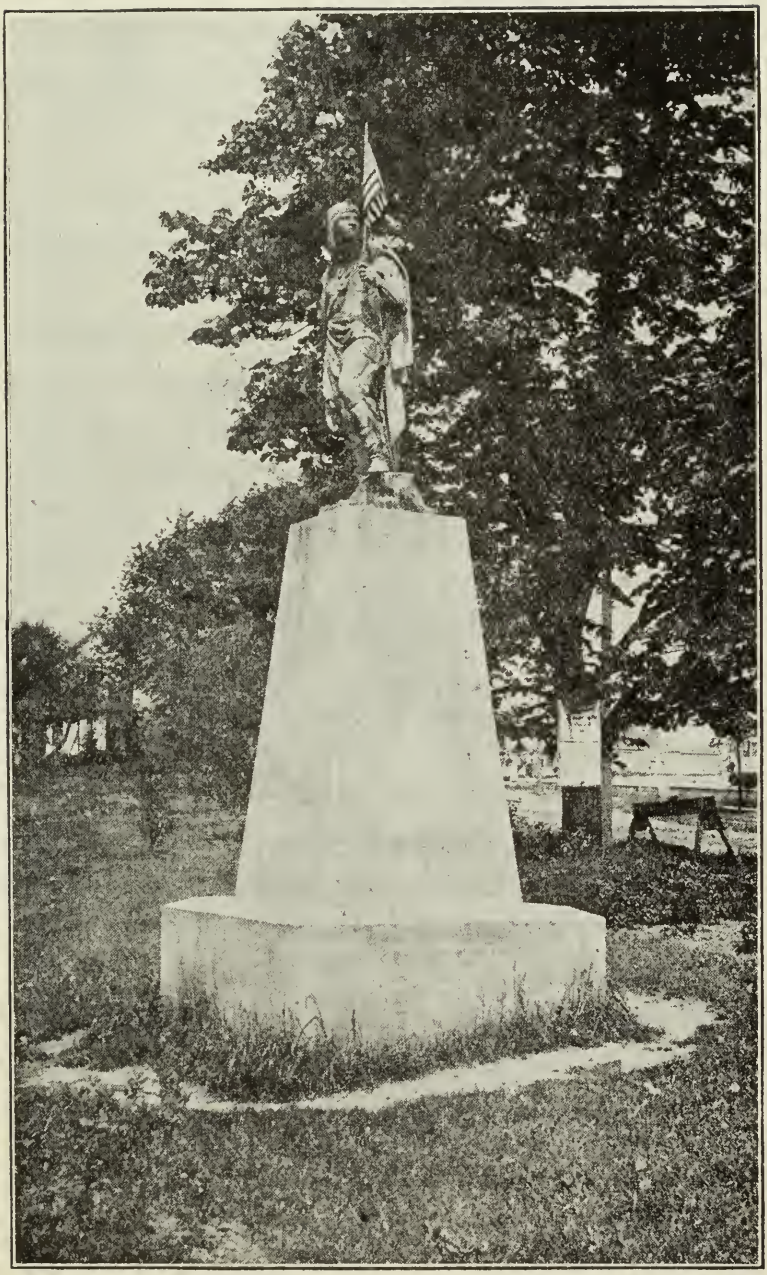
When Smith was captured he was compelled to run the gauntlet on the banks of the Allegheny, opposite Fort Duquesne and was nearly killed in the attempt. After he recovered he was taken to an Indian town on the Tuscarawas, where he was adopted into the tribe, and then moved north into the Reserve. As the process of adoption may be interesting to many we will give it in his own words.

"The day after my arrival, a number of Indians collected about me, and one of them began to pull the hair out of my head. He had some ashes on a piece of bark, in which he frequently dipped his fingers in order to take the firmer hold, and so he went on, as if he had been plucking a turkey, until he had the hair all out of my head, except a small spot three or four inches square on my crown. This they cut off with a pair of scissors except three locks which they dressed up in their own mode. Two of these they wrapped around with a narrow beaded garter made by themselves for that purpose, and these they plaited at full length, and then stuck it full of silver brooches. After this they bored my nose and ears and fixed me off with ear-rings and nose-jewels. Then ordered me to strip off my clothes and put on a breech-clout. They then painted

my head, face and body, in various colors. They put a large belt of wampum on my neck and silver bands on my hands and right arm; and so an old chief led me on the street and gave the alarm.

"Hallo! Coo-wigh"—several times, repeated quickly. All who were in town came running and stood around the old chief who held me by the hand in their midst. The old chief made a long speech, very loud, and when he was done, he handed me to three young squaws who led me by the hand down the bank into the river, until the water was up to our middle. The young squaws then made signs to me to plunge myself into the water. They laid violent hands on me and I for a time opposed them with all my might which occasioned loud laughter by the multitude on the bank of the river. At length one of the squaws made out to speak a little English and said: "No hurt you".

On this, I gave myself up to their ladyships who were as good as their word; for though they plunged me under water and washed and rubbed me severely yet I could not say they hurt me much. These young women then led me to the council house where some of the tribe were ready with clothes for me. They gave me a new ruffled shirt, which I put on, also a pair of leggins done off with ribbons and beads, likewise a pair of moccasins and porcupine quills and red hair, also a tinsel laced cappo. They again painted my head and face with various colors and tied a bunch of feathers which stood up five or six inches into one of those locks they left on the crown of my head. They seated me on a bear-skin and gave me a pipe, tomahawk and polecat-skin pouch, which had been skinned pocket fashion, and



SCIOTO WAR TRAIL STATUE

contained tobacco, killigenico or dry sumach leaves, which they mix with their tobacco; also punk, flint and steel. When I was thus seated, the Indians came in, took seats and for a considerable time there was profound silence—every one smoking."

This was followed by a chief who made a speech adopting him into the tribe, after which they had a feast of boiled venison and green corn.

Smith was taken to the Indian town of Tullihas, on the Tuscarawas River, twenty miles above the "Forks of the Muskingum" when he was adopted into the tribe. In the winter of 1755 they lay at the "Falls of the Canesadooharie" (Falls of Elyria on Black River). After remaining here some weeks they moved eastward and northward twenty-four miles "To a large creek that empties into Lake Erie betwixt Canesadooharie (Black) and Cuyahoga." This was Rocky River. He continues: "Here they made their winter cabin in the following form: They cut logs about 15 feet long, and laid these on each other and drove posts in the ground at each end to keep them together; the posts they tied together at the top with bark and by this means raised a wall 15 feet long and four feet high, covered with linnbark."

He describes their canoe of both birch and elm bark and says: "This vessel was four feet wide, three feet deep and about thirty-five feet long; though it would carry a heavy burden, it was so artfully and curiously constructed that four men could carry it several miles from one landing place to another or from the waters of the lake to the waters of Ohio." (Portage Path).

Some time in October, 1756, another adopted brother older than Tontileango came to pay us a visit and asked me to take a hunt with him on Cayagaga." (Cuyahoga). This older brother is supposed to be Captain Pipe, whose Delaware name was spelled Tanhangecanponye, but the Ottawas spelled it as Tecanghretanego. "Tontileango said he was a chief and a better man than he was and if I went with him I might expect to be well used."

Smith went with the old chief and was introduced to a sister by the name of Mary, which the Indians pronounced as Marilly. He asked why she had an English name and was told that was the name the priest gave her when he baptized her and was the name of the mother of Jesus. He said that there were many of the Indians who were a kind of half Roman Catholics. Her Indian name was Onolaska and her tragic death is still commemorated by Onolaska's Tower in Ashland County.

Onolaska, sister of Capt. Pipe, was in love with a fine young chieftain, who desired to marry her but could not, because, according to the Delaware law Capt. Pipe, the head of the family, would have to give his consent, which he would not do. The maiden in a moment of despair threw herself from a pillar of rock rising some 150 feet above the surrounding country. The pillar in Ashland County is called to this day Onolaska's Tower.

The next morning after the burial the body of the lover was found on her grave. He died from the poisonous juice of the Mayapple, self administered.

Smith continues: "After remaining here a few days the party embarked in their canoes, paddling along the shore, (Lake Erie) until they came to the mouth of the Cayagaga, (Cuyahoga) which empties into Lake Erie on the south side betwixt Canesadooharie (Black) and Presque Isle (Erie)"

"We turned up the Cayagaga and encamped; here we stayed and hunted for several days and so we kept moving and hunting until we came to the forks of the Cayagaga (site of Akron). This is a very gentle river and but few ripples or swift running places from the mouth to the forks." Here the Western Reserve surveyors came with their boats in 1796 and built their supply camp nearly a mile up the east branch of the river. Continuing Smith says: "Deer here were tolerably plenty, large and fat; but bear and other game scarce." He means elk and buffalo of which he frequently speaks. "The upland is hilly and principally second and third rate land; the timber chiefly black oak, white oak, hickory, dog-wood. The bottoms are rich and large and the timber is walnut, locust, mulberry, sugar-tree, red haw, black haw and wild apple. The west branch of the river interlocks with the east branch of the Muskingum, (Tuscarawas) and the east branch with the Big Beaver Creek that empties into the Ohio thirty miles below Pittsburg.

From the forks of the Cayahaga to the east branch of the Muskingum there is a carrying place where the Indians carry their canoes, etc. (Portage Path—163 years ago) from the waters of Lake Erie to the waters of Ohio. From the forks (Akron) I went over with

some hunters to the east branch of the Muskingum, (in Coventry the Tuscarawas) where they killed several deer, a number of beavers and returned heavily laden with skins and meat, which we carried on our backs as we had no horses.

A little above the forks, on the east branch of Cayahaga are considerable rapids, (Big Falls) very rocky for some distance, but no perpendicular falls".

This party went forty miles, according to their estimate of how far they could walk in a day, northeast to Beaver Creek, near a little lake or pond which is about two miles long and one broad. (Geauga Lake) Heckewider's map of 1796, gives this lake in juxtaposition of both Beaver Creek and the Cuyahoga, and of about that size.

This was a remarkable place for beaver. After various adventures in pursuit of beaver and other game, they went to Big Beaver, and in March, 1757, returned over the Fort Pitt and Sandusky Indian trail to the forks of the Cuyahoga (Akron) where Smith delivered the first sermon ever delivered in the Cuyahoga Valley and it was on swearing. He did not believe in profanity. Smith tells of two hunts, one was a drive in which they killed thirty deer. The other was a fire ring hunt, in which each hunter secured ten deer. He does not state the number of hunters.

Smith was only eighteen years old when captured in 1755. In 1759, having all liberty possible, he escaped and returned to his home in Pennsylvania. On his way he passed through Medina, Summit, Portage and Ma-

honing Counties, over the Fort Pitt and Sandusky Indian trail.

In 1786 he became a Captain of Pennsylvania volunteer Indian hunters, equipped and painted as Indians. He was a soldier of the Revolution and afterwards settled in Kentucky where he spent his declining years. He was much respected and was for several terms a member of the Kentucky Legislature, as well as the first white Indian captive held in the Western Reserve, and consequently the first white man who resided for any amount of time in Northern Ohio.

INDIAN HOLMES

John Holmes or "Indian Holmes" as he was called by the early whites, was a white man, a Frenchman, an oddity, one of those strange, migratory squatters, whom the earliest whites, whether explorers or settlers, found living on the Reserve; this class of men were reticent about their antecedents and but little was known, or could be found out about them or their past. In the earliest records of the Reserve we catch glimpses of Holmes here and there; now here, now gone. He represented a class of men isolated from their kind, leading lonely lives of the natural man. Woodcraft and skill in hunting and trapping were their characteristics; leaning strongly towards nature's heart, they had become skilled to read her language. Every track on the ground, a broken twig, misplaced leaves, the look of the sky, the sound of the wind, the ripple of a sudden wave upon the waters, were signs they knew, and a language that told to them strange tales in the woodman's lore.

In common with others of his class, Holmes had an Indian squaw for a wife.

Previous to 1755, the French had a trading post on the Cuyahoga, called on a map printed at that date, "French House".

The first purchaser of land in Green Township was John Kepler, who came in 1809. He found then living in the township the families of John Cruzen, David Hartman, Basil Viers and the Dixons. William Triplett came in 1807, but when the others came history is

dumb and tradition saith not. But whenever they came, Holmes was then here, living on William's Run, with Williams, an Indian. The tradition of the township speaks of Holmes in the following language: "Johnny Holmes, an old fellow, was raised with the Indians and was possibly a half-breed. He married an Indian squaw and they lived with Williams, an Indian." In 1811, when hostilities broke out, Williams was anxious to leave for Upper Sandusky, but Holmes did not wish to go and this created bad feelings between the two. Williams left with his wife and after two days sent back for Holmes, reporting that he had reached a place where much game abounded; this had the desired effect upon Holmes, and he left with his wife for this favored locality, but upon reaching the place found that Williams was still feeling savage toward him, for at supper time he refused to let Holmes have anything to eat, but supplied Mrs. Holmes and his wife. This to Holmes was a very bad sign and he left that night for his old home by a different route from the one he had previously traveled. By special agreement his wife returned another way; they met in a secret place in the vast wilderness that was known to both; they were then tired and hungry, so famished that they were willing to feast on a hedge hog which Holmes shot. This old fellow afterward settled near New Portage, and after living there several years, moved away. We find traces of Holmes in Coventry and afterwards in Norton. Oliver Durham and Benjamin Dean were the first settlers who came to Wadsworth and purchased land. They came on March 1, 1814. Holmes was then living in Wadsworth, in a cabin in Holmes Hollow. Holmes

Brook and Holmes Brook Hill were named after him and retain their names to this day. Holmes was very helpful to the early settlers and helped build the first settlers' houses. On March 17, 1814, he helped to "roll up" the first log houses of the Durhams and Deans. The others at that raising were Basley, George and James Cahow, Jacob Van Hyning, Theodore Parmelee and Geo. Hethman. Van Hyning then lived on Wolf Creek in Norton, and others in or near the present site of Akron.

Holmes once saved the life of David Blocker. Blocker was in the grasp of a large black bear, which had Blocker down, his fangs fastened in him, when Holmes blew out the brains of bruin. The Rev. Edward Brown in his "Wadsworth Memorial", speaking of the man, says: "The first white man who ever had a habitation in Wadsworth, was a former Indian trader of English birth, from Montreal, by the name of John Holmes, who marrying among the Indians, lived among them as hunter and trapper, and was known to the white people as 'Indian Holmes'. The remains of his old cabin used to be pointed out to me, near the brook that bears his name."

Another writer states that Holmes came to this country with a stock of goods, belonging to other parties, the goods were lost and Holmes being afraid to go back, remained in the country.

However that may be, Holmes was the first white settler in Wadsworth Township.

STRANGE ADVENTURES OF CHRISTIAN FAST

Christian Fast, pioneer and settler in northern Ohio, American soldier, Indian captive, and Indian brave, was a typical frontiersman. Mr. Knapp says: "When a boy of sixteen, Mr. Fast was captured by the Delaware Indians near the "Falls of the Ohio". He had enlisted in Fayette County, Pennsylvania, in a company of two hundred men, who were organized for the purpose of chastising the Indians for depredations committed upon the frontier settlements. This force descended the Ohio in boats, and some distance above the falls became separated into two parties, Fast being among those in the rear. The advance party had driven posts in the river, upon the top of which they placed directions addressed to those who were following them, indicating the point where they would find the anchorage of the party, who would be in waiting for them. These written directions it was supposed fell into the hands of the Indians, who had whites among them competent to read and who thus became informed of the movements of their foes. The rear party was attacked by the Indians on both sides of the river, while the men in the boats were making towards the shore to cook a heifer they had killed. The largest boat in the fleet, in which was Mr. Fast, had landed, and the others were making preparations to do so when the attack began. The smaller boats immediately put up stream, but the larger one was hard aground and could not get off.

Of the one hundred on board, all but about thirty were killed. Young Fast jumped into the water, receiving at the same time a flesh wound in the hip. He swam to the opposite shore where he was met by three Indians, who demanded that he should surrender, assuring him of friendly treatment. He again plunged into the current, the three Indians firing at him as he swam, one of the balls grazing his neck, momentarily stunning him. He concluded to strike the shore several rods below where the large boat was grounded; but on approaching the shore, he again encountered the bullets of the Indians, and again made for the middle of the river. Some distance below he discovered a horse-boat belonging to his party, and at once resolved to reach and board it. Just as he had succeeded in getting aboard, the Captain received a wound in his arm, and waved his hand to the Indians in token of surrender. The boat was immediately boarded by the Indians and the whites taken prisoner."

"An old Indian took charge of Fast, by whom he was taken to Upper Sandusky. The prisoners were divested of their clothing and as their march led through a rank growth of nettle-weeds, it was indescribly painful. Fast becoming maddened with pain at length refused to go forward and bearing his head to his captor, demanded that he would tomahawk him and thus put an end to his sufferings. The Indian took compassion on him and restored his clothing. During the remainder of the journey he was treated with marked kindness. At Upper Sandusky, he was adopted into a distinguished family of the tribe."

He visited the lamented Col. Crawford in 1782,

after the defeat of his expedition and was within hearing of his groans and cries while being burned at the stake by Capt. Pipe.

"About eighteen months after Fast's capture, an expidition left Upper Sandusky for the purpose of attacking the white settlements and fortifications at Wheeling. Connected with this expedition was the notorious James Girty. Fast, who now possessed the full confidence of the Indians, was also of the party. The expedition reached its destination and beseiged the fort at Wheeling three days and two nights. On the third night Fast determined upon attempting to effect an escape. Approaching his adopted brother at a late hour of the night, he awoke him, complaining of thirst and urging his brother to accompany him to a place where they could procure a drink of water. The Indian pleaded weariness and urged his brother to go alone, insisting that no harm would befall him. Thereupon, Fast taking his camp-kettle, steered directly for his father's house in Fayette County, Pennsylvania, about thirty miles distant. The night being exceedingly dark, he made slow progress and at daylight was yet within hearing of the guns of the beseigers and beseiged. As soon as daylight appeared, he pushed forward and soon discovered a fresh trail and found that about thirty Indians were ahead of him making for the white settlements in Washington county, Pennsylvania. On reaching the spur of a ridge, he discovered that the trails separated, and that the Indians had formed two parties, each pursuing parallel lines through the valleys. He hoped by vigorously pursuing the middle and straighter course, to get in advance of

the Indians and in this effort he was successful. Before night he reached the margin of the settlement in Washington County, the Indians being but a short distance in his rear. A few rods in advance of him and advancing on his own trail, he discovered a white man with a couple of bridles upon his arm evidently in search of horses. Placing himself behind a tree, Fast waited until the white man was within a few feet of him, when he suddenly placed himself in his path and gave a hurried explanation of his name, object and the immediate danger that threatened the white settlement. The man was paralyzed with fear; he could not believe that the savage-looking man before him with his painted face, his ears and nose filled with brooches, his hair, all except a tuft in front, passed through a silver tube, was anything else but a veritable Indian. Mechanically, however, the man obeyed his directions, and each seizing a horse, made for the white settlements with all speed. They gave the alarm to all the families in the neighborhood and succeeded in securing all in the fort except one boy, who was killed at the instant he reached the gate, which was thrown open for his entrance."

After the beleagured fort was relieved by the retirement of the Indians, he sought his father's house, but was so completely metamorphosed by his Indian costume that his parents could not, for a considerable length of time, recognize him. At length his mother recalling some peculiar spots near the pupils of his eyes, gave a scrutinizing look and at once identified her son.

In 1815, Christian Fast came to Northern Ohio and

became one of the first settlers in his locality, living to a ripe old age.

"Following Crawford's campaign and the captivity of Mr. Fast, the next member of the white race to come to this section was the renegade Thomas Green. He was a Tory in the bloody Wyoming Valley. There he had been associated with the cruel Mohawks in the wanton murder of his countrymen and to escape vengeance, fled with Billy Montour, Gelloway, Thomas Lyons, Armstrong and others to the wilds of Ohio. He founded a town among the Delawares, which in honor of this renegade, they called Greentown. The village became well known in Northern Ohio annals."

HUNTERS OF INDIANS

"He listens and hears the rangers come,
With loud hurrah and jar of drum,
And hurrying feet, for the chase is hot,
And the sharp short sound of the rifle shot,
And taunt and menace, answered well
By the Indians mocking cry and yell—
The bark of dogs—the squaw's mad scream—
The dash of paddles along the stream—
The whistle of the shot as it cuts the leaves
Of the maples around the cabin's eaves—
And the glide of hatchets fiercely thrown,
On wigwam log and tree and stone."

—Whittier.

Scattered through the Reserve in its earliest days, were many professional hunters who were "Indian Slayers." These were men of strong passions, whose hate of the Indian race had been engendered by wrongs received either to themselves or their relatives and friends. These men never hesitated to put an Indian "out of the way" as they called it, when an opportunity presented itself providing it could be done with impunity. The historian of Green Township says: "About the name of Liberton Dixon, is clustered much that is romantic, for he of all the early settlers of Green Township, has been handed down to posterity as the daring adventurer of the early day. There is considerable added to the credit of this mighty hunter of the past which will not bear the closest scrutiny by the investigator of the morals of the Reserve It is said that Liberton lived with the Indians for several years until an

old Indian got mad at Liberton while they were around the camp-fire and took after him with a huge knife. The famous hunter being convinced that discretion is the better part of valor, fled from the camp and was followed by the Indian. Liberton accidently stumbled over a brush heap and the brave shared the same misfortune. It was a lucky accident for Liberton but an unlucky one for the Indian who dropped the knife when he fell; Liberton seized the weapon, killed the savage and decided to return again unto the haunts of civilization. When on the way to the white settlements he was chased by the Indians who had discovered the body of their comrade. Liberton sought shelter from their bullets behind a tree but the trunk was so small that it did not satisfactorily answer his desired purpose for seven shots were put through his clothing, but nevertheless, he escaped. He became a bitter enemy of the red man in consequence of their treachery toward him. According to his own accounts many Indians suffered death by his hands. But the event of his life was the death of Wam-pe-tek. This savage was the chief of a band containing about forty who had their headquarters near Turkey Foot Lake. These inoffensive red men never harmed the whites but spent most of their time in hunting and fishing. One day Liberton and the chief quarreled over a bee tree which both claimed. The result was, shortly afterwards, the Indian was missing. Some hearing the report of the rifle, asked Liberton what he had shot. "I shot at a deer," was the reply. "Where is your prize" was the next question and his answer was, "I missed the animal." Dixon was a crack shot with his rifle and

seldom missed the object he fired at; consequently on this occasion his statements were not believed and it has always been said that Wam-pe-tek and not the deer was his mark. The chief never appeared to clear the mystery and the supposition is that, while the savage was standing on a log near Indian Pond, the fatal bullet struck him. Dixon then threw the body in the pond, which is situated one mile west of East Liberty and just northwest of the school house at that point. This lake is said by the superstitious to be haunted to this day and on stated occasions, in the evening time, the whoop of the dying chieftain can yet be heard ringing through the forest. It is stated that a few days after the chief disappeared the ashes of a fire were discovered in the woods and in them only half consumed, were several articles formerly owned by the savage. The band of Indians suspected Liberton and would have killed him but Dixon's brother, John, interfered. This brother John was also a hunter of some note. It is related of John that he killed a very large wild cat, at a swamp west of Greensburg, which was afterwards called "Wild Cat Swamp." There are old settlers who declare that toward the end of Liberton's life, he was afraid to go out after night, through fear that the spirits of some of the savages he had killed would capture him.

"The most noted hunter ever in Summit County was Jonathan Williams, who lived for short periods in several of the townships. He was very skillful and successful in his hunts for both man or beast. The distinguishing element of his character was the intolerable and murderous hate he bore the Indians. He lost

no favorable opportunity to shoot them down without a moments hesitation and in consequence, was feared and shunned by them. His constant companions were his two dogs and a long barreled rifle that carried a bullet that weighed nearly an ounce. His dogs were so thoroughly trained that they obeyed the slightest sign from their master and were of great assistance to Williams in bloody conflicts with bears and other dangerous animals.

Williams was a remarkable man; he was six feet tall and his movements were as noiseless and as graceful as a panther. He knew no fear and would penetrate the deepest swamps, no matter what they contained. He went dressed like an Indian, with leggins and moccasins and always took pains to have his clothing harmonize with the color of the forest that the Indians or game could not easily see him. He wore a buckskin blouse serrated in front and bordered with a fringe of otter skin. He was swarthy complexioned and it is reported that Indian blood ran in his veins. He had a wife and family supported by his rifle. To account for his hatred of the Indians, the tradition is, that all his relatives were murdered by the Indians before he came to Ohio. In consequence of which he is said to have sworn"to kill just as long as he lived."

Williams was brought up in Indian Wheeling. He could neither read nor write. He used to say he could have had an education but the school house was to dry for him. The only lesson he had learned by heart was to love his rifle and hate an Indian. On one occasion some trouble arose between the Indians and whites at Deerfield, Portage County, regarding a horse trade that

had been made. An Indian, Mohawk by name, to retaliate for some real or fancied wrong, shot Daniel Diver in such a manner as to put out both his eyes without otherwise injuring him. The Indians fled to Ponty's Camp in Boston, but were pursued by the infuriated friends of the injured man under the command of Major Rogers. This company was joined by Jonathan Williams when they reached Boston. "Ponty's Camp" was a historical Indian village, located about half a mile north-west of the old Tawas Village in Boston. With Mohawk, were several other Indians, among them Nicksaw. These Indians were discovered at Ponty's Camp but they fled on the appearance of the whites. The Indians crossed to the west side of the Cuyahoga River in Richfield. They were overtaken on the Heman Oviatt, Jr., farm, lot eight, where the rifle and deadly aim of Williams laid poor old Nicksaw in the dust. He was a friendly old Indian and nothing but a love of barbarity for an Indian because he was an Indian could have induced a white man to kill him. His squaw with a pappoose on her back was with him when he was killed. She hid her pappoose in a hollow log and made her escape. On her return to bury her husband, she found her pappoose in the hollow log in fine condition. The Indians buried Nickshaw on the ground where he fell and according to custom, raised a mound over him to commemorate the place and circumstance of his death. After Nicksaw was shot, Bigson and his two sons surrendered. This happened on an extremely cold night in December, 1806. But without pity and with the cruelest inhumanity, Major Rogers bound the Indians and carried them back without clothing or cov-

ering that would have made a brute comfortable. Capt. Heman Oviatt, who then liven in Hudson, said, "Bigson was brought to my house, bare-footed, and begged of me a pair of mocassins, to keep his feet from freezing. I was going to give him a pair when Major Rogers threatened to put me under guard, if I did, and he was taken away without any."

The Indians were so frozen that they were crippled for life. The Indians were taken to Warren, tried and acquitted, as the act was that of Mohawk, in consequence of a quarrel between him and Diver, in which the others had no part. But though freed, they could no longer pursue the chase. Bigson's squaw perished in the woods after his capture. The poor old man and his sons would sit for hours on the banks of the Mahoning and weep over their fallen condition. What made his regret more painful was, he had ever been the friend of the whites, served under Wayne in his battle with the Indians, had been entrusted with important charges and ever proved faithful to his trust; such was the gratitude, such the reward bestowed by the whites on their poor ignorant red brothers during the pioneer days of the Western Reserve.

The Indians were plentiful from 1800 to 1814 and were generally friendly when sober. There were some drunken, quarrelsome Indians who were proud of boasting of the number of "pale-faces" they had killed, as were the "Indian Hunters" of the number of "red skins" they had slain. Of this number was one called Indian Wilson. He was notorious for drunkenness, boasting and threatening—constantly hanging around the distillery.

Indian Wilson had been at Heman Oviatt's in Hudson and got "squabby" or "cockazy" as the Indians called it and on his way back, he was in an ugly condition. He stopped in a house where he found a woman and two little children alone. Seizing them by the hair, he flourished his scalping knife as if intending to take their scalps and after frightening them to his heart's content, left. Another account says:—"He went to the house of Old Mother Newell near the town line on Paines' road. She was alone and noticing his approach, she took the precaution to bar the door. Denied admittance to the cabin which had but one door, he put his gun-barrel through the opening between the logs and satisfied his ugly disposition by forcing her, with threats, to dance in the middle of the floor until, tired of the sport, he went away. He had scarcely left before Mrs. Newell, on the watch for some passer-by, saw Williams coming along the trail with his gun on his shoulder, as usual. She called him and related the circumstances. Williams waited only long enough to hear the story when he pushed on after the Indian. Wilson through the woods hoping to avoid an encounter. Wilfinding Williams on his trail, left the road and struck liams gained on him slowly but surely and when in the vicinity of a piece of "honey-comb swamp," taking an advantage of a moment when the Indian was off his guard, he shot and killed him. Drawing his body into this piece of swamp, he thrust it out of sight, also sending the Indian's rifle down with him. The disappearance of Wilson caused a great commotion among the Indians. The Indians suspected what the whites did not learn until years afterward and Williams was

obliged to be constantly on his guard ever after. On another occasion it is said that Williams while hunting, when the ground was covered with a slight fall of snow, lost his bearings and found himself following his own track in a circle. He observed, upon coming on his own trail, the track also of a moccasined foot and with a hunter's instinct, recognized his pursuer, he took to a tree and shot him as he came again, following the trail.

Another Indian of the same character as Indian Wilson, lived down on Sugar Creek, in Northampton. He often boasted of his exploits in killing "pale-faces." He had a large number of notches cut in the handle of his tomahawk, which he said told of the number he had killed. One day this Indian, being a little "squabby" came into the house where Williams was and said he had killed so many pale-faces, pointing to the marks on his tomahawk, of which there was ninety-nine—but he was yet unsatisfied and he should kill one more. The Indian soon left and was never heard of again. Williams used to say significantly, he will never make the hundreth notch on his tomahawk.

One day an Indian came to the house of Williams and told him that there was a snake on his trail. The next morning before going out, he took a good look from the little window of his house. On the border of the clearing, he saw an Indian watching the house and then suddenly disappear. Williams took down his rifle, looked carefully to the flint and priming and said to his wife, "There is an Indian out there. I'll trick him, tie up the dog and don't be scared." So saying, he suddenly opened the door and before the Indian had a chance to shoot, took refuge behind a bank of earth near the

house. He hurried a short distance and got behind a tree and with his rifle ready began to watch for his foe. He saw the Indian's dog coming towards him. Suddenly, the savage glided through a small glade on the edge of the woods. Like a flash, Williams raised his rifle and fired. The bullet went straight to its mark. The body was secreted in Mud-brook.

Among the celebrated Indians who used Summit County as a hunting ground was a chief called Beaver Hat. His tribe lived at Apple Orchard. He was a bitter and unrelenting enemy of the whites and when drunk, he would take out a string of 13 dried, white men's tongues and shake them. One day while Geo. Harter was present he tried the same old game. After he had left, Harter started after him saying, "I'll go and kill a buck." The report of a rifle was soon heard but Harter brought in no game. Beaver Hat was never heard of more.

Captain Delawn Mills of Portage County, was another noted Indian Hunter. He was an ideal borderer and led an exceedingly adventurous life. He was entirely fearless of consequences, having a coolness of temper that was very exasperating to an enemy. It has been said of him "that one of the blandest of smiles overspread his features when drawing a bead upon some cowardly savage who had waylaid and missed him. He was a man of little education, but was possessed of extraordinary common sense and correctness of judgment. Many stories have been told of Captain Delawn Mills and his prowess. If one were to believe all that had been told concerning him, one would be led to believe that the exclusive business of the re-

doubtable Captain was to hunt and kill Indians. According to some authorities, he would shoot a couple of Indians and throw them on his burning log-pile just as he would perform any other ordinary work; then he pursues a party of them into a swamp and despatches a half dozen or so before breakfast; again he would kill one, put him under the upturned root of a tree, cut the top of the tree off and let the balance fly back and thus effectually bury the brave; or again, he would stick the carcass of one of his wily foes into the swamp and ram and jam it down with the butt of his rifle. There is no doubt about the extraordinary bravery of this pioneer, no doubt of his hatred for the red savages, no doubt about his skill with the rifle, but for all that, he was a human man, with a loving wife and a number of children at his fireside which prevented his being an Indian slayer by profession, as a man of his good common sense would know that such a career is short. His son, Urial, in a letter dated Aug. 22, 1879, states:—About 1803 an Indian got mad at my father and said he would kill him. Father was in the habit of hunting through the fall. One day in crossing the trail made in the snow the day before, he found the track of an Indian following him; this put him on his guard. He soon saw the Indian. They both sheltered themselves behind trees. Father put his hat on his gun stock and stuck it out so the Indian could see it. The Indian shot a hole through the hat and when it fell ran towards father with his tomahawk in his hand; father stepped from behind the tree, shot him and buried him. About the same time the Indians were in camp near the cranberry marsh, afterwards owned by Benjamin Stowe. Ashel Mills

was hunting cattle and came past their camp; an Indian snapped a gun at him, but the Indian squaw took the gun away from him. Ashel came home badly scared and told his story. We soon saw the Indians come painted for war. They came into the house; all shook hands with father but the last, who uttered an oath and seized him by the throat. Father caught him by the shoulders, jerked him off the floor and swung him around. The calves of his legs hit the heavy legs of a table; he then dragged him out of doors, took him by the hair and pounded his head on a big rock and left him. The Indians scarified the bruised parts by cutting the skin into strips about an inch wide; they then tied a blanket around him, put a pole through the blanket took the pole on theirs houlders and carried him to camp. They said if he died they would kill father. While he was confined they shot Diver of Deerfield. This created quite an excitement and the Indians all left for Sandusky, leaving the crippled one in camp. Sometime after, when father was away, he came to the house in the dusk of the evening and asked if he could stay. Mother told him he could. She did not sleep any that night, believing he had come to kill us. In the morning he got up, built a fire and cooked his breakfast of bear meat; he then went away and soon returned with the hind-quarters of a fine bear which he gave to mother then bade her good-bye and left."

One among the many of the early Indian Hunters who thoroughly understood the value of the Central Indian trail, known as the Fort McIntosh and Sandusky Indian Trail, was Capt. Samuel Brady of Pennsylvania. Ft. McIntosh, near the junction of the Beaver with the

Ohio, was built by Gen. McIntosh, in 1778. It was built of strong stockades, furnished with bastions and mounted one six pounder. A strong garrison was placed within the fort to protect the settlements. Capt. Brady had command of the scouts, spies or Indian hunters, as they have been variously named. This band was composed of Thomas and Samuel Sprott, Alexander McConnell, Lewis Wetzel, Geo. Foulks, Adam and Andrew Poe and eight or ten other restless, active border scouts. These men of the extreme border were generally rough, rugged and fearless. In 1779, Brady and his men were ordered to pass over the Central Trail to Sandusky to ascertain the number of British and Indians in that region. A short time prior to this his brother and father had fallen by the hands of the savages and Brady had sworn to avenge their murder. All of his band either had friends killed or taken captive by the Indians of Northern Ohio at one time or another. It was not strange then that these men who by Geo. Washington's request going to what was looked upon as certain death, should dress, paint and make themselves up in true Indian style, into a band of warriors on the war path. All were versed in the wiles of Indian strategy, languages, habits and mode of warfare. Upon his arival near Sandusky, Brady secrcted his men and stealthily approached the Indian town with a selected companion. Here he found about three thousand Indians. They had just arrived from a successful foray in Kentucky and had with them many blooded horses. After various precarous adventures he returned home without losing a man. From this time on to 1789, he and his band made many trips into

the Reserve over the Central Trail. About this time Brady and his band came down the trail to the Cuyahoga; thence down the "Portage Path" to its junction with the great Scioto War Trail; thence down that trail to Sugar Creek, some twelve miles below "Apple Orchard." At this point they found an Indian camp occupied by two warriors. They succeeded in shooting one while the other fled into the forest. From here they traveled a westerly course until they reached a stream now known as "Apple Creek."

Here they found a camp containing a man, woman and boy. They shot the man and squaw. The lad was some distance from camp when his parents were shot. He cautiously approached, dodging from tree to tree; when he had come within speaking distance one of Brady's men told him to come in, as his father and mother were safe. The boy became alarmed and attempted to escape, but one of the sharpshooters shot him through the bowels as he ran, and so disabled him that he was caught. The poor little fellow understood what was to be his fate and clung to the legs of one of the scouts begging him to save his life and take him along. A blow from a tomahawk was the only answer and his body was left to the wolves.

BRADY'S FIGHT AND LEAP

Captain Samuel Brady, commander of a company of rangers from Chartier Creek, Pennsylvania, in the year of 1780, pursued a band of the Cuyahoga Valley Indians. These Indians had crossed over into that State and had committed depradations, murdered and plundered. The Indians in their retreat, had followed the old Indian trail running from Fort McIntosh at the mouth of the Big Beaver and running from thence west through Portage County, crossing the Cuyahoga in Franklin, at what is called the "Standing Rock," thence west to Northampton, where there were Indian villages.

Brady began his pursuit which was no doubt courageous but not very discreet in leading his men directly in the heart of the Indian country. He however made a rapid march and reached Northampton quickly. The Indians expecting pursuit were ready and waiting for him. His force was outnumbered fully four to one. The savages upon his arrival had completely surrounded him and attacked him on all sides with great fierceness and his forces were completely routed. The retreat was commenced and soon became a flight. Every man was for himself. The Indians singled out Brady and leaving all the rest, a chase for him commenced which continued without interruption until he reached Cuyahoga Falls, near Fish Creek, the great Indian trail divided, one branch passing to Northampton and Bath, the other south to the "Great Falls," called by the savages "Hoppocan." It was on these

STANDING ROCK IN THE CUYAHOGA RIVER

two trails that Brady's men were divided on their retreat. At the Cuyahoga, in Franklin Township in the present village of Kent, just north of the bridge on the road leading to Ravenna the Indians had extended their lines to hem him in and with loud shouts of triumph thought their prisoner safe. The river was here bordered by perpendicular rocks, the chasm being twenty-two feet wide. Brady, on reaching the river, gave a bound that despair on one side and hope on the other alone could have affected and clearing the river, gained the bank while his pursuers were hunting a place to cross. He ran about three miles to a lake which ever since has been known as Brady's Lake. In the water of this lake he sunk his body under the surface where he remained, breathing through a hollow weed until his enemies abandoned the search when he made his escape.

The Indians did not shoot him, as they wished to capture him alive so as to burn him at the stake.

About 1840, a gun was found while cleaning out and deepening Big Spring at Cuyahoga Falls. This is supposed to have belonged to one of Brady's men.

ADVENTURES OF CAPT. DELAUN MILLS

In the spring of 1800 the sons of Ezekiel Mills of Becket, Massachusetts, started out to the new land of promise. Of these three sons of the good deacon Mills, Delaun was the oldest, being 24, married, with three children. His brother Asahel, married with one child, and Isaac, 19 and single completed the Mills team. They left the hills of Massachusetts in two covered wagons, a little caravan of three men, two women and four children. Their motive power was a yoke of oxen to each wagon and after a journey of several weeks landed in Youngstown, then a city of five log cabins. They were financially embarassed upon reaching this frontier hamlet having but twenty-five cents between them. About this time Urial Holmes, the proprietor of Nelson township arrived at Youngstown with Amzi Atwater, one of Moses Cleveland's gang in 1796 and '97. They were on their way to the township for the purpose of surveying it and were pleased to hire the Mills brothers as ax men. Leaving their families here they proceeded to the wilderness. They did not return until the next September when Delaun immediately moved his family to a log cabin he had built on a 100-acre tract given him by Holmes, thus becoming the first settler in Nelson.

Captain Mills organized the first military company ever formed on the Western Reserve. He led the first company in the war of 1812, that went forth from the New Connecticut to do battle for home and fireside. For years he kept a wayside hostelery. It was in front of his home that his company drilled and encamped in

tents made from home-spun linen sheets of the good housewives. This was the first military camp on the Reserve composed of Americans.

Capt. Mills served through the war of 1812 and made a gallant officer. About this time he was bitten by a ratlesnake which came near ending his career. Soon after being bitten, blood commenced to flow from his eyes and nose and he became partially paralyzed. The usual remedy, filling the patient with whiskey saved him, but until the last day of his life he felt the effects of the terrible virus. In 1818 and again in 1824, he served as Captain of the big circular hunts.

Capt. Mills killed the last Indian killed on the Reserve. After the close of the war a band of seven returned to this vicinity; Mills and his men killed six out of seven. His life was an exciting romance, filled with hair breadth escapes.

ADAM AND ANDREW POE'S FAMOUS FIGHT

In 1782, an old man living alone in a log cabin near the southern line of Mahoning County was robbed and murdered by a band of Wyandot Indians under the command of Big Foot, the noted and gigantic Wyandot chief.

"Unlike the southern Indians the villages of the northwestern tribes were usually far from the frontier. Tireless and careless of all hardships, they came silently out of unknown forests, robbed and murdered, and then disappeared again into the fathomless depths of the woods. Half of the terror that they caused was due to the extreme difficulty in following them and the absolute impossibility of forecasting their attacks, without warning and unseen until the moment they dealt their death stroke."

As soon as the murder was discovered by the settlers, a band of eight pioneer riflemen, led by Adam and Andrew Poe, started on the trail of the marauding band. Somewhere within the limits of Summit county, upon the banks of a stream, the Indians had laid an ambush for the pursuing "pale faces." The rangers discovered this in time, sent Andrew Poe around to the rear of the Indians to spy out, if possible, the well laid plans of their red foe.

Creeping carefully along the margin of the stream, beneath the branches of the overhanging trees he discovered a raft near a high cliff.

The raft lay closely in shore and Poe at once supposed it to be a snare, silently cocking his rifle, he was

about to go forward when he saw an Indian of gigantic stature and with him, a medium sized one, both slowly approaching him. The large savage was Big Foot, the terror of the border, a warrior to be feared and who boasted that he had never been defeated. The chief was armed with a rifle and was evidently on the lookout for some one, but at the moment was looking away from Poe. Taking advantage of this, Andrew's rifle was silently but swiftly raised to his shoulder, his eye glanced quickly along the tube and he pulled the trigger. A dull click followed, the powder in the pan had failed to explode. The noise made by the gun lock at once made Poe's whereabouts known.

The Indians were at the foot of the bank, while the white man was on the bank directly above them. Dropping his useless rifle he ran for the chief, jumping squarely upon him; at the same time he threw out his arm, grasping the smaller Indian and all three went down in a heap together. The small Indian twisted himself clear of Poe's embrace, ran to the raft and then came bounding back swinging a tomahawk around his head. Big Foot by this time had succeeded in turning the tables on Poe and held him fast on the ground. As soon as the small Indian came close enough, Poe set one of his big feet squarely in the savage's stomach and he went to the ground. The big chief gave the little one a severe raking for not being able to strike Poe on the head and while excitedly talking unconsciously relaxed his hold, in a small degree. Poe taking advantage of this, made a sudden and tremendous effort and broke from the grasp of the chief, seizing a gun which lay a little distance away, promptly shot the small

Indian. Big Foot now jumped Poe, straining every nerve to down him. Both realized that it was a life or death struggle and put forth their best efforts, wrestling here and there, they finally stumbled over the edge of the bank and both went rolling down the steep incline into the water of the creek. Then each put forth superhuman efforts to drown the other, by a lucky move, Poe succeeded in catching the chief by the hair and forced his head under the water and holding it there until he thought the Indian was dead, but on relaxing his grasp he found out his mistake when the Wyandot lifted his head and at once renewed the life and death struggle. In trying to grasp each other again they staggered into deeper water and were carried off their feet and swiftly rushed down stream. Each at once released his hold and commenced swimming for the shore. The Indian proved the better swimmer of the two and reached the bank considerably in advance of Poe. The chief at once made a hunt for a gun and finding one, returned to the bank and drew a bead on the white as he attempted to pull himself up the steep bank. Poe saw his danger and at once dived. Luck followed Poe again, for the gun proved to be the one he had recently shot the small Indian with and was empty; but before the Indian could reload, Adam Poe's brother came upon the scene and Andrew cried out to him, "Shoot the Indian!" But Adam's rifle was in the same condition as the chief's, unloaded. Big Foot seeing this cried, "Man load first kill!" Now again began another three handed game, both white and Indian striving to see which could get their gun loaded first. In his haste the Indian dropped

his ramrod and before he could recover it and get his bullet down, Andrew had rammed his home, taking deliberate aim, shot the Indian dead. Rushing to the bank, he offered to assist his brother, but was told not to mind him but to scalp the chief, who in his dying agony was trying to roll himself in the water and save that precious possession. In the meantime, another of Poe's party coming up and seeing Andrew in the water mistook him for an Indian and shot him through the shoulder. Andrew was then helped up the bank after which they held a short council. After the council the party started for the rest of their men but had not proceeded far when they heard the sharp crack, crack, of rifie shots. In spite of Andrew's wound, they all started on a run examining their rifles as they ran. They had not gone far before they arrived on the battle ground. Here they found that four out of the five Indians left had been killed, while the other had fled. On the side of the whites three had been killed.

The survivors gathered up their dead and bore them back to the settlements.

For the small number engaged and the large percentage of casualties, it was one of the bloodiest conflicts ever known to occur between the whites and the Indians within the limits of the Western Reserve. Of fifteen engaged, nine were killed and one wounded, or two out of every three; the Indians loosing six out of seven.

Theodore Roosevelt in his "Winning of the West" differs somewhat in his account of this fight; he claims that Poe was shot by his brother. He also states that Big Foot was "one of the most powerful and redoubt-

able warriors in the Wyandot tribe and that his companions were choosen for their known prowess and bravery, they had many times worsted the whites and did not deem them their equals in battle."

Several years after this, a Wyandot chief, named Rohn-yen-ness, was converted to the Christian religion and confessed that after it became known among the Wyandots that Andrew Poe had caused the death of their greatest war chief, he was appointed to go to Poe's house and assassinate the white enemy. He proceeded to Poe's house to carry out his plan, but was received with so much kindness and hospitality that his nerve weakened. "Poe having no suspicion whatever of his design, furnished him with the very best that his cabin afforded. When bedtime came, a pallet was carefully prepared for their Indian guest by the hospitable couple in their own chamber. The unsuspicious hunter and his family having fallen into a deep sleep, the Indian had now a fair opportunity to accomplish their destruction. He thought of the duty he owed to his nation, of the death of its most valiant warrior and of the anger of his tribe; but Poe had received him with so much kindness, had treated him so much like a brother, that he could not summon a sufficient amount of resolution to kill him and in this unsettled state of mind he lay until about midnight. Once more he arose from his pallet and approached his sleeping host. His sinewy arm was uplifted and the murderous weapon glittered in his hand. Again the kindness of the sleeping pioneer shook the resolution of the Indian, who feeling it to be unworthy the char-

acter of a warrior to kill even an enemy who had reposed in him such a generous confidence, returned to his pallet and slept till morning."

It is told of Adam Poe that five Indians, all rather drunk, came to his cabin and tried to force the door open. He sent his wife with the children out in the cornfield behind the house, remarking, "There is a fight and fun ahead," but when he saw the state the Indians were in he did not fire at them. He fell upon them with his fists, knocked them all down and then threw them one after another over the fence into a promiscious heap on the other side. The fun then ended and Poe called in his family.

BOUNDARY LINES OF THE FORT McINTOSH TREATY JANUARY 21, 1785

The boundary line agreed upon at this treaty was as follows: "Beginning at the mouth of the Cuyahoga River, on the southern shore of Lake Erie, thence up the east bank of the Cuyahoga River to its lake source; thence across to the source of the Tuscarawas and down that stream to its junction with Walhounding Creek, near the site of the old American Fort Laurens; thence in a direct line south of west, to the mouth of Mad River, a large eastern tributary of the Great Miami, or Stony River; (it being that branch of the Stony River on which the French had a fort) in the year 1752; thence up the main branch of the Miami or Stony River to the portage across to the St. Mary's River or main branch of the Maumee; thence down the southwestern bank of the St. Mary's and the Maumee to Lake Erie."

"East and south of this line the lands are ceded and relinquished to the United States, for the use of the people thereof. The United States grant and re-relinquish to the Indians all lands north and west of this line for their use and occupancy as dwelling places and hunting grounds, free from encroachment by the whites excepting certain roads therein specified, leading to the principal military posts on the northwestern frontier and also six miles square contigious to and including each of said posts; also, six miles square at the Rapids of the Maumee and six miles square, also, at its mouth; also, six miles square on the Sandusky

River, another at Detroit, and one on the River Raisin."

The treaty of Fort Harmer, signed January 9, 1789, confirmed the lines established by the treaty of Fort McIntosh.

The treaty of Greenville signed August 3, 1795, re-established the lines made at the Fort McIntosh treaty and confirmed that of Fort Harmer, as also a complete relinquishment of sixteen square tracts in the vicinity of the several military posts then held, or claimed by the United States, south of the lakes, together with the right of way to and from them.

The first treaty made by the Indians to the whites in which they ceded to the British the territory now included within the Western Reserve, was made July 19, 1701, over two hundred years ago. The description, spelling and all is as follows:

"A tract lying between the great lake Ottawawa (Huron) and the lake called by the natives Sahiquage and by the Christians Swege (Erie), and runns till it butts upon the Twichtwichs and is bounded on the right hand by a place called Quadoge, (head of Lake Michigan, Chicago), conteigning in length 800 miles and in bredth 400 miles including the country where the Bevers, the Deers and Elks keep."

MILITARY EXPEDITION INTO THE NORTH WESTERN TERRITORY---1790-1794

In the autumn of 1785, Maj. John Doughty under the direction of the then Col. Josiah Harmer commenced the erection of Fort Harmer. It was built on the right bank of the Muskingum at its junction with the Ohio. It was not completed until the year 1786, but was the second to be erected within the limits of Ohio, Fort Laurens having been built seven years earlier, in 1779.

The North-West Territory being organized in 1788, the government of the United States made an immediate effort to subdue the Indians of the Territory.

Disaster had followed the campaigns of Braddock in 1755, Wilkins in 1763, Bradstreet in 1764, Lochry in 1781 and the murderous and disgraceful campaigns of Col. Williamson in April and that of Col. Crawford in June 1782 had only inflamed the hostile savages and inspired them with greater courage and perseverance.

Midnight shrieks of terror, the burning cabins, outraged womanhood, the yell of despair, the torture stake were but daily incidents in the far from the frontier settlements. Indeed in these few years more blood had been shed, more treasure destroyed on the frontiers of Ohio, Virginia, Pennsylvania and Kentucky than had been in the Revolutionary War on both sides. To secure a speedy termination of these savage atrocities the National Government early organized a number of military expeditions into the Ohio country.

Gen. Harmer was then the Commander-in-Chief of the Military Department of the west. His was to be

the first expedition in the North-Western Territory. In the autumn of 1790, Gen. Harmer mobolized the troops under his command. He then made requisitions on Pennsylvania and Kentucky for volunteers. Pennsylvania sent troops under the command of Col. John Hardin. Kentucky sent troops under the command of Col. Trotter. The volunteers numberer in all some 1400 men.

The expedition left Fort Washington and marched to the Junction of the St. Joseph and St. Mary's rivers (Fort Wayne). After destroying several villages and wasting the country as far as Maumee, he divided his army into detachments. Col. Hardin who commanded the Pennsylvania troops was ambuscaded and his forces routed at a village eleven miles from Fort Wayne and on October 21, the main division was defeated with great loss at the Maumee Ford. Gen. Harmer immediately retreated to Fort Washington and disbanded his army.

GEN. MARTIN SMITH'S EXPEDITION

When Gen. Harmer called for volunteers from Pennsylvania for a warfare on the Maumee Indians, Gen. Martin Smith raised a body of volunteers in Eastern Pennsylvania, but instead of going down the Ohio in boats to Cincinnati, as the other Pennsylvania troops did, he struck out directly Westward across the country to Fort Wayne. It is not known whether he left Pennsylvania westward from Fort McIntosh on the Fort McIntosh and Sandusky Indian trail or whether he took boats from Fort Presque Isle (Erie) to the mouth of the Cuyahoga, thence up the Cuyahoga to Old Port-

age, but probably the latter. From Old Portage he cut a roadway westward (the Old Smith Road) to the Indiana line. Near Medina he abandoned three brass field pieces.

This old road was re-cut in 1812 by Col. Rial McArthur and his (Akron) Middlebury Co. and over it he marched his command to Fort Stevenson. Over this road also came the hero of Fort Stevenson and his 150 men. Gen. Perkin's army returned by it. Over this during 1812 went all the canon, amunition and supplies for Fort Meigs, Fort Stephenson and Gen. Perkin's camp on the Huron. At its foot, in the Cuyagoha Valley, lay Gen. Wadsworth's army of occupation.

ARTHUR ST. CLAIR'S EXPEDITION

After the defeat of Harmer the government adopted more vigorous measures for the repression of Indian hostilities.

On September 6, 1791, Gen. St. Clair, the Governor of the North-western Territory, with an army of 2300 men set out from Fort Washington (Cincinnati) to break the power of the Miami confederacy. On the night of November 3 he reached a point nearly 100 miles north of Fort Washington and encamped on one of the upper tributaries of the Wabash, in what is now the south-west angle of Mercer County.

On the morning of November 14, half an hour before sunrise, his camp was suddenly assailed by more than 2000 warriors led by Capt. Pipe, Little Turtle and several American renegades.

After a terrible battle of three hours duration, St. Clair was completely defeated with a loss of 1000 men.

The defeat soon became a rout with the Indians killing on every side. It was here that Capt. Pipe said, "I killed, killed and killed until my arm grew weary." Gen. St. Clair had eight bullets through his clothes and hat. He had four horses killed and was finally compelled to mount an old steed that could scarcely walk. St. Clair's men had not eaten breakfast yet and were in poor condition to fight. The weather was cold and the ground was covered with a slushy snow. One woman with an infant who was with the army threw away her baby in the snow because it retarded her flight. The Indians rescued the baby, took it to their town and raised it. From 50 to 200 women were killed in this action—accounts vary.

On his march north St. Clair had built a fort four miles south of the present Greeneville, Darke Co., which he named Fort Jefferson. The defeated troops fled to this fort where a council of war was held and they concluded to continue their march south and marched all night. Fort Hamilton, which they had built on their march to the north on the Great Miami was 44 miles south of Fort Jefferson.

Capt. Buntin, afterwards dispatched to bury the dead, filled four trenches but on account of the snow was unable to find all; 26 months later Wayne's advance counted 600 skulls on the battle field. "Oh!" said an old squaw years later at St. Marys, "My arm that night was weary scalping white man." The Indian camp near the battle field was nearly three quarters of a mile long. Col. John Johnson, Indian agent, said, "One of my interpreters, Wells, by name, said that he tomahawked and scalped the wounded and dead till he was

unable to raise his arm." If it had not been that the Indians were so crazy for loot from the camp the fatalities would have been much larger.

GENERAL ANTHONY WAYNE'S EXPEDITION

The expeditions that were to have enforced peace with the Indians of the North-Western Territory having proved an utter and complete failure, the people of the Great West had become desperate and agonized wails went up to Congress from every section. St. Clair was deposed and Congress appointed Gen. Anthony Wayne, "Mad Anthony" as they delighted to call him, as Commander-in-Chief of the Army of the West.

On the 28th of July, 1794, Wayne having been joined by Gen. Scott with 1600 gallant mounted Kentuckians, began his forward drive toward the Maumee, following practically the same route taken by the unfortunate St. Clair. This army of 3200 strong on August 8 arrived near the junction of the Maumee and Auglaize and there commenced the erection of Fort Defiance. The Indians being aware that Wayne was advancing had hastily abandoned their Auglaize villages and the surprise that Mad Anthony had for them fell through. His army moved forward and on August 18, reached Roche DeBouef (Standing Rock) where they erected light fortifications and named it Fort Deposit. On the 20th they moved forward to attack the Indians encamped on the bank of the Maumee, about two miles south of Maumee City and four south of the British Fort Miamis. Just north of this fort was Proctor's Camp. Fort Miamis was garrisoned by

a force of 450 men and mounted ten pieces of artillery.

As Wayne's advance which consisted of mounted troops under the command of Major Price, rounded the high hill called Presque Isle, they were met by a withering volley from the Indians hidden in the long grass and the woods. Major Price immediately fell back on the main body. Gen. Wayne in his report says, "The Legion was the right, its flank covered by the Maumee: one brigade of mounted volunteers on the left, under Gen. Todd, and the other in the rear under Gen. Barber. A select battalion moved in front." The battle of Fallen Timbers was on.

He further states, "The Legion was immediately formed in two lines, principally in a close thick wood, which extended for miles on our left, and for a very considerable distance in front; the ground being covered with old fallen timber which rendered it impracticable for the cavalry to act with effect and afforded the enemy the most favorable covert for their mode of warfare. The savages were formed in three lines, within supporting distance of each other and extending for nearly two miles at right angels with the river. The enemy were in full force in front, in possession of their favorite ground and endeavoring to turn our left flank. I ordered the second line to advance and support the first and directed Maj. Scott to gain and turn the right flank of the savages with the whole force of the mounted volunteers by a circuitous route; at the same time I ordered the front line to advance with trailed arms and arouse the Indians from their coverts at the point of the bayonet and when up, to deliver a close and well directed fire on their backs, followed by a

brisk charge so as not to give them time to load again. I also ordered Capt. Campbell, who commanded the legionary cavalry, to turn the left flank of the enemy next the river, which afforded a favorable field for that corps to act in. The enemy was driven, in the course of one hour, more than two miles through the thick woods. From every account the enemy amounted to two thousand. Our troops actually engaged were short of 900. This horde of savages with their allies, abandoned themselves to flight and dispersed with terror and dismay, leaving our victorious army in full and quiet possession of the field of battle, which terminated under the guns of the British garrison. The loss of the enemy was more than ours. They were strewn for a considerable distance with the dead bodies of Indians and their auxiliaries, the latter armed with British muskets and bayonets."

Wayne remained here for three days destroying all the cornfields and burning all the houses for a long distance above and below the British Fort. Among those burned and destroyed were the houses, stores, warehouses and property of Col. McKee, British Indian Agent and renegade white. Concluding his report Wayne says, "Col. McKee was the principal stimulator of the war now existing between the United States and the savages." Wayne's loss in this battle was 83 killed and 100 wounded. Seven days after the battle, July 27, 1794, Wayne's army returned to Fort Defiance, laying waste the villages and cornfields of the Indians for about 50 miles on each side of the Maumee.

Col. McKee, Capt. Elliott and Simon Girty, renegade whites, were at this battle. Gen. Harrison says,

"The Indians assembled at the Miami of the Lake, were completely equipped out of the King's store from the Fort and they were fed with regular rations from the King's stores and it must be admitted that the War of the Revolution continued in the Western Country until the peace of Greenville in 1795."

About 200 British volunteers and regulars fought with the Indians, among them two companies of Canadian Militia. Among the chiefs in this battle we find that Blue Jacket led the British, Tecumseh the Shawnees, Little Turtle the Miamis, Tarhe the Wyandots and Capt. Pipe the Delawares. At this time the British had heavy garrisons in their forts which they still held at Niagara, Detroit, Maumee and other Western posts.

Thos. Lyon, Chief of the Delawares and a lieutenant to Capt. Pipe, said, speaking of Wayne, "Him be great Chief. He be one devil to fight. Me hear his dinner horn—way over there it go toot, toot—then way over the other side, go toot, toot, then his soldiers run forward—shoot, shoot. Indians run among logs and brush. Then come Long Knives with pistols and shoot, shoot. Indians run, no stop. Old Tom see too much fight to be trap—he run into woods—he run like devil—he keep run till he clear out of danger. Wayne great fight—brave white chief—he be one devil."

GEN. WADSWORTH'S ARMY OF OCCUPATION

During the war of 1812, a camp was established at Old Portage for the protection of the settlers of the Reserve. The stationing of General Wadsworth at this place with an army, gave the settlers repose.

Before this in 1811, a large body of Indians under the command of Chief George, or Onondago George, as he was more popularly known, appeared on the Cuyahoga. That they were bent on trouble was evident from their surly actions. Chief George spent several days on the banks of the Cuyahoga, shaking his tomahawk and scalping knife and making threatening gestures. A few days later they suddenly disappeared. It is thought that Indian runners had reached him with the news of the battle of Tippecanoe. It was a well known fact that Indians received information days before the whites were able to do so. It then became clear to the settlers that these Indians were plotting to act their part in a great national tragedy, that of wiping out the white settlements of the Reserve.

It is undoubtedly true that a plan had been laid by Capt. Pipe, Jr., and his minor chiefs to massacre all the frontier whites. It is also true that they were deterred from the accomplishment of this terrible project by the defeat of the Indians at Tippecanoe. While here in 1811, Chief George had a constant out-look stationed on the high bluff west of the river, near where the canal lock at old Portage now is. That this plan of a general mas-

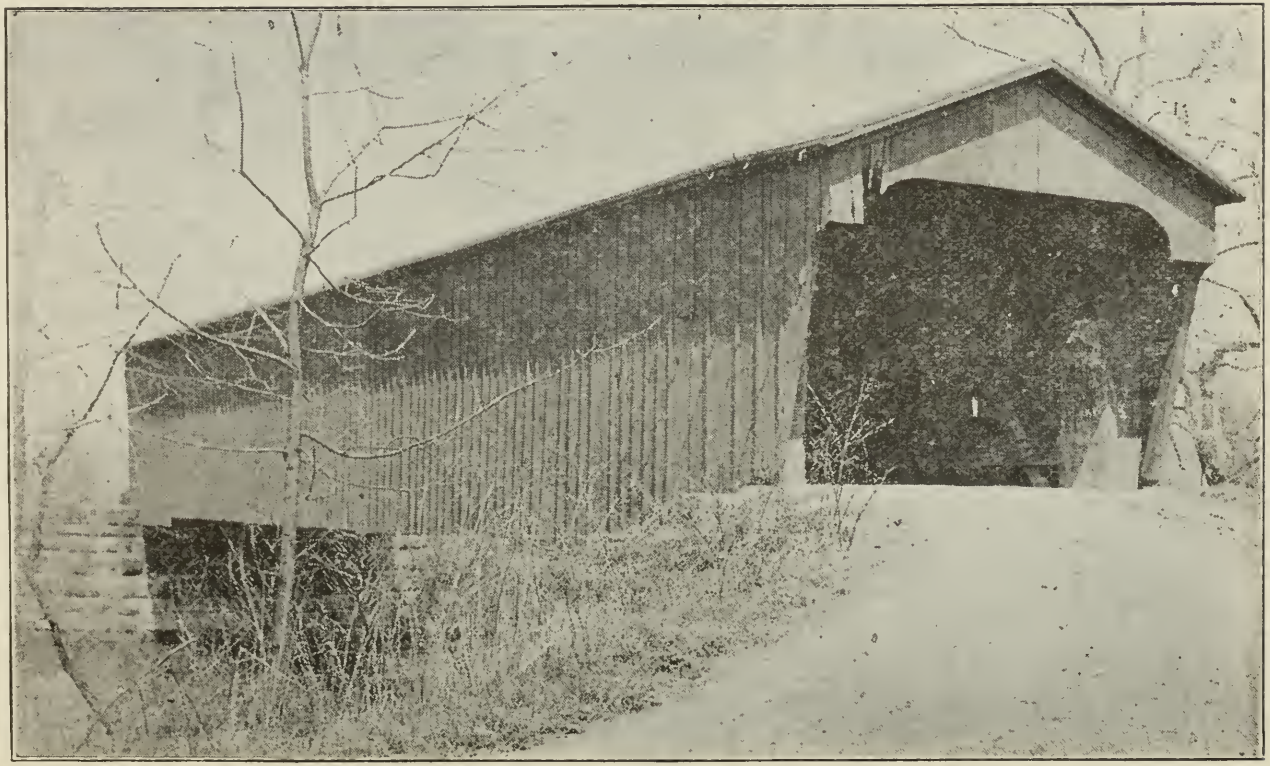
UPPER HEADQUARTERS OF THE ORIGINAL SURVEYORS

sacre was only held in abeyance by the course of events we have ample evidence.

It was supposed by the Indians that the British marine forces would destroy the infant navy of Capt. Perry. Had this become an actual fact, the Indian allies would have ravaged the entire northern portions of the state. Civilization in Ohio would have been retarded and our National history changed in more than one particular.

Genl. Wadsworth and his army were ordered to the "Upper Headquarters," as the surveyors of 1796 and 1797 had named Old Portage. The post was established in September, 1812 and was regarded as a place of great importance throughout the war. In order to reach the seat of action in the northwest and be able to forward forces at a moments notice, Genl. Wadsworth ordered a road re-cut through the woods from Old Portage in a northwesterly direction to camp Avery, now Milan, Ohio, on the Huron River, a distance of sixty-five miles. This road was of great service to the American forces. It is in use to this day and is known as the "Old Smith Road," Genl. Smith while moving west on this, is said to have abandoned three brass field pieces, near Medina. These canon were buried to prevent a possibility of their being captured. A great many people have hunted for "Smith's Cannon," but they have never been found.

While Gen. Wadsworth lay at Old Portage, General Perkins and his army lay at Camp Avery, six miles below the mouth of the Huron; the gallant Geo. Croghan held Fort Stephenson until relieved, when he marched his men over the "old Smith road" to Wadsworth's



COVERED BRIDGE

headquarters. At the same time, Gen. Crooks with two thousand volunteers from Pennsylvania forced his way north via New Lisbon and on to Canton and Wooster, thence north, passing through Ashland county to Upper Sandusky. Rial McArthur's Independent rifles were ordered to finish the road to the Huron River but before he had completed it, he heard of the battle with the Indians on the "Peninsula" and he forced his way directly to Camp Huron to reinforce that garrison. From there he was ordered to Fort Stevenson, which he commanded until the defeat of Winchester, when he was ordered to the Maumee where he assisted in building Ft. Meigs.

General Beall who lay with his army at "Camp Council," near the southern line of the Reserve, was arrested and court-martialed on his arrival at "Camp Avery." Gen. Wadsworth had ordered him to report with his command at Cleveland. Instead of this he marched to the relief of the imperiled citizens in the counties of Medina, Lorain, Ashland and Richland, who were dismayed at the recent Indian massacres.

TROUBLES OF EARLY CONSTABLES

Moses Dunning, who was a pioneer justice of the peace, says: "I had started early and traveled four miles to ask four men to come and help roll logs. When we got to my cabin I found a man waiting whose face showed that he had been fully engaged in a fight. He said he had come six miles to see me and learn what the law was as to assault and battery as he had been pretty well battered. The Bible was on a board which I wished him to take down and read the law for himself. He took the book. I had no statute in the cabin at that time. After turning over many pages I soon discovered that he could not read. He asked me on what page he could find the law of battery. I told him that I did not recollect the page, but I could give him the words of the law as recorded in that book. He said the law was what he wished to know, so he might have some idea what sum he could recover from the man who had whipped him. I told him that the words of the law in that book were; "He that smitheth thee on one cheek, turn to him the other also." He looked at me, then at the book, took his hat and as he left said "That the law was too devilish poor to do him any good."

Wm. Prior relates: "While the canal was building Ambrose King was constable and with a warrant went to arrest an Irish laborer for some offense. He found him in an unfinished lock-pit above Old Portage in company with a gang of other working men, who, when they ascertained King's business, refused to permit the arrest, surrounded him, threatening his life.

Armed with spades and cudgels they cornered him in the lock. With only a horse pistol for defense, he warned them to desist; but, instead they made a charge, when he fired, the ball striking one of them on his rib, glancing off without inflicting a serious wound. Being very active, he sprang up the steep bank and ran for his life. He was followed, overtaken, knocked down and beaten with clubs until supposed to be dead. His friends hearing of the affray sent a wagon for him, put him in it and started for Akron, followed by the workmen with threats and imprecations. Meeting a physician they halted while an examination was made and King pronounced yet alive.

'Then,' shouted an excited Irishman standing by, 'We will kill him yet,' striking a blow at his head with a long club but the horses were frightened and started off and the blow missed its mark. Then the furious laborer turned on a German standing by and with a sweeping blow of his club struck him on the head, from which he fell as if shot. He was left with the Irish and never seen again. It was supposed that they buried him secretly at night in the canal bed, where he could not be found. This aroused indignation and vengeance to its highest pitch. Next the militia company was called out, armed with rifles and ammunition; a bottle of whiskey was passed around and a battle and bloodshed was imminent. Just then a rider came dashing up, his horse covered with dust and foam. He was a contractor and had just heard of the difficulty and asked for time to hold a consultation with his employees, hoping to induce a surrender without resistance. He rode down and found them intrenched for defense and explained what

folly it would be to resist, that every man would be shot down if necessary, to make the arrest. They laid down their weapons, surrendered and were marched to Middlebury for safe keeping, where the militia stood guard till the trial and conviction of their leader. As King recovered the penalty was not severe and peace was again restored."

Eleazer Rice was the first constable of Bath Township. One Sunday, in sport, Lewis Hammond and Isaiah Fowler tipped over Rice's sled and broke it. Rice got a warrant as he was the only constable, the writ was placed in his hands for service. Just as he arrived at the squire's, Hammond and Fowler started to run in opposite directions. Here was a delimena. Poor Rice could chase but one and he, unfortunately selected Hammond, who was a large and powerful man. Rice came up with him and jumping on his back, locked his arms about his neck. Hammond without the least halt, seized him by the legs and ran away with him. This was the first arrest in Bath.

In this connection we must give an account of one of the early marriages on the Reserve. The marriage was the first in Green Township and the contracting parties were Jacob Smith, Jr., and Miss Dixon. They were married by a Dutch justice. The following ceremony was used:

"You bromis to take te voman you holt py te hant to pe your vife, and tat you vill shtick to her through hell-fire and dunder? Den I bronounce you man and voman, by cot."

While Benjamin Stowe was magistrate, Thomas Kennedy and Wareham Loomis got into a fight and the

one who was whipped had the other arrested. When the case came up for trial, the prosecuting witness, defendant and spectators were all greatly surprised at the decision of the judge. He fined both parties $5.00 a piece and made each pay one half the costs. Being remonstrated with by a friend of the prosecuting witness at the apparent irregularity of the proceeding—that it was not law—he replied,

"I am chief Justice of this domain and am here to deal out justice; I don't care a fig for the law."

The accomodating Captain Delawn Mills, for some years kept a wayside tavern, after he built his double log-house and as in all such places, sold whiskey, but forgot to take out a license. He was arrested and arranged in the Trumbull County Court for selling liquor without a license and plead guilty to the charge. Judge Kirtland, who had often been refreshed at the hostelry of Mills, remarked to Judge Pease that he did not think the defendant guilty within the meaning of the statute, whereupon Pease asked Mills if he could not change his plea. "May it please the court, your honor, I am not guilty," promptly replied the willing Captain and he was at once discharged.

This shows that in those early times they aimed at justice rather than facts or law. A rendering of judgment according to the strict technicalities of law did not prevail in the pioneer courts.

EARLY COUNTERFEITERS OF THE CUYAHOGA VALLEY

In the preparation of this chapter, I have been largely indebted to the writings of M. L. Shook, W. A. Goodspeed and Charles W. Foote in Perrin's History of Summit County, also Gen. Bierce's History of Summit County.

Boston and Old Portage were for many years notorious on account of a band of counterfeitors who made the deep, inaccessible gullies and ravines of the township their headquarters. Not only was silver coin counterfeited, but State bank notes, especially those of Indiana, were turned out by the bushel. Some of the most influential citizens were induced to engage in the unlawful business and it is even stated that a certain aspect of respectibility was conceeded to this occupation. In 1832 the counterfeiting reached its zenith of power and circulation and at that period is said to have been the most extensive banking establishment in Ohio, if not in the Union. There were branch officers or "banks" in Cleveland, in Rising Sun, Ind., in Vermont and in other sections of the country. The officers of the bank were Wm. G. Taylor, Cleveland, Ohio, Dan Brown, of Rising Sun, Indiana, James Brown, of Boston, and Col. William Ashley, from Vermont. A more notable set of men never met to consult on the affairs of the State Bank of Ohio; and excepting that they never had a charter from the state authorizing them to swindle, a more noble set of men never congregated as a "board of control." Taylor was a lawyer, a man of education and talent, and wealthy. Dan Brown was a merchant;

the finest looking and most accomplished gentleman in the west. James Brown was one of the finest looking men in Ohio, over six feet in height, well proportioned, his hair black as a raven, a little curly and it was proverbial, that his word was as good as his bond. Col. Ashley was from Vermont, where he started his banking operations; but being hard pressed, he fled to Slab City, in Canada, from which he was compelled to flee, when he came to Boston in 1822. He was a fine specimen of a man, with the exterior and manner that would adorn any society. He sunk the gentlemen in the banker.

Coins of some heavy material were first manufactured and then covered with a thin film of silver; or the coin was first prepared in plates and then stamped with a die of the denomination of the money desired. So successful were these men in manufacturing and passing their money that they started a grand scheme of financiering. This was to swindle the world. They discounted an immense amount of bills on the United States Bank, with which they contemplated visiting Europe and even China, exchanging the United States Bank paper for the products of those countries. These products they expected to ship to distant points to be sold. Their anticipations, however, were doomed to encounter reserves and rebuffs. It is said that Brown had a confederate in the banking house which then stamped and furnished bills for the United States Bank; that through the agency of this pal, the genuine plates themselves were conveyed into Brown's hands and immense quantities of illegal issue were struck from the identical plates. A great store of $100 bills were accumulated.

It was the intention of the gang to procure a suitable ship, load her with this spurious scrip, visit China and other Oriental countries, where United States Bank bills circulated at par, purchasing a cargo of teas, coffees, silk, etc., to be disposed of again in England and on the continent. They proceeded to New Orleans, obtained a vessel, filled it according to program, and set sail for China. A discovery of their real character, however, was just then made. The vessel was overhauled before fairly out of the Mississippi and the rogues committed to prison.

The wife of Blannerhasset, walking that Island in the Ohio, shedding bitter tears of anguish, has been told in song and story. But concerning the devoted wife of James Brown, the counterfeit king, both poet and story-teller have been silent. She is believed to have had no knowledge of her husband's criminality and she remained the tender and devoted wife she always had been. Upon receiving the news of his apprehension at New Orleans, in order to be present at the trial and to use her influence for him, she proceeded from Old Portage to New Orleans on horseback; from the Great Lakes to the Gulf, on horseback, all for love and to save her husband.

James Brown was used as a witness against Taylor, who was acquitted and became a vagabond and a wanderer on the face of the earth. Ashley died in the Ohio Penitentiary in 1838. Still another was sent there from Liverpool, Medina County. Abram Holmes, one of the stockholders, became a fugitive from justice, but returned in 1837, with consumption with which he soon

died. Daniel Brown, a son of James, was arrested when but eighteen years old for discounting their issues in Lorain County, but was liberated by a technicality of law. He became a fugitive from justice, not having a place on which to set his foot in safety till 1851, when he saved the authorities any further trouble by dying. Others were prosecuted in different parts of the state, many of whom suffered the extreme penalty of the law. The gang was broken up and its members scattered over the country to repent at leisure for their misdeeds. It is stated that some of the most honored in the state were so connected with the unlawful business as to share its profits without incurring any of its liabilities.

For many years after the gangs were broken up, dies, counterfeit money and various implements used in its manufacture were found in the ravines and even in the houses of some citizens. There was scarcely a resident of the township who was not tempted to pass the coin and bills. On one occasion a man with a valise waited on Mr. Wait and asked him to buy State Bank of Indiana bills at twenty-five cents on the dollar. He opened his valise and showed him it was packed full of these bills. Upon Wait's refusal to purchase he departed. About forty-seven years ago, a house belonging to one of the most respected citizens was torn down; concealed in it was found a small leather bag filled with counterfeit coin in dollar and half dollar pieces, amounting to more than one hundred dollars.

Without question, this was the most thorough, daring and successful scheme of the sort ever devised or carried on in this country or any other. Through a period of nearly a score of years, the

system had its ramifications throughout the whole United States and Canada; not a state or territory but what had its agents and scarcely a county in any state without them. The head and front of this undertaking was of course, James Brown, a man of rare talent, of wonderful energies. He possessed a degree of personal magnetism and power few men have ever equalled. Just how early he commenced his operations is not known, but as early as 1830 he was known as the "Prince of counterfeiters" in all the country around. One of the earliest of his exploits consisted in passing off upon a prominent New England Bank a forged draft. Relays of the fastest horses had previously been provided at stations known only to himself or his agents. He departed instantly, rode day and night. He left Pittsburg some time in the night and in the morning was at his home in Yellow Creek, making the quickest journey man ever made, except by steam, which was an after production. One hundred and thirty-two miles on horseback during the night time. It does not seem possible. He was arrested, tried, established an alibi and was discharged to the satisfaction of the court, which held that it was proven by numerous and trustworthy witnesses that he was seen here soon after the occurence at the bank and that it was utterly impossible that he could have been there so shortly before. About the year 1832 he was tried in Medina Court of Common Pleas upon the charge of counterfeiting. So great was the Sheriff's confidence in Brown's word, that upon his request and a parole promise to return at night, he permitted him every morning to go at large, returning each evening to be

locked up. He was convicted and sentenced to the penitentiary, but was overtaken on his way there by the service of a writ of error at Mt. Vernon and was returned to Medina. The judgment of the Court of Common Pleas was reversed. Bail was given for his appearance, but before trial came on, the witnesses for the prosecution had disappeared and the indictment was nulled.

So great was Brown's popularity in his own neighborhood that he was repeatedly elected to township offices. He held the position of Justice of the Peace several consecutive terms; was an incumbent of that office in 1846, when the first check was put upon his career. It was largely due to this condition of things that it was impossible to secure his conviction by the ordinary methods of the lower courts. This was often attempted and as often failed, until it was generally recognized by every one else as well as himself and friends. Of this immunity he publicly boasted; when at last by the intervention of Federal processes, he was brought to bay, he is said to have observed, "Well boys, now the United States have taken hold of me, I may get floored, but I could have worried out a county." In 1846, Wm. S. C. Otis was the Prosecuting Attorney for Summit County; through his efforts Samuel McClure, a young lawyer of Cuyahoga Falls, was appointed United States Commissioner for the State of Ohio, for the purpose chiefly of instituting proceedings against Brown through the media of the Federal Courts, those of the State being found insufficient. Commissioner McClure issued a warrant for his arrest. While the warrant was yet in the hands of Sheriff Jones unserved,

McClure appeared as an attorney, in a case tried before Justice of the Peace James Brown. Brown reserved his decision. In the meantime he was placed in prison. McClure in behalf of his client in the case called upon Brown in the jail before the day assigned for the preliminary examination. Brown then announced his judgment as Justice in favor of McClure's client and at the same time remarked when his case should come before McClure he hoped he would be able to render a judgment in his favor. The preliminary examination came on for hearing; the United States was represented by Rufus P. Spaulding, afterward Judge Spaulding of the Supreme Court. The examination was held at the court house and continued several days. It resulted in Brown being held for bail in the sum of $20,000 for his appearance before the Circuit Court of the United States at Columbus at its next session. In default of bail, he was returned to jail; but afterward on application to a Federal Judge the bond was reduced to $5,000. That amount was furnished and Brown set at liberty. He appeared at Columbus for trial. The District Attorney was assisted by Mr. Otis. Pending the trial, affidavits were filed, satisfying the judge that if at liberty when the verdict would be rendered and if that verdict should be guilty, it was the intention of Brown's friends—of whom Columbus was full—to put him out of the way of the consequences. A bench warrant was issued and he was imprisoned. He was convicted and for the first time in his life, incarcerated in the Ohio Penitentiary, though he had run a career of crime for over twenty years.

The Asiatic Cholera broke out in the penitentiary; Brown was an attendant in the prison hospital at the time and such was the courage with which he cared for the cholera patients and his unwearied attention to them, that he secured the influence of that institution and some of the State officers in his behalf so that President Zachary Taylor pardoned him. He returned to Yellow Creek and was believed to be as extensively engaged in the counterfeiting business as ever though it was not known that he then dealt in spurious coin. Experience had taught him that it was easier, more profitable and less liable to detection to manfacture false paper money than coin. A few years later he was arrested in Michigan, convicted of the same crime and sentenced to the Jackson Penitentiary. He there served a full term of three years, when he returned to Yellow Creek, but returned a broken down man and a confirmed drunkard. Not until now did his fond wife give him up. His habits of drink rapidly grew upon him; his good traits began to deteriorate and finally departed all together; his wife obtained a divorce, and "Jim" Brown, who had his abilities been honorably directed might have been a man of great power and influence, became a worthless fellow, not even commanding the respect of his associates in crime. Finally in 1865, as he was one day returning from Cleveland upon a canal boat, he fell from the walking plank to the hold, striking his head upon a beam. The concussion rendered him unconscious; from that state he never rallied, but died two or three days later. So, miserably closed the life of a man of whom it was said that, "He was as well known

by reputation as any President of the United States."

During the early times in Norton township, much counterfeit money was in circulation and suspicion pointed to persons then living at Johnson's Corners. One DeCoursey was generally considered to be the ringleader of the whole crookedness. He was a sharp, shrewd man—one who seemed to know all that was going on in the whole neighborhood; for no sooner did the justice issue a warrant for his arrest, than he took to the woods, where he would remain until the storm had blown over, when he wold again make his appearance. At one time, when the constable came to arrest him, DeCoursey spied him coming and quick as thought he pulled off his coat, tossed it to George Beach, who was with him at the time, saying, "Put on that coat and streak for the woods." Beach did not wait to be told a second time but "streaked." The constable and posse took after him full speed. Beach ran until he thought he had carried the joke far enough, when he turned around and faced the music with the remark: "What do you want?" "Sucked, by——!" said the constable. DeCoursey in the meanwhile had time to escape. About 1825, a young man by the name of Henry Flickinger came to Johnson's Corners with about $300 in money, which was good, but not the kind that would pass at the land office where he wished to use it for the purpose of buying land. DeCoursey had a man with him by the name of Downs, who they said, could exchange money with Flickinger; this Flickinger was glad to do, but alas! when Flickinger came to the land office with his money, it was fond to be spurious Virginia money. He swore out a warrant for the arrest of Downs, before

Esquire Van Hyning. It was served by Henry Sparhawk, the constable, who found his man at Yellow Creek Basin, then a favorite resort for counterfeiters and horse theives. Downs had a fine horse which he rode. They proceeded on their way to Norton, but had not gone far when Downs took to the woods leaving the horse in possession of the constable who brought it to Norton, gave it up to the Esquire who in turn delivered it to Mr. Flickinger, who thus had a horse for his $300. Suspicion also pointed to one James Hendershot. Afterwards, when his house was torn down soon after he left, some counterfeit half dollars were found in the cellar.

In Northampton the Mallet brothers also erected "a mint" on a lonely isolated point of land densely covered with timber and ever since known as the "Moneyshop." Here a foundry for melting mixed metals with molds, dies, plates and engravers tools were kept secreted. When the annoyance to the citizens of this locality from the presence of strange and suspicious visitors became no longer endurable, a public meeting was called and by mutual agreement the "mint" was destroyed.

BUILDING OF PERRY'S VESSELS

In the month of January, 1813, the Navy Department of the U. S. found it necessary to build a number of small vessels to be used as gunboats on Lake Erie.

The contract for building three of these boats was awarded to Brimel Robins of Allegheny Co., Pa. He selected Old Portage, on the Cuyahoga, as the most convenient place to build them. The size of the river at Old Portage today makes this seem quite impossible but it must be remembered that one hundred years ago this stream was much larger. The timber and lumber was furnished by Captains Rice and Stowe. It was sawed at the mill of Francis and Zenas Kelsey in "Old Cuyahoga Village." Stewart Gaylod superintended the construction at the boat yard. In June the three were launched and named "Trippe", "Tigress" and "Portage".

Wm. Coggswell, a pioneer of Granger township, later said, "I was employed with others to float these boats down the river to Lake Erie. We had instructions to furnish each boat with masts and spars at the "Pinery" near Peninsula. While we were detained here for several days awaiting some rigging I shot a porcupine and threw it upon the deck of the "Portage." The animal was examined with much curiosity by the crew. They immediately renamed their boat the "Porcupine."

When they arrived at Cleveland the gunboats were examined by many people. Cleveland at that time was a village of about 200 inhabitants. The boats promptly went into commission as part of Perry's fleet. They did good service during the battle of Lake Erie, Sept.

10, 1813. Thus did good old Summit oak help whip the British.

The first steamboat built and launched on Lake Erie was christened "Walk-in-the-water." She was employed in running between Buffalo and Detroit touching at all intermediate ports. She entered Cleveland harbor September 1st, 1818. The entire populace was out to greet her upon her arrival and give her a royal welcome. A writer says: "She was regarded with intense interest and was rightly named for she seemed 'like a thing of life' that literally walked upon the water. Both on her arrival and departure she was greeted with the discharge of thirteen rounds of artillery. The captain acknowledged the salute by a return of the same number of guns and flung to the breeze from the masthead the glorious banner of American freedom. The excited citizens could not restrain their joyful expressions but continued to fire guns, wave hats and handkerchiefs and utter wild hurrahs until the majestic vision disappeared in the offing on her way to Detroit."

The first steamboat was named after Chief Walk-in-the-Water, the great Wyandott war chief. It was he who related to General Harrison, the night after Perry's victory, the Indian tradition of the first battle on Lake Erie.

Lorenzo Carter built the first schooner built in Cleveland. It was built on Superior lane and launched at the foot of the street amid great excitement. It was of thirty tons burden and was named the "Zepher." This vessel was commanded by Catpain Stowe.

NEW PORTAGE AS AN EARLY PORT

Thomas Jefferson in his notes of the State of Virgina, written in 1781, says: "The Muskingum is 280 yards wide at its mouth and 200 yards at the lower Indian towns, 150 miles upward." This means that the Tuscarawas River was 600 feet wide at its junction with the Muskingum, it then being considered a part of the Muskingum and was called the Little Muskingum. He goes on: "It is navigable for small batteaux to within one mile of a navigable part of the Cuyahoga River which runs into Lake Erie." If this then was true previous to 1781, the head of canoe navigation on the Cuyahoga must have commenced within the present limits of the city of Akron, while canoe navigation on the Tuscarawas extended as far as the northern shore of Summit Lake. Evan's map of the Middle Colonies, 1755, gives the rise of the Tuscarawas in Summit Lake and the Portage between the two rivers as one mile. Thomas Hutchison, a civil engineer, employed by Col. Boquet, gives the same facts in his maps published in 1764. Heckwelder's map of Northeastern Ohio, published in 1796, although his knowledge did not extend beyond the early eighties of the seventeenth century, confirms all the above statements. The ancient channel running from Summit Lake into the little Cuyahoga is yet clearly traceable, proving the fact that at one time the waters of that lake flowed both into the great northern lakes and into the Gulf.

On the other hand, the surveyors of the Western Reserve, under Moses Cleveland, established the fact

that the Portage between the two rivers in 1796, was a little over eight miles in length. The commencement of the south Portage or that on the Tuscarawas, was called "New Portage," while the commencement of the Portage on the north, or that on the Cuyahoga, was called "Old Portage," or, "Upper Headquarters," a point that later on was to become famous in our national history.

The Ordinance of Freedom or, the Ordinance of 1787, as it has been variously called, stated that: "The navigable part of waters leading into the Mississippi and the St. Lawrence and the carrying places between the same, shall be common highways and forever free, as well to the inhabitants of the said territory as to the citizens of the United States." Capt. Thomas Hutchins, in a work published in London, in 1788, mentions the carrying places between the Ohio and Lake Erie and says: "From Muskingum to Cuyahoga is the best portage between the Ohio and Lake Erie."

The Indians had used this portage for unnumbered generations. This was the treaty line agreed upon between the United States and the Indian tribes at the treaty at Fort McIntosh in 1785, confirmed by the treaty of Greenville and by later treaties. Thus it became the western boundary line between the United States and the great unknown, recorded as the Indian Nations.

Tallmadge Mills or Middlebury, as it was later known, now called East Akron or the Sixth Ward was the only trading place for many miles around the portage in the early pioneer times. Goods for this point was

shipped in those earlier days by the way of the Cuyahoga to Old Portage. It was no uncommon sight in those days for one hundred teams to load or unload at this place on Cuyahoga River flat boats.

Goods from the south were received at New Portage via the Muskingum and the Ohio. From this point regular lines of packet boats ran directly to New Orleans without breaking bulk. "These boats were long narrow vessels, frequently dug outs as they were called. They were from twenty to forty feet long and from three to five feet wide and were propelled by poles while going against the current. Their capacity was from ten to twelve barrels of pork, salt, flour, or whiskey." Salt sold in those days for twenty dollars per barrel or ten cents per pound, while a barrel of whiskey could be bought for five dollars, fifteen cents per gallon or even less.

In 1819, William Laird built himself a cabin on the banks of the Tuscarawas, at New Portage and began the construction of flat boats to run on the river. These boats were loaded with all kinds of products, country produce, etc., and consigned to New Orleans, without transfer. It really seems strange to us now when we see school children wading through the Tuscarawas at New Portage, without scarcely wetting their ankles, but it must be remembered that at this time the virgin forests had scarcely given up their years of hidden moisture. The streams in those days were wider, deeper, and ran with greater velocity, bank full. Then too, this was before the Ohio Canal had robbed the gentle Tuscarawas of its waters in order to make a great artificial waterway connecting the northern and

southern shores of our country. This packet line was an object lesson to the world and through it, attention was attracted to the possibility of building a transnational waterway connecting the great northern lakes and the waters of the St. Lawrence with those of the Gulf of Mexico. Five years later the canal commenced to build and two years work opened it to the Ohio. This raised the price of wheat from twenty-five cents to one dollar per bushel.

Laird's boats passed down the Tuscarawas into the Muskingum, thence into the Ohio and Mississippi and after a journey of some two months reached their destination.

Henry Chittenden of Springfield, Abram Norton of Tallmadge Mills, and Philander Adams of Tallmadge township were contractors and speculators in country produce and shipped almost exclusively by the Laird line.

Alas! How the mighty have fallen! Today even New Portage has lost its ancient and time honored name and our children and our children's children will only know it as Barberton, the Magic City of Northern Ohio.

THE UNDERGROUND RAILWAY

And that bold-hearted yeoman,
Honest and true,
Who, haters of fraud, give to
Labor its due:
Will the sons of such men
Yield to the lords of the south
One brow for the brand,
—For the pad-lock, one mouth?
They cater to tyrants—
They rivet the chain,
Which their fathers smote off,
On the negro again?

No Never!—one voice,
Like the sound in the cloud,
When the roar of the storm
Waxes loud and more loud,
Wherever the foot of the freeman
Hath prest
From the great River's marge
To the Lake of the West,
On the south going breezes
Shall deepen and grow
Till the land it sweeps
Over shall tremble below!
The voice of a PEOPLE—
Uprisen—awake—
The Western Reserve's watchword,
With freedom at stake,
Thrilling up from each valley
Flung down from each height
OUR COUNTRY AND LIBERTY!
GOD FOR THE RIGHT!

—Whittier.

THE UNDERGROUND RAILWAY

In the days of slavery, the Reserve, the land of Freedom and freedom loving people, was the natural highway for escaping slaves on their way to Canada. Here they could obtain food, aid, transportation, sympathy and the prayers of a people of a land that had never borne the tread of slaves.

The Ordinance of 1787, the Magna Charter of our liberties, the Ordinance of Freedom, as it has been called, says: "No man shall be deprived of his liberty or property but by the judgment of his peers, or the law of the land." And again it says: "And for extending the fundamental principles of civil and religious liberty which form the basis whereon these republics, their laws and constitutions are erected." Again, "There shall be neither slavery or involuntary servitude in said territory, otherwise than in the punishment of crimes, whereof the party shall have been duly convicted." These rights guaranteed to us by the Congress of the United States, ten years before the lands east of the Cuyahoga River and nineteen years before the lands of the Western Reserve, on the west side of said river were surveyed, were and are the bulwark of our liberties.

That the underground railways were fully and systematically established, reaching from the Ohio River on the south and east and extending to Lake Erie on the north, no one in this day doubts. Unfortunately these escapes were aided in the darkness and secrecy. Therefore no records have ever been preserved nor were those participating in these escapes ever inclined to talk concerning them, for obvious reasons. The writer was but a lad during the time of the

working of this human railway line but well knows that his father and neighbors assisted in these migrations. Mathew Borland was one of the railroad's most active agents in our neighborhood. The writer, although a grandson of a slave-holder, beheld his father lending all aid and comfort in his power to escaping slaves. W. A. Goodspeed says: "William Beers was a great friend to the escaping slaves and assisted many of them in reaching Canada. One named Lewis Boler came from Kentucky and not fearing pursuit hired out to Beers with whom he remained a year or more. Finally his master appeared but meeting with decided rebuffs from Beers, he resorted to the plan of coaxing his slave to return with him to Kentucky. But the wily slave could not be deceived by promises and was in consequence a few nights afterwards forcibly taken secretly and hurriedly towards his former home in the Sunny South. Beers, upon learning of the act, summoned a few of his neighbors and together they pursued the master and despite his protests returned him to Boston with Boler. The latter was told to push for Canada, which he accordingly did, arriving there in safety. Another escaping slave named Sandy came to Beers and obtained employment. His master came on and made all sorts of promises to induce him to return to the south, offering to make a boss or overseer of him and to make him a present of a dog and a beautiful white pony. Sandy could not resist these offerings and returned with his master." Prior to 1860, a well traveled line of the underground railways crossed Franklin township, Summit Co., being confined to what is known as Chestnut Ridge, with occasional side tracks. Promi-

nent officials on this road were Alexander Russell, James Hile, Harvey Maranville, Washington Heffleman and Geo. Wirt. These men lost no opportunity of assisting runaway slaves to Canada.

On one occasion Messrs. Russell and Maranville were notified that five slaves—two women and three men—were west of Clinton in the heavy woods on Chestnut Ridge, awaiting food and clothing. They were supplied and directed on their way to the next station. On another occasion, a settler in the township who had come from Kentucky seeing a negro traveling northward through the woods with a gun on his shoulder, ran after him and took away the gun saying: "It's against the law for nig's to carry a gun." Shortly afterwards he was informed to return the gun or trouble would ensue, whereupon he did, very reluctantly. Upon being questioned as to where he had obtained the gun, the negro replied that "Massa Wales of Massilon" had given it to him to kill partridges and other game while traveling north. Wales was probably a train despatcher on this road. John Hall of Springfield township, often took negroes who were closely pursued by their masters and having concealed them several days at his residence, placed them in his closed carriage and conveyed them the entire distance to Cleveland, where he saw them safely on board Canadian-bound steamboats before he left."

These men were simply exemplifying the command "love thy neighbor as thy-self."

Among the best known agents of the underground railroad in Northern Ohio, was "Uncle John Finney,"

as he was familiarly known. During twenty-five years that he was engaged in this work, hundreds of fugitive slaves were carried by wagons from one point to another and day or night, Uncle Finney's teams and his personal services were always ready on demand. Unless pursuit was very close, these escaping slaves were always kept at his home over night and sometimes for days when they were forwarded by wagon to Savannah, Oberlin or other points. He usually left home long before daylight and arrived in Oberlin during the early evening. Having reached this point, they were safe, as public opinion was such that no slave hunt could be held there.

One night in mid-winter, two negroes and their wives came to his house nearly frozen; they had crossed the Ohio River on ice and had come safely on foot, this far. They were fed, clothed, kept several days and sent on their way rejoicing. Five and seven miles away, there were two of Finney's sub-agencies.

One time, five men and five or six women and children were brought to Finney's house. He lodged the females in the upper story of his dwelling and the men in the granary. Slave hunters, learning that they were secreted about the premises, made a demand for their delivery. He demanded their warrant and as they could not produce this, the party divided, one half of them proceeding to Mansfield in search of a warrant and the other half remaining to watch the premises. Finney sent word to his friends, armed the darkies with pitchforks and in order to gain time, invited the slave hunters into the house to breakfast. He consumed as much time as possible and while the men were eating the

darkies found an opening and escaped to the woods. When the warrant arrived, Finney's friends, all well armed had also arrived. Finney delivered the keys of the granary to the officer who found the nest empty and the birds flown. The slave hunters at once began a search of the neighborhood while the women and chilrren were transfered to the care of one of Finney's sub-agencies and from this station they were immediately forwarded to another and from there to other points, finally escaping. The male slaves were all rounded up in the woods and also sent on their way to Canada.

Another time, a colored woman and her two daughters came to his house. He took them as far as Mansfield and tried to get others to forward them along, failing in this, he bought a load of flour, stipulating that it should be delivered in Oberlin. He then gave the teamster three dollars to take the females along with him.

One very cold day, an escaping slave from New Orleans, came to Finney's house and remained with him until warm weather came. This slave had been sold eleven times, could read and write and at last succeeded in reaching the Queen's dominions. Graham, in his history of Richland county says: "Three colored boys came to Iberia for the purpose of getting an education. They had been there a year or two and had progressed very well, but the blood hounds were on their track. As the train neared Iberia, one evening, the bell-rope was pulled, the train slackened, and a party of slave hunters with a deputy marshall at their head, sprang off.

The boys were at different places and one or two of them were captured. This caused intense excitement. The people collected rapidly, caught the marshal and his slave-hunters and after a consultation, allowed the darkies to "cut their hair and use beech sprouts" on them to such an extent as was deemed necessary. The citizens engaging in this affair expected troble and sent to Cleveland for an eminent lawyer to engage in their defense. The services of Richard Parsons, a man who had the year before been elected to Congress, were secured. When told that he would be expected to manage the case for a small compensation, promised to do all in his power and if necessary would employ an attorney in Northern Ohio to assist him. He not only agreed to do the work gratuitously, but said if they were fined, he would help pay it. Rev. Geo. Gordon, President of the college at Iberia, was the man the slave-power resolved to humble. He was indicted, tried, convicted and sentenced to pay a fine of $300 and to suffer imprisonment for six months. His name will go down as one of the martyrs in the cause of human freedom." Mr. Gordon was pardoned out of jail by Abraham Lincoln, the pardon did not recognize his innocence and he refused to leave his cell until compelled to do so by his friends. The jail had however done its work, the seeds of consumption had been contracted within its walls, and "the friend of the slave" soon lay down his life as the result of his love for the human race.

And Richard Parsons, of Cuyahoga, what of him? The defender of the poor and oppressed, the friend of the slave, the living exponent of human liberty. His name deserves to be engraved on the scroll of fame and

to be remembered by generations of the freedom loving yet unborn.

Oberlin was the most important station on the underground railroad. To reach Oberlin was to reach safety. Of the multitude of fugatives who came, not one was ever taken back to bondage. President Fairchild in his work, "Oberlin, the colony, and the College" says: "Not to deliver to his master the servant that had escaped from his master, seemed to the people of Oberlin a solemn and pressing duty. This attitude exposed the college and the community to much reproach and sometimes apparently to serious danger. Threats came from abroad that the college buildings should be burned. A Democratic Legislature at different times agitated the question of repealing the college charter. The fourth and last attempt was made in 1842, when the bill for repeal was indefinitely postponed by a vote of thirty-six to twenty-nine.

The people in the neighboring towns were, at the outset, not in sympathy with Oberlin in its anti-slavery movement and position. They agreed with the rest of the world in regarding it as an unmitigated fanaticism. The feeling was often bitter and intense and an Oberlin man going out from home in any direction was liable to be assailed with bitter words and if he ventured to lecture upon the unpopular theme, he was fortunate if he encountered words only; of course the self respectful part of the community would take no part in such abuse but fellows of the baser sort felt themselves sustained by the common feeling. On the Middle Ridge Road, six miles north of Oberlin, a guide board put up by the authorities stood for years, pointing the way to Oberlin,

not by the ordinary index finger, but by the full-length figure of a fugitive running with all his might to reach the place. The tavern sign, four miles east, was ornamented on its Oberlin face with the representation of a fugitive slave pursued by a tiger. Where general feeling yielded such result, not much could be expected in the way of sympathy for fugitives. But even among these people the slave catcher had little favor. They would thwart his pursuit in every way and shelter the fugitive if they could. Only the meanest and most mercenary could be hired to betray the victim. Now and then an official felt called upon to extend aid and comfort to the slave hunter who claimed his services, but he could expect no toleration from his neighbors in such a course. A whole neighborhood would suddenly find themselves abolitionists upon the appearance of a slave hunter among them and by repeated occurences of this kind, as much as by any other means, Lorain County and all Northern Ohio became at length, intensely anti-slavery in feeling and action."

About the last attempt to recover a fugitive slave in Northern Ohio, under the old fugitive slave law of 1850, occured September 13, 1858. There had been for some time in Oberlin, a fugitive slave from Kentucky by the name of John Price. United States Marshal Lowe and his deputy, Samuel Davis of Columbus, arrived. Price, by ruse, was coaxed out of Oberlin, when he was seized by the above named officers, assisted by Mitchell and Jennings, two Kentuckians. The whole party was then driven over to Wellington, a distance of eight miles. There had been a fire in Wellington and a large crowd was in town; these were soon augmented

by a crowd of the leading citizens of Oberlin who were red-hot on the trail of the negro catchers. Wellington's Hotel was soon surrounded and the negro rescued.

Warrants were soon issued by the United States District Court for thirteen persons in Wellington and twenty-four from Oberlin. Five of the men were fined $20 and costs and sent to jail for one day. Two of the Oberlin men were fined and imprisoned, Simeon Bushnell suffered a fine of $600 and sixty days imprisonment. Chas. H. Langston, a colored man, was fined $100, and sentenced to twenty days in jail. Twelve of the Oberlin men remained in jail in Cleveland for months. During the time of their imprisonment, an immense mass meeting was held in Cleveland. This meeting was for the purpose of expressing sympathy for the prisoners and their detestation of the fugitive slave law. People came from all over Northern Ohio and an immense procession with many banners marched through the streets and surrounded the jail. The meeting was addressed by Joshua R. Giddings in his usual bold and defiant manner. The Governor of the State, Salmon P. Chase, also addressed the meeting; 400 Sunday School children from Oberlin came over in a body. The meeting was orderly and law abiding.

After months of imprisonment the men were released; they were escorted from the prison to the train by several hundred citizens with bands playing and the firing of 100 guns on the public square. Such was the atmosphere in which John Brown of Ossawa-

tomie, breathed. Freedom was in the very air of the Reserve.

On their arrival in Oberlin they were escorted to the great church where, until midnight, the penned up feelings of the people found expression in song and prayer. Such a time has never been seen before or since. A Democratic paper, published in Cleveland said that night "So the government, at last has been beaten; with law, justice and facts all on its side and Oberlin with its rebellious higher law creed triumphant." It should have gone farther and said: "The voice of the people is the voice of God."

One bright, sunny, afternoon in the month of September, 1823, a negro and his wife and two children passed through Bloomfield, on their way to Ashtabula.

Nearly dark on the same day, three dusty, dirty, way-worn travelers rode up to the tavern and announced themselves as slave hunters.

"Have ye heard of our hunting, o'er mountain and glen,
Through cane break and forest—the hunting of men?
O, goodly and grand is our hunting to see,
In this land of the brave and this home of the free,
Gay luck to our hunters! How nobly they ride
In the glow of their zeal and the strength of their pride."

These men were very weary and were no match for Yankee diplomacy and it was easy for the crafty landlord to persuade them to stay over night. Esquire Brown got out his wagon, others went to warn and secrete the negroes who were found at a house near Rome, Ashtabula County.

The morning came but every one seemed to have overslept, breakfast could not be served because the

stove would not work. The horses could not be fed as the key to the barn door had been lost. The blacksmith shop was visited but the smith was absent. When the stable was finally opened, it was found that each one of the horses had cast a shoe during the night. The blacksmith was again visited but he had no nails, the fire was out and he must make new shoes. So it was well on towards noon before our gay slave hunters rode out of town. Hardly were they out of sight before Esquire Brown drove in town with the fugitives. They were secreted in the forest and food was carried to them each day. Finally they were placed upon a boat for Canada and their fare paid.

Randolph, Portage County, was also a station of the Underground Railway. In October, 1846, General William Steadman, formerly U. S. Consul to Santiago de Cuba, made a trip to Granville. There he overtook John and Harriet, two colored fugitives, who having bid defiance to their bonds, were cautiously threading their way to Canada. The General assisted them in getting to Randolph, a flag station on the "Underground Railway." Mead and Brainerd who were engaged in carrying on steam flouring and sawing one and one half miles southeast from the center, in a secluded locality, employed these runaways, who were subsequently claimed to be the property of one Mitchell in West Virginia. The alleged owner, receiving information of their whereabouts, sought to recover his property.

On a rainy Saturday evening early in May, 1847, two men with teams and heavy wagons drove up to the Randolph Hotel and engaged lodgings. Soon after ten

Ohio River boatmen in sailor dress and two gentlemenly looking young men were seen making their way east to the mill road. The news of their way was quickly conveyed to Mead and Brainerd who at once secreted the fugitives in the attic of Mead's house, to which the kidnappers soon arrived. With axes in hand Messrs. Mead and Brainerd kept the party at bay during a parley until the citizens came in large numbers from all directions, surrounding the rescuing party and conducted them back to the hotel, where they were guarded until early morning, when they were escorted by the Randolph citizens to Deerfield, thence by two trusty spies across the Ohio River. The fugitives remained secreted and a week later a long-to-be-remembered wedding took place, attended by scores of the best citizens of Randolph. After being made one, the fugitives were taken to Painesville and subsequently landed in Canada.

JOHN BROWN OF OSSAWATOMIE

John Brown of Ossawatomie spake on his dying day:

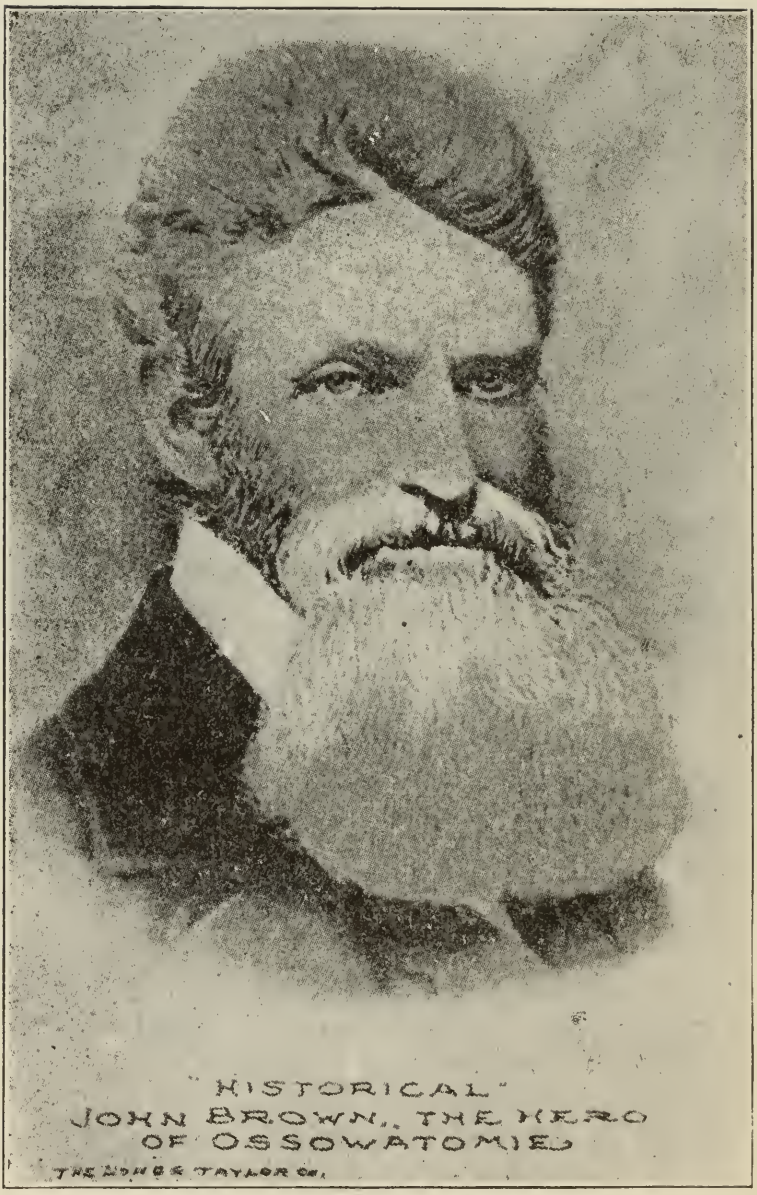
"I will not have to shrive my soul
A priest of slavery's pay.
But let some poor slave-mother,
Whom I have striven to free,
With her children, from the gallows-stair,
Put up a prayer for me!"

John Brown of Ossawatomi,
They led him out to die;
And lo! A poor slave-mother
With her little child pressed nigh.
Then the bold blue eye grew tender
And the old harsh face grew mild,
As he stooped between the jeering ranks
And kissed the negroe's child!

The shadows of his stormy life
That moment fell apart;
And they who blamed the bloody hand,
Forgave the loving heart.
That kiss from all its guilty means
Redeemed the good intent,
And round the grisly fighter's hair,
The martyr's aureole bent!

Perish with him the folly,
That seeks through evil good!
Long live the generous purpose
Unstained with human blood!
Not the raid of midnight terror,
But the thought which underlies;
Not the border's pride of daring,
But the Christian's sacrifice.

—Whittier.


"HISTORICAL"
JOHN BROWN, THE HERO
OF OSSOWATOMIE
THE LONGE TAYLOR CO.

JOHN BROWN OF OSSAWATOMIE

It was the fugitive Slave Act and its operation, that made the northern states so intensely anti-slavery in sentiments that a slave catcher would not be tolerated on the soil. One anti-slave advocate in a neighborhood or a township was all that was necessary to soon make the whole township anti-slavery.

Such was the atmosphere under which that strange historical character, whom the world has never fully understood, John Brown, of Ossowatomie, breathed and had his being. Freedom was in the very air of the Reserve. A large part of his inspiration was drawn from the teachings of that eminent man, Dr. Henry M. Storrs, the first President of the Western Reserve College of Hudson, the town in which Brown resided.

John Brown was born in 1800 and at the age of five came to Hudson, Summit County, with his parents. He was destined for the ministry but on account of his poor eyesight, he worked for his father at farming and tanning until twenty years of age when he married Dianthe Lusk of Hudson, by whom he had six sons and one daughter. His wife dying, he was married to Mary A. Day, by whom he had 13 children; seven sons and six daughters. He remained in Hudson some twenty-one years when he moved to Pennsylvania. He returned to Ohio again in 1833, settling at Kent. In 1840 he removed to Richfield entering the sheep and wool business in company with Capt. Heman Oviatt of Hudson. Here he established a tannery. In 1844 he removed to Perkin's Hill and occupied the house across

the street from the old Perkin's mansion. Here he was associated with Col. Simon Perkins in the sheep and wool business, establishing a successful business in Springfield, Massachusetts. Disaster again overtook him.

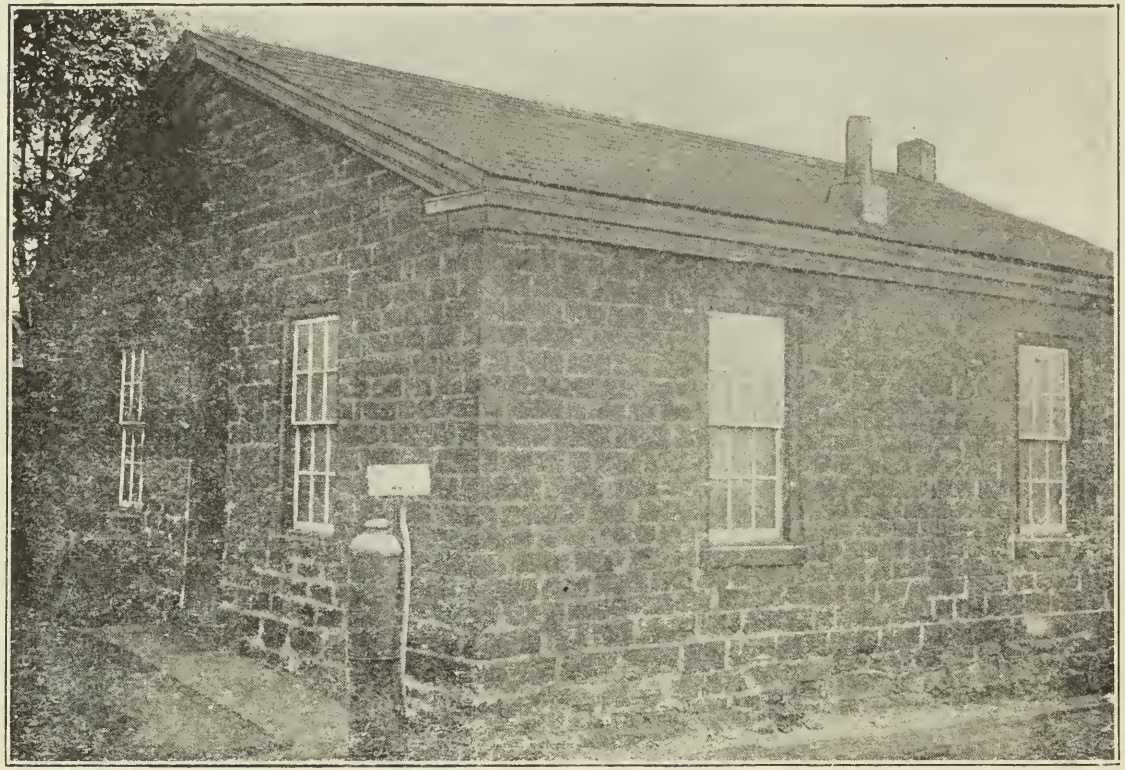
When Kansas was created several sons and sons-in-law "squatted" on that dark and bloody land. The pro-slavery ruffian element destroyed their crops, burned their barns, murdered one, and drove another into insanity. His blood boiling with indignation, John Brown struck for "Bleeding Kansas."

By his coolness and bravery he soon became the leader of the anti-slavery faction. He made raids on the camps of imported southern citizens who had come to drive Freedom from out of the state and establish another slave state.

At the settlement of the town of Ossawatomie, he generaled but a handfull of men with such rare ability and utter fearlessness that he routed a large force of border ruffians which gave him the name of "Old Wassotomie." This struggle continued four years and finally resulted in admitting Kansas as a free state.

Brown returned to New York, where from friends and the Emigrant Aid Society, he obtained $4,000 in cash and double that amount in munitions and arms of war.

He came to Akron in 1856, holding several meetings which resulted in his securing a small, one story, stone building on Broadway, just north of Exchange Street, which was called John Brown's Arsenal, the basement of which was stored with rifles, shot guns, revolvers, pistols, swords, butcher knives, powder and



JOHN BROWN'S ARSENAL

lead. This building is yet in a splendid state of preservation. State arms stored in the jail and two cases of arms of a Tallmadge company were fond to be missing but no one saw fit to search Brown's Armory.

In 1858 he instituted in Chatham, Canada, the "True Friends of Freedom." He was elected Commander-in-chief and J. H. Kagi, Secretary of War.

After having made a great number of long-handled pikes for use of negroes, he in 1859 made his headquarters at Kennedy farm, five miles from Harper's Ferry, where one of the great Arsenals of the United States was located.

Here he proceeded to put the visionary dream of a lifetime into practical effect. With a force of but twenty-one men, as wreckless and dare-devilish as himself he made an unexpected attack on the U. S. Arsenal at Harper's Ferry. For nearly two days he held the town, the National troops and the militia of Virginia at bay. His brave defense of the round house has gone down in history and challenges admiration of the world for its deeds of reckless daring and conscientious valor in trying to break the shackles from off the slave and give to him that freedom which God guarantees every man.

Thirteen of Brown's brave men made the supreme sacrifice, among them two of Brown's sons. Two made their escape and the remainder including Brown, were taken prisoners.

Brown was tried for treason. He was convicted and sentenced to be hung. This sentence was carried out Dec. 2, 1859.

John Brown the tool, John Brown the victim, John

Brown the fanatic is dead; and in his place the great heart of America has canonized a saint. Brown living had no following, no power; but Brown dead, became a saint, deified by the sentiment of a free north. The news of his raid, his trial, his death and the bitterness engendered electrified the whole north and shook it to its very center.

"His Soul Goes Marching On."

In the gloaming of those fall days, I can remember the farmers congregating in the fence corners and discussing in low tones, John Brown and the country. The consensus of opinion was that breakers were close ahead, the clouds of gloom and disaster were lowering around the great Republic, men's hearts grew tender and stern with varying moods, but patriotism grew and the love of liberty intensified. The sentiment of the Northland solidified and when conjecture became a fact, the people were ready for it, resigned to manly sacrifice of blood and treasure, for freedom. That great incubus of human slavery was doomed. The hearts of the people first wrote the emancipation proclamation in tears and sighs and blood. Whittier said:

"Thenceforth our life a fight became.
The air we breathed was hot with blame;
For not with gauged and softened tone
We made the bondsmen cause our own.

We bore, as Freedom's hope forlorn,
The private hate, the public scorn;
Yet held through all the paths we trod
Our faith in man and trust in God.

JOHN BROWN OF OSSAWATOMIE

We prayed and hoped; but still with awe,
The coming of the sword we saw;
We heard the nearing steps of doom,
We saw the shade of things to come.

In grief which they alone can feel
Who from a mother's wrong appeal,
With blended lines of fear and hope
We cast our country's horoscope.

Deep as our love of her became
Our hate of all that wrought her shame,
And if, thereby, with tongue and pen
We erred,—we were but mortal men.

We hoped for peace; our eyes survey
The blood-red dawn of Freedom's day;
We prayed for love to loose the chain;
'Tis shorn by battle's axe in twain!

Nor skill nor strength nor zeal of ours
Has mined and heaved the hostile towers;
Not by our hands is turned the key
That sets the sighing captive free.

. .

A redder sea than Egypt's waves
Is piled and parted for the slave;
A darker cloud moves on in light;
A fiercer fire is guide by night!"

Thus we have traced the "Spirit of Freedom" in the Western Reserve from the dusky savage to the citizen of the twentieth century.

May "Freedom" ever rule.

JOHN BROWN'S MONUMENT

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